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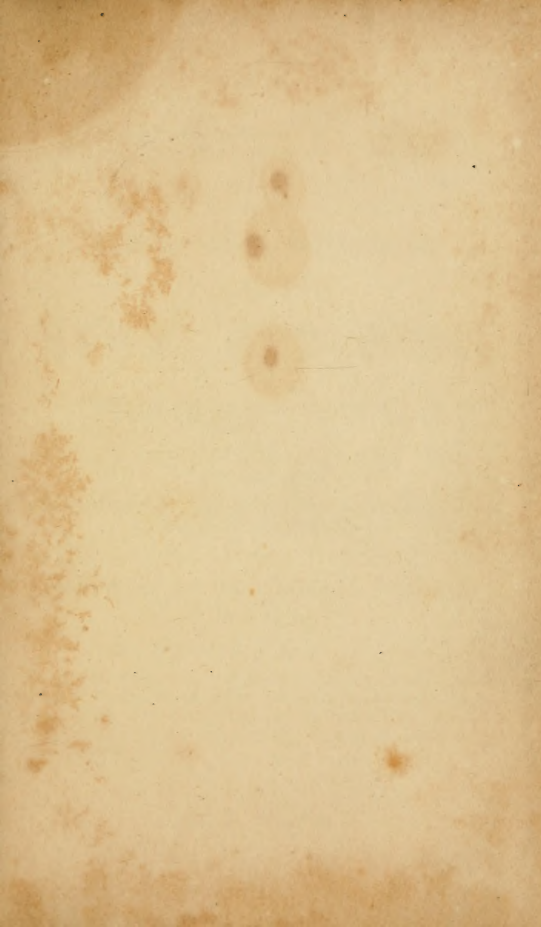
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The Enlarged edition
of 1859 in which the
Secular part from
part iii + a new 2nd
part is inserted
dated 1859 - The
Secular part being
part iii
on p. 182 of pt II
is Say Brothers will
you meet us with
reference to Lee Ave
Contact vol 1 for the
name





THE AFRICAN COLLECTION

HYMNS AND SONGS

FOR THE AFRICAN PEOPLE

EDITED BY THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS

NEW YORK

AT THE OFFICE OF THE AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS AND SUPERINTENDENTS OF FOREIGN MISSIONS, 25 NASSAU ST.

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THE
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THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY
Young Singer's Friend;

OR, THE

LEE AVENUE COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS AND SONGS,

SACRED AND SECULAR,

SUITABLE FOR

SABBATH-SCHOOLS, SOCIAL CIRCLES, CHILDREN'S MEETINGS
CONCERTS, ANNIVERSARIES, Etc.

COMPILED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT.

✓
[Jeremiah Johnson]

"WHEN the Saviour was on earth, children formed the only choir that aspired to chant his praise in 'glad hosannas,' in the momentary but prophetic triumph of his earthly glory. Let the Sabbath School prolong the sound, until the whole earth shall echo back to heaven 'in choral strains, the swelling notes of joy.' "

NEW YORK:

A. S. BARNES & CO., 51 AND 53 JOHN-ST.
1859.



THE AVENUE COLLECTION

HYMNS AND SONGS

ENTERED according to Act of Congress, in the year Eighteen
Hundred and Fifty-seven.

BY JEREMIAH JOHNSON, JR.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States,
for the Southern District of New York.

COMPILED BY THE SUPERINTENDENT

NEW YORK:

A. S. BARNES & CO., 21 AND 23 JOHN ST.

1857.

THIS BOOK
IS
DEDICATED
TO THE
BOYS AND GIRLS
OF THE
LEE AVENUE SUNDAY-SCHOOL,
BY THEIR SINCERE AND DEVOTED FRIEND,
THE
SUPERINTENDENT.

THE

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

WILLIAM

"SOME seem to feel that singing God's praises is beneath them, and that this part of divine worship may be left to hearts destitute of grace, and to lips never sanctified by prayer. Against this feeling we must protest. Let the theatre and the opera be under the control of the wicked; let the songs of revelry and folly pass through the lips of the profane; but shall the Christian—the redeemed sinner—who hopes to sing the praises of redeeming love to all eternity in Heaven, shall he refuse to sing of that love here on earth? The glorious Church in Heaven sings God's praises before the universe, and angels join in the songs, even ten thousand times ten thousand; and shall it be that Christians are above singing those praises here on earth? Shame, shame, to love so cold 'o gratitude so dumb!"

INTRODUCTION.

To MEET a want long felt by the Lee Avenue Sunday-School for a collection of Hymns and Songs, containing a sufficient variety, to be used in its various meetings, was the object of the compiler in preparing this book. The poetry has been carefully selected from abundant materials, with particular reference to its adaptation to the purposes for which, and the persons for whom designed. The musical reference accompanying nearly every hymn, constitute, it is believed, a peculiar feature in the collection, and one which must commend itself no less to the publishers of musical works than to the community generally. It was the design of the compiler to prefix each hymn with a reference to an appropriate tune, so that all using the compilation might have before them a guide to the music books furnishing tunes corresponding to the metres of the hymns. It does not follow that the tune to which the reference alludes shall in all or in any case be sung to the hymn to which it is prefixed, it is merely intended as a guide. Should the present work answer the purpose for which it was designed, the compiler will be abundantly repaid for the time and labor spent in its preparation.



Lee Avenue Collection.

1. Invitation to Join our Sunday-School. P.M. Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 18.

1 WILL you come to our Sunday-school?

I really wish you would;
Oh! come and join our Bible-class,
And learn how to be good.
We learn to sing, we learn to pray,
In our sweet Sunday-school;
And here we learn of Jesus too,
Who gave the golden rule.

Will you, will you, will you, will you
Join our Sunday-school?

Will you, will you, will you, will you
Learn this golden rule?

2 We know, when Jesus was on earth
 He loved each little child,
 And taught us how we could become
 So loving, good, and mild.
 He gave the golden rule, and then
 He said that he should know
 If we loved him, for if we did,
 We should love all below.
 Will you, &c.

3 To do to others as I would
 That they should do to me;
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,
 As children ought to be.
 I know I should not steal, nor use
 The smallest thing I see;
 Which I should never like to lose,
 If it belonged to me.
 Will you, &c.

4 And this plain rule forbids me quite,
 To strike an angry blow,
 Because I should not think it right
 If others served me so.
 But any kindness they may need
 I'll do, whate'er it be;
 As I am very glad, indeed,
 When they are kind to me.
 Will you, &c.

2.

The Sabbath-School.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 48.

8a.

1 THE Sabbath-school's a place for prayer,
 I love to meet my teachers there;

They teach me there that every one
May find, in heaven, a happy home:
I love to go—I love to go—
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

2 In God's own book we're taught to read
How Christ for sinners groaned and bled;
That precious blood a ransom gave
For sinful man—his soul to save:
I love to go—I love to go—
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

3 In Sabbath-school we sing and pray,
And learn to love the Sabbath day;
That, when on earth our Sabbaths end,
A glorious rest in heaven we'll spend:
I love to go—I love to go—
I love to go to Sabbath-school.

4 And when our days on earth are o'er,
We'll meet in heaven to part no more,
Our teachers kind we there shall greet,
And oh ! what joy 'twill be to meet
In heaven above—in heaven above—
In heaven above, to part no more.

3. When the Morning Light. 10s, 7s, & 5s.
Anniversary Hymns, 56.

1 **W**HEN the morning light drives away the night,
With the sun so bright and full,
And it draws its line near the hour of nine,
I'll away to the Sabbath-school!

For 'tis there we all agree,
All with happy hearts and free,
And I love to early be,
At the Sabbath-school!
I'll away! away!
I'll away! away!
I'll away to Sabbath-school;

2 On the frosty dawn of a winter's morn
When the earth is wrapped in snow,
Or the summer breeze plays round the trees,
To the Sabbath-school I go;
When the holy day has come,
And the Sabbath-breakers roam,
I delight to leave my home,
For the Sabbath-school:
I'll away! &c.

3 In the class I meet with the friends I greet,
At the time of morning prayer:
And our hearts we raise in a hymn of praise,
For 'tis always pleasant there:
In the Book of holy truth,
Full of counsel and reproof,
We behold the guide of youth,
At the Sabbath-school:
I'll away! &c.

4 May the dews of grace fill the hallowed place,
And the sunshine never fail,
While each blooming rose which in memory grows,
Shall a sweet perfume exhale:
When we mingle here no more,
But have met on Jordan's shore,
We will talk of moments o'er,
At the Sabbath-school:
I'll away! &c.

4.

The Sabbath-School Army Hymn. P. M.

Brooklyn Anniversary Hymns, 1856.

1 OH! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
Oh! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend.
He will give you grace to conquer,
He will give you grace to conquer,
And keep you to the end.
I am glad I'm in this army,
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army
Yes, I'm glad I'm in this army,
And I'll battle for the school.

2 Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win,
Fight on, ye little soldiers,
The battle you shall win.
For the Saviour is your Captain,
For the Saviour is your Captain,
And He has vanquished sin.
I am glad I'm in this army, &c.

3 And when the conflict's over,
Before him you shall stand,
And when the conflict's over,
Before Him you shall stand.
You shall sing his praise forever,
You shall sing his praise forever,
In Canaan's happy land
I am glad I'm in this army, &c.

5.

Invitation to Sabbath-School.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Gems, 16.

- 1 **W**HEN Sabbath's sacred morning light,
Begins on earth to dawn,
We'll wake with eyes all sparkling bright,
And bid dull sloth begone.
Then haste to the school away,
And keep this sacred day,
Haste away, yes, haste away,
And keep this sacred day.
- 2 The tuneful birds in concert meet,
And carol sweet their lays;
In nature's temple they repeat
Their great Creator's praise.
Then haste to the school away, &c.
- 3 From valley, field, and mountain air,
They pour their warbling strains,
And in one chorus loud declare
That God forever reigns.
Then haste to the school away, &c.
- 4 Then in the temple of the Lord,
That consecrated place,
We'll listen to God's holy word,
And seek his pard'ning grace.
Then haste to the school away, &c.
- 5 Then with united heart and voice,
Our song to God we'll raise,
While millions more with us rejoice,
And join in prayer and praise.
Then haste to the school away, &c.

6.

"The Sabbath Bell."

6s & 4s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 132.

- 1 SWEETLY the Sabbath bell
Steals on the air.

That in the house of God,
Bids us appear ;

"Children of God" it seems
Softly to say,

"Haste away. haste away,
Haste, haste away."

- 2 Oft as the Sabbath chimes

Summon to pray,

May we their holy call

Gladly obey ;

Then when the last sad bell

For us shall sound,

Ready all, ready all,

May we be found.

7

"Hark! the Sabbath Bell."

8s & 7s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 30.

- 1 HARK! the Sabbath bells are ringing,
Let us haste without delay ;

Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.

- 2 'Tis an hour of happy meeting,

We have met for praise and prayer ;

But the hour is short and fleeting,

Let us, then, be early there.

- 3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way,
Nor disturb the school reciting,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day.
- 4 Children, haste ! the bells are ringing,
And the morning's bright and fair ;
Thousands now are joined in singing,
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.
-

8. "The Precious Sabbath-School." 7s & 5a.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 8.

- 1 **W**HERE do children love to go,
When the wintry tempests blow ?
What is it attracts them so ?
'Tis the Sabbath-school,
'Tis the Sabbath-school,
'Tis the precious Sabbath-school.
- 2 Where do children love to be,
When the summer birds we see,
Warbling praise on every tree ?
In the Sabbath-school, &c.
- 3 When the Sabbath morning breaks,
Every eye from slumber wakes,
What so happy children makes ?
'Tis the Sabbath-school, &c.
- 4 Where do pious teachers stay
From their peaceful homes away,
On the precious Sabbath day ?
In the Sabbath-school, &c.

5 Where are we so kindly taught
 God should rule in every thought,
 What the blood of Christ has bought?
 In the Sabbath-school, &c.

6 May we ever love this day,
 More than all our sports and play,
 Love to read and sing and pray,
 In the Sabbath-school, &c.

9. The Sunday-School.

C. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 10.

1 THE Sunday-school, that blessed place,
 Oh! I would rather stay
 Within its walls, a child of grace,
 Than spend my hours in play.
 The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
 Oh! 'tis the place I love,
 For there I learn the golden rule,
 Which leads to joys above.

2 'Tis there I learn that Jesus died,
 For sinners such as I;
 Oh! what has all the world beside,
 That I should prize so high?
 The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, &c.

3 Then let our grateful tribute rise,
 And songs of praise be given
 To Him who dwells above the skies,
 For such a blessing given.
 The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, &c.

- 4 And welcome then the Sunday-school;
We'll read, and sing, and pray,
That we may keep the golden rule,
And never from it stray.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, &c.
-

10. Love for the Sabbath-School. 8s, 7s, 4

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 4c.

- 1 **Y**ES, dear Sabbath-school, I love thee,
Here I meet with friends most dear:
None to scorn or feel above me,
None to dread with slavish fear;
And the teachers
Kindly all my lessons hear.
- 2 Here I learn of richer treasures
Than the mines of earth afford;
Earthly friends and earthly pleasures
Shall not keep me from the Lord;
Precious lessons
Here are spoken from His word.
- 3 Yet my heart is filled with wonder:
Parents, teachers, can you tell
Why neglected many wander,
When so near the school they dwell?
Oh! invite them,
They will love the school so well.
- 4 I will go and tell those children
There is room for them and me,
And to school will straightway bring them,
If persuaded they will be.
I am thankful
That my friends invited me.

11. Oh! come, come away. P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 19.

- 1 OH! come, come away! the Sabbath morn is
passing;
Let's hasten to the Sabbath-school;
Oh! come, come away!
The Sabbath bells are ringing clear,
Their joyous peals salute my ear,
I love their voice to hear;
Oh! come, come away!
- 2 While others may seek for vain and foolish
pleasures,
The Sabbath-school shall be my choice;
Oh! come, come away!
How dear to hear the plaintive strain,
From youthful voices rise amain,
With sweetest tones again;
Oh! come, come away!
- 3 'Tis there I may learn the ways of heavenly
wisdom,
To guide my steps to joys on high;
Oh! come, come away!
The flowery paths of peace to tread,
Where rays of heavenly bliss are shed,
My wandering steps to lead;
Oh! come, come away!
- 4 I there hear the voice in heavenly accents
speaking—
"Let little children come to me;
Oh! come, come away!
Forbid them not their hearts to give,
Let them on me in youth believe,
And I will them receive;
Oh! come, come away!"

5 With joy I accept the gracious invitation;
My heart exults with rapturous hope;

Oh! come, come away!

My deathless spirit, when I die,
Shall on the wings of angels fly,
To mansions in the sky;

Oh! come, come away!

12.

Invitation to Sunday-School.

P. M.

Tune, Ossian Serenade.

1 OH! come with me to the Sabbath-school room,
Where hearts are united and free from gloom;

Oh! come with me, for I long to go,
Where in wisdom and knowledge I may grow.

Oh! come with me; no longer rove
The hills, the woodland depth, or grove;

For 'tis now the Sabbath, divinely blest,
So come enjoy its hallowed rest.

There purest happiness truly is gained,
And heavenly understanding obtained;
There in harmony our voices we raise,
In sweetest melody of praise.

2 Oh! come, then, join with the Sabbath-school
throng,

Whose hearts are united and full of song;
Oh! come! there's happiness, peace, and joy,
And engaging charms, and sweet employ.

Oh! come with me! no longer rove,
Come learn the wisdom from above;
Our teacher will welcome you with a smile,
And kindly teach you, and ne'er revile.

There purest happiness, &c.

13.

Away to Sabbath-School.

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 21.

- 1 THE morning sky is bright and clear,
 Away to Sabbath-school;
Let each one in the class appear,
 Away to Sabbath-school;
'Tis there we learn his holy word,
And find the road that leads to God.
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away to Sabbath-school.
- 2 In season let us all be there,
 Away to Sabbath-school;
There we may join the opening prayer,
 Away to Sabbath-school;
There we can raise our hearts to heaven,
And praise the Lord for blessings given.
 Away, away, away, away,
 Away to Sabbath-school.
- 3 Let us remember, while at prayer,
 When at the Sabbath-school,
Our teachers' kindness, and their care,
 Towards our Sabbath-school.
We'll be submissive, good and kind,
And every rule and order mind,
 When we're at school, at Sabbath-school,
 When we're at Sabbath-school.
- 4 When each at night shall go to prayer,
 We'll ask our God above
To extend o'er teachers his kind care,
 And crown them with his love.
And when on earth our time is sped,
And we are numbered with the dead,
 If faithful we shall meet above,
 We all shall meet above.

14.

The Sunday Scholar's Invitation.

P. M.

Tune, "Mountain Maid's Invitation."

1 COME, come, come!
Don't delay, haste away,
To the Sabbath-school to-day;
Here to meet, and to greet
All in friendship sweet.
Come while yet the dews of morn
Nature all with gems adorn;
Be in time, rain or shine—
Order is divine.

To the happy, happy school,
Joyous, joyous Sabbath-school!
Be in time, rain or shine,
Order is divine.

2 Come, come, come!
Not a tear—naught of fear
Nor of sorrow is found here;
Faces bright, tempers right,
O the happy sight!
Health and beauty all around,
And no harsh or jarring sound;
Light and free, full of glee,
All is harmony.

O the happy, happy school!
Joyous, joyous Sabbath-school
Light and free, full of glee,
All is harmony.

3 Come, come, come!
Keep the way, do not stray,
'Tis the holy Sabbath day!
Hie along, join the throng,
In their grateful song.

Hither come! who would decline
Bliss so rare and joys divine?
Pleasures pure, that endure,
All may here secure.

O the happy, happy school!
Joyous, joyous Sabbath-school!
Pleasures pure, that endure,
All may here secure.

15. The Good Rule; or "Never Late." 10a.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 37.

- 1 I'LL awake at dawn on the Sabbath day,
For 'tis wrong to doze holy time away,
With my lessons learned, this shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.
- 2 Birds awake betimes, every morn they sing;
None are tardy there when the woods do ring;
So when Sunday comes, this shall be my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.
- 3 When the summer's sun wakes the flowers again
They the call obey, none are tardy then;
Nor will I forget that it is my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.
- 4 But these Sabbath days will soon be o'er,
And these happy hours shall return no more;
Then I'll ne'er regret that it was my rule,
Never to be late at the Sabbath-school.

16.

"All the Week we Spend."

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 90.

- 1 ALL the week we spend
 Full of childish bliss ;
 Every changing scene
 Brings its happiness ;
 Yet our joys would not be full,
 Had we not the Sabbath-school.
- 2 Lovely is the dawn
 Of each rising day ;
 Loveliest the morn
 Of the Sabbath day ;
 Then our youthful hearts are full
 Of the precious Sabbath-school.
- 3 To our happy ears
 Blessed news is brought ;
 Tidings of the work
 Love divine has wrought ;
 Gracious news and merciful ;
 How we love the Sabbath-school.
-

17.

The Golden Rule.

C. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 10.

- 1 TO do to others as I would
 That they should do to me,
 Will make me honest, kind, and good,
 As children ought to be.
 The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school,
 Oh ! 'tis the place I love,
 For there I learn the golden rule
 Which leads to joys above.

- 2 I know I should not steal, nor use
The smallest thing I see.
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belonged to me.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, &c.
- 3 And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
Because I should not think it right
If others served me so.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, &c.
- 4 But any kindness they may need,
I'll do, whate'er it be,
As I am very glad indeed
When they are kind to me.
The Sunday-school, the Sunday-school, &c.
-

18.

The Sabbath Morn is Breaking.**P. M.**

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 110.

- 1 **T**HE Sabbath morn is breaking,
The Sabbath bells are waking,
Our homes with joy forsaking,
To join the Sabbath-school.
Shout and sing,
We hail the Sabbath-school.
- 2 How joyful is the meeting!
Each other kindly greeting,
Sweet hymns of praise repeating,
While in the Sabbath-school.
Shout and sing, &c.

- 3 'Tis here we join in singing
The songs of love redeeming,
Our little offerings bringing,
Hosannas to our King.
Shout and sing, &c.
- 4 Our teachers we'll remember ;
Ten thousand thanks we render,
For thoughts of us so tender,
While in the Sabbath-school.
Shout and sing, &c.
- 5 But ah ! life's sunny morning
With all its sweets adorning,
Like early blossoms falling,
Will soon have passed away.
Shout and sing, &c.
- 6 Then may we all remember
To strive our hearts to render,
While now so young and tender,
To Christ, our heavenly King
Shout and sing, &c.
-

19.

My own Loved Sabbath-School.

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 133.

- 1 O WELCOME light,
That rises bright
Upon the Sabbath day,
I hail thy gleam ;
Thy golden beam,
Shall guide my cheerful way,
To Sabbath-school,
To Sabbath-school,
Our own loved Sabbath-school.

- 2 On frosty dawn
 Of winter's morn,
When earth is wrapped in snow,
 Or summer breeze
 Plays round the trees,
To Sabbath-school I'll go—
 To Sabbath-school,
 To Sabbath-school,
My own loved Sabbath school.
- 3 In class I meet,
 With friends I greet,
At time of morning prayer;
 Our hearts we raise
 In hymns of praise—
'Tis always pleasant there;
 At Sabbath-school,
 At Sabbath-school,
Our own loved Sabbath-school.
- 4 May dews of grace
 Fill this dear place,
And sunshine never fail
 While each sweet rose
 Which memory knows,
Shall sweet perfume exhale—
 In Sabbath-school,
 In Sabbath-school,
Our own loved Sabbath-school.
- 5 Father in heaven!
 To us 'tis given
To learn thy wondrous grace;
 Spirit of Love!
 Bend from above,
And may we seek thy face—
 In Sabbath-school, &c.

20.

Love for the Sunday-School.

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 3

- 1 | LOVE the Sunday-school,
And on that holy day
My heart is often full,
When I attempt to pray.
With early steps I come,
To meet my teacher dear,
Leaving my happy home,
To seek instruction here.
- 2 I love the Sunday-school,
The precious volume, too,
Which is the only rule
To teach me what to do;
Within it I behold
The rays of Gospel light,
Richer than gems of gold,
And more divinely bright.
- 3 I love the Sunday-school,
And wish that every child
Would here his name enrol,
No more be rude and wild;
Wasting his precious time,
Spending his idle breath,
In folly or in crime,
Along the road to death.
- 4 I love the Sunday-school,
And wish that all the earth
Might know, from pole to pole,
Its influence and worth;
And may God give me grace,
A Saviour's name to love—
To see his smiling face,
In mansions blest above.



21.

Gladly Meeting.

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 56

1 **G**LADLY meeting,
Kindly greeting,
On this lovely Sabbath day ;
Sinful thoughts are all forsaken,
Every seat in quiet taken,
Let each heart to God awaken,
While we sing and pray.

2 Gladly meeting,
Kindly greeting,
School-mates, teachers, all are here ;
Some are listening, some presiding,
Some the lessons are providing,
Some the infant mind are guiding,
Filled with holy fear.

3 Gladly meeting,
 Kindly greeting,
 Let us all unite in heart,
 While the throne we're all addressing,
 And our sinful ways confessing,
 Let us seek a heavenly blessing,
 Ere we hence depart.

4 Gladly meeting,
 Kindly greeting,
 As each Sabbath shall return,
 May our minds by study brighten,
 May our aspirations heighten,
 And may grace our souls enlighten,
 While we strive to learn.

22.

Oh! come, let us Sing.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 19.

- 1 OH! come, let us sing!
 Our youthful hearts now swelling,
 To God above, a God of love—
 Oh! come, let us sing!
 Our joyful spirits, glad and free,
 With high emotions rise to thee,
 In heavenly melody—
 Oh! come, let us sing!
- 2 The full notes prolong,
 Our festal celebrating,
 We hail the day with cheerful lay,
 And full notes prolong.
 Both cheerful youth and silvery age,
 And childhood pure, the gay, the sage,
 These trilling scenes engage,
 Full notes to prolong.

3 Oh! swell, swell the song,
 His praises oft repeating:
 His Son he gave our souls to save—
 Oh! swell, swell the song.
 The humble hearts devotion bring
 Whence gushing streams of love do spring,
 And make the welkin ring
 With sweet-swelling song.

4 We'll chant, chant his praise—
 Our lofty strains now blending:
 A tribute bring to Christ our King,
 And chant, chant his praise!
 Our Saviour, Prince, was crucified,
 "'Tis finished," then he meekly cried,
 And bowed his head and died—
 Then chant, chant his praise!

5 All full chorus join,
 To Jesus condescending
 To bless our race with heavenly grace,
 All full chorus join!
 To God, whose mercy on us smiled,
 And Holy Spirit, reconciled
 By Christ, the meek and mild,
 All full chorus join.

23.

Song of Praise.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 64.

1 COME, let us sweetly sing, join in full chorus,
 Praise to the mighty King, Him who reigneth
 o'er us;
 Once he, a little child, gentle and lowly,
 Taught us how we should live, loving, pure, and
 lowly.

- 2 Hail! hail to Him who once slept in a manger,
Wandered from place to place, homeless and a
stranger;
Suffered and died for us—oh! wondrous story!
Suffered that we might all dwell with him in
glory.
- 3 O thou who once did hear children when sing-
ing,
Thou who didst sweetly say, Suffer ye their bring-
ing;
From thy bright home above graciously bending,
List to our joyful songs, gratefully ascending.
- 4 Be thou our guard and guide, grant us thy Spirit,
Own us as thine at last, through thy perfect
merit,
Then shall we sweetly sing in angelic chorus,
Praise evermore to him who shall there reign
o'er us.
-

24.

"We come, we come."

C. P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 21.

- 1 WE come, we come in joyous train,
To sing the praise of Jesus' name,
And high our voices raise.
He that redeemed our fallen race,
And saves us by his sovereign grace,
Demands our highest praise.
- 2 O Jesus! thou exalted King,
To thee our offering now we bring:
May we our tongues employ
To swell the song of dying love,
Which ransomed souls now sing above,
While heaven is filled with joy.

- 3 Thou blessed Lamb that once was slain,
Who bore the cross, endured its pain,
And died on Calv'ry's hill:
We hail thee as the rising Lord,
Who came according to thy word,
To do thy Father's will.
- 4 Then shout aloud in joyful strains,
'Tis Jesus Christ forever reigns,
High on his throne above;
And may the heavenly choirs on high,
Send back the echo in reply,
To this our song of love.
-

25.

"Joyful Hearts."

C. P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 21.

- 1 WITH joyful hearts again we sing
The praises of our Saviour King,
And high our voices raise;
We bless the Lord that we were born,
In school to meet each Sabbath morn,
To chant our youthful lays.
- 2 Another week has rolled around,
And in sweet union here we're found;
To God the glory give,
For all the means that he hath given,
That we may learn the way to heaven,
And with him ever live.
- 3 To Sunday-school we love to go,
And while we dwell on earth below,
Our Sunday-school we'll bless;
Dear teachers, too, we love them well
For they of heavenly tidings tell,
And endless happiness.

- 4 For us our Saviour shed his blood ;
He feeds our souls with heavenly food,
He gives us life and breath ;
He sends his Spirit from above,
To draw us with his cords of love,
And save our souls from death.
- 5 Our heavenly Father we adore !
His gracious presence we implore
Upon our youthful band ;
Oh ! that his word may make us wise,
And lead to bliss beyond the skies,
To dwell at his right hand.
-

26.

"Sing His Praise."

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 61.

- 1 **WOULD** you be as angels are ?
Sing, sing, sing his praise ;
Would you banish every care ?
Sing, sing, sing his praise ;
Like the lark upon the wing,
Like the warbling bird of spring,
Like the crystal spheres that ring ?
Sing, sing, sing his praise.
- 2 If the world upon you frown,
Sing, sing, sing his praise ;
If you're left to sing alone,
Sing, sing, sing his praise ;
If sad trials come to you,
As to every one they do,
For that they are blessings, too,
Sing, sing, sing his praise.

27.

Jubilee.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 55.

- 1 **H**ERE we throng to praise the Lord :
Listen now, listen now,
Here we throng to praise the Lord,
With our infant lays.
He who once lay in a manger,
Now enthroned, our blest Redeemer,
With a father's love has said,
He'd accept our praise.
- 2 "Let young children come to me,"
Jesus said, Jesus said,
"Let young children come to me,
And forbid them not.
For of such," the Saviour told them,
"Is composed my heavenly kingdom."
What a rapturous thought it is,
Christ forgets us not.
- 3 Let us love, and now adore ;
Love him now, love him now.
Let us love, and now adore,
In our youthful strength.
Let us never grieve our Saviour,
Who hath died to win us favor.
Ah ! this thought should melt our hearts,
Children's heart can melt.
- 4 But we'll have a joyous song,
Joyous song, joyous song ;
But we'll have a joyous song
For our jubilee.
Jesus lives and reigns forever ;
This will make us joyous ever.
Saviour, hear this praise to thee,
Who remembered me.

28.

Song of Children.

8s, 7s, & 4s

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 4s

- 1 **O**NCE was heard the song of children
 By the Saviour when on earth;
 Joyful in the sacred temple,
 Shouts of youthful praise had birth;
 And hosannas,
 And hosannas
 Loud to David's Son broke forth.

- 2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
 Garments spread beneath his feet;
 Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
 In fair Salem's crowded street,
 While hosannas,
 While hosannas
 From the lips of children greet.

- 3 Blessed Saviour! now triumphant,
 Glorified and throned on high!
 Mortal lays from man or infant
 Vain to tell thy praise essay;
 But hosannas,
 But hosannas
 Swell the chorus of the sky.

- 4 God o'er all! in heaven reigning,
 We this day thy glory sing;
 Not with palms thy pathway strewing—
 We would loftier tribute bring—
 Glad hosannas,
 Glad hosannas
 To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

- 5 Oh! though humble is our offering,
 Deign accept our grateful lays;
 These from children once proceeding
 Thou didst deem perfected praise;
 Now hosannas,
 Now hosannas,
 Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.
-

29.

"To Thee, O Blessed Saviour."

7s & 6s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 12.

- 1 TO thee, O blessed Saviour!
 Our grateful songs we raise;
 Oh! tune our hearts and voices,
 Thy holy name to praise.
 'Tis by thy sov'reign mercy
 We're here allowed to meet,
 To join with friends and teachers,
 Thy blessing to entreat.
- 2 Lord! guide and bless our teachers,
 Who labor for our good;
 And may the holy Scriptures
 By us be understood;
 Oh! may our hearts be given
 To thee, our glorious King,
 That we may meet in heaven,
 Thy praises there to sing.
- 3 And may the precious Gospel
 Be published all abroad,
 Till the benighted heathen
 Shall know and serve the Lord—
 Till o'er the wide creation
 The rays of truth shall shine,
 And nations now in darkness
 Arise to light divine.

30.

"We're a Happy Band."

7s & 8s.

- 1 WE'RE a happy, happy band,
Children of a Christian land!
With the Bible for our guide,
With our teachers at our side,
With God's smile upon our hearts,
And the peace his grace imparts
Shining on our pathway ever—
What from happiness can sever
This thrice happy, happy band,
Children of a Christian land?
- 2 Oh! yes we're a happy band,
Smiling friends on every hand;
Words of peace and songs of joy
All our Sabbath hours employ;
Even in our infant days
Hymn we our Redeemer's praise;
And these walls with echoes ringing,
Tell of Sunday scholars singing;
We're a happy, happy band,
Children of a Christian land.
- 3 But we'll be a happier band
When we reach that better land!
When in robes of spotless white,
Clothed in glory, bathed in light,
Drinking from the fount of joy
Ceaseless bliss without alloy—
With the Father, Son, and Spirit,
Heaven's bright glory we inherit—
Oh! we'll be a happy band,
Angels in that better land.

31.

Opening Hymn. C. M. Double.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 80.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant here again to meet !
How joyful thus to raise
Our tuneful notes, in songs so sweet,
To our Redeemer's praise.
To us he has been ever kind ;
Oh ! blessed be his name !
He bears us still upon his mind,
His love remains the same,
His love remains the same ;
He bears us still upon his mind,
His love remains the same.
- 2 Then let us strive, while we have breath,
His precepts to obey ;
For soon the solemn hour of death
Will summon us away ;
The dear delights we now enjoy
Will then have passed away ;
But heaven affords more sweet employ,
Through one eternal day,
Through one eternal day ;
But heaven affords more sweet employ
Through one eternal day.
- 3 To our dear friends assembled here
A debt of love we owe,
For acts of kindness year by year,
Which they on us bestow ;
May God in mercy bless them all,
With hope, and joy, and peace,
And with us meet when he shall call
Where pleasures never cease,
Where pleasures never cease,
And with us meet when he shall call
Where pleasures never cease.

32. Who shall sing if not the Children? 8s & 7a.

Linden Harp, 32.

- 1 **W**HO shall sing, if not the children?
 Did not Jesus die for them?
 May they not, with other jewels,
 Sparkle in his diadem?
 Why to them were voices given—
 Bird-like voices, sweet and clear—
 Why, unless the song of heaven
 They begin to practise here?
- 2 There's a choir of infant songsters,
 White-robed, round the Saviour's throne;
 Angels cease, and waiting, listen!
 Oh! 'tis sweeter than their own!
 Faith can hear the rapturous choral,
 When her ear is upward turned:
 Is it not the same, perfected,
 Which upon the earth they learned?
- 3 Jesus, when on earth sojourning,
 Loved them with a wondrous love;
 And will he, to heaven returning,
 Faithless to his blessing prove?
 Oh! they can not sing too early!
 Fathers, stand not in their way!
 Birds sing while the day is breaking—
 Tell me, then, why should not *they*?

33. Children praising Jesus. 8s & 7a.

Linden Harp, 122.

- 1 **H**ERE we throng to praise the Saviour,
 Cheerfully our voices raise;
 He who died for our behavior
 Says he will accept our praise.

Hinder not the young from coming,
 For of such the Saviour said
 Is composed my heavenly kingdom—
 'Tis a rapturous thought indeed.

2 Let us love him and adore him,
 In our days of feeble youth;
 May we ever walk before him
 In the glorious paths of truth.
 Let us never grieve the Saviour,
 Who has died our souls to win;
 Let us ever seek his favor,
 Shunning all the paths of sin.

3 If our sins are all forgiven,
 We may read our titles clear
 To eternal joy in heaven,
 Far beyond this earthly sphere;
 In that blest abode of glory,
 We may join the angel throng,
 Jesus' love shall be the story
 Of our never-ending song.

34.

Hosannah.

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 24.

1 **H**OSANNAH! hosannah!
 Hosannah! be our cheerful song,
 To Christ our Saviour King;
 His praise to whom we all belong,
 Let all unite and sing
 Hosannah! hosannah!
 Let all unite and sing.

- 2 Hosannah! hosannah!
Hosannah! here in joyful lays
 Let old and young proclaim,
And hail with voices, hearts, and hands,
 The Son of David's name;
Hosannah! hosannah!
 The Son of David's name.
- 3 Hosannah! hosannah!
Hosannah! sound from hill to hill,
 And spread from plain to plain,
While louder, sweeter, clearer still,
 Woods echo to the strain;
Hosannah! hosannah!
 Woods echo to the strain.
- 4 Hosannah! hosannah!
Hosannah! on the wings of light
 O'er earth and ocean fly,
Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
 And heaven to earth reply
Hosannah! hosannah!
 And heaven to earth reply.
-

35.

Sing Praises.

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 101

- 1 **I**N the rosy light of the morning bright,
 Lift the voice of praise on high,
From the lips of youth, to the God of truth,
 Let the joyful echoes fly.
 Sing praises, glad praises,
 Sing, children, sing,
Let your songs arise, to the lofty skies,
 And exult in God our King.

- 2 As he looked in love from the world above,
Our distresses filled his eye;
And, a world to save, his own Son he gave,
On the bloody tree to die.
Sing praises, &c.
- 3 Let his praise be spread, for the Lamb who bled
To deliver us from woe;
He endured the cross, the disgrace, the loss:
Let his praise forever flow!
Sing praises, &c.
- 4 Now, exalted high o'er the earth and sky,
He delights in mercy still;
Bends his gracious ear, our requests to hear,
And our longing souls to fill.
Sing praises, &c.
- 5 On the cross he hung for the old and young,
But he loves the children best;
To his arm we'll fly, on his grace rely,
And secure his promised rest.
Sing praises, &c.
-

36.

Scholar's Song.

8s, 7s, & 4s.

Bradbury's S. S. Melodies, 112.

- 1 TEACHERS, here we meet together,
On this holy Sabbath-day;
Oh! we feel a sacred pleasure,
When we meet to praise and pray.
Saviour hear us,
Saviour hear us,
While we raise our grateful lay.

- 2 Once Judea's parents brought thee
 Infants smiling on their arms;
 For thy blessing they besought thee,
 When they saw thy gracious charms.
 Friend of children,
 Friend of children,
 How he clasped them in his arms.
- 3 Now he sits in yonder heaven,
 Kindly bidding us to come;
 If our hearts to him are given,
 There we'll sing a sweeter song:
 We will praise him,
 We will praise him,
 When we join the happy throng.
- 4 May we meet each faithful teacher,
 On that bright and flowery plain;
 With our parents and kind preacher,
 There in bliss for aye to reign:
 And the glory,
 And the glory,
 We'll ascribe to Jesus' name.
-

37.

A youthful Company we meet.

P. M.

Sunday-School Harmonist, &c.

- 1 A YOUTHFUL company we meet,
 Our songs of praises to repeat,
 And pay our homage at the feet
 Of Jesus Christ, the children's friend.
- 2 He bids us come—and lo! we stand,
 As volunteers a youthful band—
 We come—we come, at his command,
 To be his faithful followers.

- 3 "Give me thy heart," we hear him say—
Lord, we thy mandate will obey;
We come—to tread the narrow way,
A youthful army for the Lord.
- 4 We wait not till time's chilling flight
Hath quenched our youthful spirits' might;
No! no—we come, and now unite
To join the soldiers of heaven.
- 5 Now, now—ere our resolve should fail,
For luring wiles will us assail,
We come, we come—ere they prevail,
To take the armor of thy word.
- 6 'Tis here we learn these arms to bear,
Trained up and disciplined with care,
We come—arrayed in these we'll dare
To swell the victor's triumph song.
7. Here, here—may many an arm rise,
Well skilled in warfare for the skies,
And come with us to take the prize
Of life eternal in the heavens.

33.

Come, and Sing.

8s & 7s.

Bradbury's S. S. Chclr, 44

- 1 COME, and sing with joy and gladness,
Elevate your heart in praise;
Come, dismiss all gloom and sadness,
High your songs exalting raise;
With the angel choirs uniting,
Sing of Jesus' wondrous love:
'Tis a subject so delighting,
Thrilling all the harps above.

- 2 Come, and sweetly tune your voices,
 Raise them to a lofty strain;
 Sing aloud, while heaven rejoices,
 Shout! for Jesus comes to reign:
 Glory! hear the angels crying,
 Glory to the Saviour's name;
 Shall not children, with them vying
 Here on earth his praise proclaim?
- 3 Yes! it was the Saviour's pleasure,
 That they should not hold their peace;
 And his blessings without measure,
 He bestowed on such as these:
 Then to heaven high ascending
 Shall our anthems quickly rise;
 With angelic voices blending
 Far above yon azure skies.
-

39.

Joyfully! Joyfully!

10a.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 136.

- 1 JOYFULLY, joyfully, onward we move,
 Bound to the land of bright spirits above.
 Jesus, our Saviour, in mercy says, come,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.
 Soon will our pilgrimage end here below,
 Soon to the presence of God we shall go;
 Then, if to Jesus our hearts have been given,
 Joyfully, joyfully rest we in heaven.
- 2 Teachers and scholars have passed on before,
 Waiting, they watch us approaching the shore,
 Singing to cheer us, while passing along,
 Joyfully, joyfully haste to your home.

Sounds of sweet music there ravish the ear,
 Harps of the blessed, your strains we shall hear,
 Filling with harmony heaven's high dome,
 Joyfully, joyfully, Jesus, we come.

- 3 Death with his arrow may soon lay us low,
 Safe in our Saviour we fear not the blow ;
 Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb,
 Joyfully, joyfully will we go home.
 Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
 Death shall be conquered, his sceptre be gone.
 Over the plains of sweet Canaan we'll roam,
 Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

40.

Children Sing.

7a.

Anniversary Hymns, 18.

- 1 CHILDREN of Jerusalem,
 Sang the praise of Jesus' name,
 Children too, of modern days,
 Join to sing the Saviour's praise.
 Cheerfully, joyfully we will sing
 Loud hosannahs to our King!
- 2 We are taught to love the Lord,
 We are taught to read his word,
 We are taught the way to heaven.
 Praise for all to God be given ;
 Cheerfully, &c.
- 3 Parents, teachers, old and young,
 All unite to swell the song,
 Higher and yet higher rise,
 Till hosannahs reach the skies.
 Cheerfully, &c.



41.

"The Bible! the Bible!"

111

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 53.

- 1 **T**HE Bible! the Bible, more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold;
It speaks of a Saviour and tells of his love;
It shows us the way to the mansions above.
- 2 The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price,
Ere th' heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.
- 3 The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ;
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.
- 4 The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring,
And hill-tops reëcho the notes that we sing;
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

42. The Precious Bible. P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 1

- 1 **W**HAT is it shows my soul the way
To realms of everlasting day;
And tells the danger of delay?
It is the precious Bible.
 - 2 What teaches me I'm bound to love
The glorious God who reigns above,
And that I may his goodness prove?
It is the precious Bible.
 - 3 What is it gives my spirit rest,
When with the cares of earth oppressed,
And points to regions of the blest?
It is the precious Bible.
 - 4 What tells me that I soon must die,
And to the throne of judgment fly,
To meet the great Jehovah's eye?
It is the precious Bible.
 - 5 Oh! may this treasure ever be
The best of all on earth to me,
And still new beauties may I see
In this the precious Bible!
-

43. The Tree of Life. P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 50.

- 1 **O**N a hill stands a beautiful tree,
Its fruit is all golden and fair,
And its shades and its treasures are free
For all who may thither repair:

- Its leaves ever green do not die,
 Its flowers with fragrance abound,
 Its splendor enraptures the eye,
 Its branches with music resound.
- 2 Though thousands by night and by day
 Have feasted and gathered in store,
 Have borne its rich bounties away,
 Its fullness remains evermore:
 Oh! what is its name? who can tell?
 And the hill—where, oh! where can it be?
 By thy side I will haste me to dwell,
 O wonderful, beautiful tree!
- 3 On Zion's fair mount you behold
 Its form in bright grandeur arise;
 There glitter its green and its gold,
 There lifts its tall head to the skies;
 'Twas planted by Infinite Love,
 From the hills everlasting it came,
 TRUTH ETERNAL, they call it above;
 But, BIBLE, on earth, is its name.

44. We'll not give up the Bible! C. M. Double.

Anniversary Hymns, 12.

- 1 **WE** won't give up the Bible,
 God's holy book of truth,
 The blessed staff of hoary age,
 The guide of early youth,
 The lamp which sheds a glorious light
 O'er every dreary road,
 The voice which speaks a Saviour's love,
 And leads us home to God.
 We won't give up the Bible,
 God's holy book of truth.

- 2** We won't give up the Bible,
For it alone can tell
The way to save our ruined souls
From being sent to hell,
And it alone can tell us how
We can have hopes of heaven—
That through the Saviour's precious blood
Our sins may be forgiven.
We won't give up the Bible, &c.
- 3** We won't give up the Bible ;
But if ye force away
What is as our own life-blood dear,
We still with joy could say :
"The words that we have learned while young
Shall follow all our days :
For they're engraven on our hearts,
And still shall guide our ways."
We won't give up the Bible, &c.
- 4** We won't give up the Bible—
We'll shout it far and wide,
Until the echo shall be heard
Beyond the rolling tide ;
Till all shall know that we, though young,
Withstand each treach'rous art ;
And that from God's own sacred word
We'll never, never part !
We won't give up the Bible, &c.

45.

Thank God for the Bible.

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 16.

1 **T**HANK God for the Bible! 'tis there that we
find

The story of Christ and his love—
How he came down to earth from his beautiful
home,

In the mansions of glory above ;
Thanks to him we will bring,
Praise to him we will sing.

For he came down to earth, &c.

2 While he lived on this earth, to the sick and the
blind,

And to mourners his blessings were given ;
And he said let the little ones come unto me,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.

Jesus calls us to come,
He's prepared us a home.

For he said let the little ones come, &c.

3 In the Bible we read of a beautiful land,
Where sorrow and pain never come ;
For Jesus is there with a heavenly band,
And 'tis there he's prepared us a home.

Jesus calls, shall we stay ?

No ! we'll gladly obey,

For Jesus is there with a heavenly band, &c.

4 Thank God for the Bible ! its truths o'er the earth
We'll scatter with a bountiful hand ;
But we never can tell what a Bible is worth,
Till we go to that beautiful land ;

There our thanks we will bring,
There with angels we'll sing,
And its worth we can tell, when with Jesus we
dwell,
In heaven—that beautiful land.

46.

Oh! send forth the Bible.

11s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 112.

- 1 OH! send forth the Bible, more precious than
gold;
Let no one presume the blest gift to withhold;
It speaks to all nations in language so plain,
That he who will read it, true wisdom may gain.
- 2 It points us to heaven, where the righteous will
go;
It warns us to shun the dark regions of woe;
It shows us the evil and danger of sin,
And opens a fountain for cleansing within.
- 3 It tells us of One who is mighty to save,
Who died on the cross, and arose from the grave;
Who dwelleth on high, in that holy abode,
Interceding for man, with a pardoning God.
- 4 It tells us that all will awake from the tomb;
Bids sinners reflect on a judgment to come;
It tells us that mansions of bliss are prepared,
The hope of believers, their glorious award.
- 5 Oh! who would neglect such a volume as this,
That warns us from danger, invites us to bliss?
Send forth the blest Bible, earth's regions around,
Wherever the footsteps of man shall be found.

47. The Bible and the Sunday-School. C. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 19.

- 1 THE Sunday-school! the Sunday-school!
 Blest be the wondrous plan!
 So strong its power, so fraught with love,
 Descending down to man!
 The Bible and the Sunday-school
 Our bulwark firm shall be,
 To guard our rights, maintain our laws,
 Preserve our liberty.
- 2 The blessed Bible! we'll maintain
 Our charter and our shield—
 Its precepts and its promises
 Unfettered sway shall wield:
 With freeborn minds, and bounding hearts,
 We prize its sacred truth,
 For comfort in declining years—
 Our guide in early youth.
- 3 O holy book! O happy day!
 May unborn millions stand,
 Surrounded by these bulwarks strong,
 Throughout this happy land:
 Nor tyrant's rod, nor despot's power,
 Deprive us of our right
 To serve our country and our God
 In freedom's blessed light.
- 4 And when we stand on Zion's heights,
 In yon bright world above,
 Where golden harps are sounding forth
 The Saviour's dying love—
 The Bible and the Sunday-school
 Our anthems still shall be,
 For they have led our wand'ring feet,
 O Lord! to heaven and thee.

48.

. Treasures of the Bible.

8s.

OH! never on this holy Book
 With careless, cold indifference look:
 If thou art sad, come here and find
 A balm to soothe and cheer the mind;
 If thou art merry, here are songs
 Fit to be sung by angel tongues:
 If thou art rich in things of earth,
 Learn here thy wealth is nothing worth;
 If thou art poor, this precious mine
 Hath countless treasures—all are thine.

49.

The Happy Land.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 14.

- 1 THERE is a happy land,
 Far, far away,
 Where saints in glory stand,
 Bright, bright as day.
 Oh! how they sweetly sing,
 Worthy is our Saviour King,
 Loud let his praises ring,
 Praise, praise for aye!
- 2 Come to that happy land,
 Come, come away;
 Why will ye doubting stand,
 Why still delay?
 Oh! we shall happy be,
 When, from sin and sorrow free,
 Lord, we shall live with thee,
 Blest, blest for aye.

- 3 Bright in that happy land,
 Beams every eye;
 Kept by a Father's hand,
 Love can not die.
 Oh! then to glory run,
 Be a crown and kingdom won;
 And bright above the sun,
 We reign for aye.
-

50.

Children in Heaven.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 64.

- 1 **A**ROUND the throne of God in heaven,
 Thousands of children stand;
 Children whose sins are all forgiven,
 A holy, happy band,
 Singing glory, glory,
 Glory be to God on high.
- 2 In flowing robes of spotless white,
 See every one arrayed;
 Dwelling in everlasting light,
 And joys that never fade,
 Singing, &c.
- 3 What brought them to that world above?
 That heaven so bright and fair,
 Where all is peace, and joy, and love:
 How came those children there?
 Singing, &c.
- 4 Because the Saviour shed his blood,
 To wash away their sin:
 Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 Behold them white and clean!
 Singing, &c.

- 5 On earth they sought the Saviour's grace
On earth they loved his name ;
So now they see his blessed face,
And stand before the Lamb,
Singing, &c.
-

51. The Pilgrim's Home. 11s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 10.

- 1 MID scenes of affliction, with sorrow oppressed,
How oft have we sighed for the season of
rest,
When no more through this wilderness world we
shall roam,
But find in the bosom of Jesus a home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Receive us, dear Saviour, in glory at home.
- 2 No spot on the earth can give permanent bliss,
No home for the pilgrim or stranger like this ;
But beyond the bright azure, that star-spangled
dome,
We shall find in the bosom of Jesus a home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.
- 3 'Tis hope cheers the prospect that's gloomy and
drear,
And points to the haven of rest that is near ;
Oh ! there in sweet fields of delight we shall roam,
And find in the bosom of Jesus a home.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.

52.

We have no Home but Heaven. 7s & 6s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 142.

1 WE have no home but heaven !
 A pilgrim's garb we wear ;
 Our path is marked by changes,
 And strewed with many a care ;
 Surrounded with temptation,
 By varied ills oppressed,
 Each day's experience warns us
 That *this* is not our rest.

2 We have no home but heaven !
 Then wherefore seek one here ?
 Why murmur at privations,
 Or grieve when trouble's near ?
 It is but for a season
 That we as strangers roam ;
 And strangers must not look for
 The comforts of a home.

3 We have no home but heaven !
 We want no home beside ;
 O God ! our Friend and Father !
 Our footsteps thither guide ;
 Unfold to us its glory,
 Prepare us for its joy,
 Its pure and perfect friendship,
 Its angel-like employ.

4 We have no home but heaven !
 How cheering is the thought !
 How bright the expectations
 Which God's own word has taught !

With eager hearts we hasten,
The promised bliss to share !
We have no home but heaven !
Oh ! would that we were there !

53.

The New Jerusalem.

C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 72.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me !
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee ?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold ?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold ?
- 2 Oh ! when, thou city of my God !
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end ?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know ;
Blest seats ! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.
- 3 Why should I shrink at pain or woe,
Or feel at death, dismay ?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day !
Jerusalem, my glorious home !
My soul still pants for thee ;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joy shall see.

54.

Heavenly Canaan.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Gems, 72.

- 1 **O**N Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.
We're marching through Immanuel's ground;
We soon shall hear the trumpet sound;
And there we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What! never part again?
No! never part again.
- 2 O'er all those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day—
There God, the Son, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.
We're marching through, &c.
- 3 No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and feared no more.
We're marching through, &c.
- 4 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And on his bosom rest?
We're marching through, &c.
- 5 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Would here no longer stay;
Though Jordan's waves around me roll
Fearless I'd launch away.
We're marching through, &c.

55. The Brighter World. 11s

Anniversary Hymns, 8.

- 1 I WOULD not live alway! I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the
way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's woes—full enough for its
cheer.
- 2 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin!
Temptation without and corruption within!
E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with fears,
And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent tears.
- 3 I would not live alway! no, welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there I dread not its gloom;
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his God—
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright
plains,
And the noontide of glory eternally reigns;
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Saviour and brethren transported to greet,
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul!

56.

They tell us of a City Bright.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert, 91.

- 1 **T**HEY tell us there's a city bright,
Above the starry sky!
And not a soul that dwells therein
Was ever known to cry;
And there they say the river of life
Flows ever, free and clear;
And on its banks that wondrous tree
Which bears fruit all the year.
- 2 There, "Holy, holy is the Lord!"
Bursts from the angelic choir,
And ransomed harpers tune their harps
To songs that never tire.
Upon his throne the Saviour sits,
A rainbow round his head,
And at his feet a placid sea
Of crystal glass outspread.
- 3 Dear teachers! if so rich a prize
Is to be lost or won
By such as we, whose shining days
So lately have begun.
Oh! leave us not till we have found
A hope in Jesus' love—
Until we have begun to learn
The song they sing above.

57.

Heaven.

P. M.

Linden Harp, 82.

1 **T**HERE is a clime where Jesus reigns,
A home of grace and love,
Where angels sing, in sweetest strains,
Of his redeeming love.

O heaven! sweet heaven!

Land of the blest!

How I long to be there,

In thy glories to share,

And rest upon Jesus' breast.

2 And children, too, will join to bless
The precious Saviour's name,
Clothed in his perfect righteousness,
And saved from sin and shame.

O heaven, &c.

3 Yet all, alas! may not be there,
For some will slight his grace;
Now, though he calls, they do not care
To turn and seek his face.

Oh! heaven, &c.

4 He says to all, "Come unto me,
And I will give you rest."

Oh! linger not, but haste to be
With his salvation blest.

O heaven, &c.

5 The fairest roses quickly die,
The leaves must all decay,
And little children, you and I
As soon may fade away.

O heaven, &c.

- 6 Then let us early "watch and pray,"
And seek the things above ;
And may the Spirit, day by day,
Reveal a Saviour's love !
Oh ! heaven, &c.
-

58. When for Eternal Worlds we steer. 8s & 4.

New Lute of Zion, 337.

- 1 **W**HEN for eternal worlds we steer,
And seas are calm and skies are clear,
And faith in lively exercise,
And distant hills of Canaan rise,
The soul for joy then claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu !
- 2 With cheerful hope her eyes explore
Each landmark on the distant shore—
The trees of life, the pastures green,
The golden streets, the crystal stream ;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And loud her lovely sonnet sings,
Vain world, adieu !
- 3 The nearer still she draws to land,
More eager all her powers expand ;
With steady helm and free-bent sail,
Her anchor drops within the veil ;
Again for joy she claps her wings,
And her celestial sonnet sings,
On Canaan's shore.

59. Come! let us sing of Heaven above. P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 6.

1 COME! let us sing of heaven above,
Our glorious, happy home,
Where dwells the Saviour whom we love,
And who has bid us come.
Oh! that is joyful! joyful! joyful!
Oh! that is joyful,
That Jesus bids us come
To dwell with him above,
And sing the everlasting song
Of his redeeming love.

2 Angels are there around the throne,
Sweet notes of praise they sing;
All glory to our God alone,
And to our Saviour King.
Oh! that is joyful, &c.

3 And children join the glorious song,
Who once lived here below;
But now, amid that sinless throng,
They no more sorrow know.
Oh! that is joyful, &c.

4 'Twas Jesus died that we might gain
This glorious, happy home;
For us he suffered grief and pain,
And therefore bids us come.
Oh! that is joyful, &c.

60.

The Angels' Song.

P. M.

Brooklyn Anniversary Hymns, 1855.

- 1 **T**HERE'S a song the angels sing,
 And its notes with rapture ring
 Round the throne whose radiance fills the heavens
 above;
 Shepherds heard a distant strain,
 Watching on Judea's plain,
 'Glory be to God, to men be peace and love."
 Through the earth and through the sky,
 Let the anthem ever fly,
 Peace, good will to men, and glory be to God on
 high.
- 2 'Tis a song for children, too;
 To the Saviour 'tis their due;
 Let its grateful notes ascend to him again;
 Join with angels in their song,
 And the heavenly strain prolong,
 "Glory be to God, good will and peace to men."
 Through the earth, &c.
- 3 Soon around that throne may we
 With those happy angels be,
 Striking harps to strains that never more shall
 cease;
 Mingling love with loftiest praise,
 Still the chorus there we'll raise,
 "Glory be to God, to men good will and peace."
 Through the earth, &c.



61.

Land of Canaan.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Gems, 40.

- 1 COME, children, let us sweetly sing—
 We are bound for the land of Canaan;
 All glory give to Christ, our King—
 We are bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, bright Canaan!
 We are bound for the land of Canaan;
 O Canaan! it is our happy home—
 We are bound for the land of Canaan.
- 2 Happy are all good children here—
 They are bound for the land of Canaan;
 And soon they'll be as angels are—
 They are bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, bright Canaan! &c

- 3 Come then and join our happy band,
 We are bound for the land of Canaan;
 To ever dwell at Christ's right hand—
 We are bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, bright Canaan! &c.
- 4 Then louder still our songs shall rise—
 We are bound for the land of Canaan;
 When we are far beyond the skies—
 We are bound for the land of Canaan.
 O Canaan, bright Canaan! &c.
-

62.

Life and Glory.

8s & 7a

Bradbury's S. S. Melodies, 110.

- 1 **W**HAT is life? 'tis but a vapor,
 Soon it vanishes away;
 Life is but a dying taper,
 O my soul! why wish to stay?
 Why not spread thy wings, and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy?
- 2 See that glory—how resplendent!
 Brighter far than fancy paints;
 There, in majesty transcendent,
 Jesus reigns—the King of saints:
 Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy.
- 3 Joyful crowds his throne surrounding,
 Sing with rapture of his love;
 Through the heavens his praises sounding,
 Filling all the courts above;
 Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
 Straight to yonder world of joy.

- 4 Go, and share his people's glory,
 'Mid the ransomed crowd appear;
Thine a joyful, wondrous story,
 One that angels love to hear;
Spread thy wings, my soul! and fly
Straight to yonder world of joy.
-

63.

Joyful anticipations of Heaven.

C. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 6.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.
 Oh! that will be joyful, &c.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.
 Oh! that will be joyful, &c.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrows fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.
 Oh! that will be joyful, &c.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
 In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.
 Oh! that will be joyful, &c.

64.

The Christian's Home.

112

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 10.

- 1 'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
How sweet to my soul is communion with
saints;
To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
And feel in the presence of Jesus at home!
Home, home—sweet, sweet home,
Receive me, dear Saviour, in glory, my home.
- 2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace!
And thrice-precious Jesus whose love can not
cease!
Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
I long to behold thee, in glory at home.
Home, home, &c.
- 3 I sigh from this body of sin to be free,
Which hinders my joy and communion with thee;
Though now my temptations like billows may foam,
All, all will be peace, when I'm with thee at
home.
Home, home, &c.
- 4 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
Oh! give me submission and strength as my day;
In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.
Home, home, &c.
- 5 Whate'er thou deniest, oh! give me thy grace,
The Spirit's sure witness, and smiles of thy face;
Indulge me with patience to wait at thy throne,
And find even now a sweet foretaste of home.
Home, home, &c.

- 6 I long, dearest Lord, in thy beauties to shine,
No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
With glorified millions to praise thee at home.
Home, home, &c.
-

65.

Home of the Blest.

P. M

Linden Harp, 86.

- 1 O HAPPY land! O happy land!
Where saints and angels dwell;
We long to join that glorious band,
And all their anthems swell.
O heaven, sweet heaven!
O home of the blest:
How I long to be there,
All its glory to share,
And to lean on my Saviour's breast.
- 2 But every voice in yonder throng,
On earth has breathed a prayer;
No lips untaught may join that song,
Or learn the music there.
O heaven! &c.
- 3 Thou heavenly Friend! thou heavenly Friend!
Oh! hear us when we pray:
Now let thy pard'ning grace descend,
And take our sins away.
O heaven! &c.
- 4 Be all our fresh, our youthful days,
To thy blest service given:
Then we shall meet to sing thy praise,
A ransomed band in heaven.
O heaven! &c.

66.

Home in the Skies.

11s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 10.

- 1 **W**HEN the time of our earthly sojourning is
o'er,
The home that once knew us will know us no
more;
But why should we leave it with lingering eyes,
Since Jesus will give us a home in the skies?
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Far better than earth's is this home in the skies.
- 2 Its doors are of pearl, and its floor paved with
gold;
Its altar a diamond of lustre untold;
No sun rules the day, and no moon crowns the
night,
For the eye of the Lamb of that home is the light;
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
For the eye of the Lamb of that home is the light.
- 3 The friends that we loved of this *Earthly* the light,
On the wings of bright angels have taken their
flight,
They have gone to the *Heavenly*, the home of the
blest,
In the arms of their Saviour forever to rest.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Oh! there's no home on earth like this home of
the blest.
- 4 With their harps in their hands, which are never
unstrung,
And voices untiring, they sing heaven's song;

Like the sound of great waters their anthems arise,
To him who prepared them a home in the skies.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Oh! there's no home on earth like this home in
the skies.

67. **There is a Land of pure Delight.** **C. M.**

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too—
I want to go where Jesus is, I want to go there too.

- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
I want to go, &c.

- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
I want to go, &c.

- 4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.
I want to go, &c.

68.

The heavenly Mansion.

P. M.

New Lute of Zion, 329.

- 1 MY heavenly home is bright and fair,
We'll be gathered home;
Nor death nor sighing visit there.
We'll be gathered home:
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
We'll wait till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.
- 2 Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
We'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine,
We'll be gathered home:
We'll wait, &c.
- 3 My Father's house is built on high,
We'll be gathered home;
Above the arched and starry sky,
We'll be gathered home:
We'll wait, &c.
- 4 When from this earthly prison free,
We'll be gathered home;
That heavenly mansion mine shall be,
We'll be gathered home:
We'll wait, &c.
- 5 While here, a stranger far from home—
We'll be gathered home;
Affliction's waves may round me foam,
We'll be gathered home.
We'll wait, &c.

- 6 I envy not the rich and great,
We'll be gathered home ;
Their pomp of wealth, and pride of state,
We'll be gathered home.
We'll wait, &c.
- 7 My Father is a richer King,
We'll be gathered home ;
That heavenly mansion still I sing,
We'll be gathered home.
We'll wait, &c.
- 8 Let others seek a home below,
We'll be gathered home ;
Which flames devour or waves o'erthrow,
We'll be gathered home.
We'll wait, &c.
- 9 Be mine the happier lot to own,
We'll be gathered home,
A heavenly mansion near the throne,
We'll be gathered home.
We'll wait, &c.
- 10 Then, fail this earth, let stars decline,
We'll be gathered home ;
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
We'll be gathered home.
We'll wait, &c.
- 11 All nature sink and cease to be,
We'll be gathered home ;
That heavenly mansion stands for me,
We'll be gathered home.
We'll wait, &c.

69.

Meet me in Heaven.

8s & 6s

Linden Harp, 54.

- 1 **H**OW bright the day, the joyful day,
When all the good shall come,
And clothed in robes of white array,
Meet in their happy home !
The Saviour's hand shall wipe their tears,
And folded to his breast,
His lambs shall feel no earthly fear,
But find eternal rest.
Meet me in heaven, meet me in heaven,
Meet me in heaven, where we'll never part
again.
- 2 Ah ! would you be among the blest
Who walk the golden streets,
Or lean upon the Saviour's breast,
Or worship at his feet !
Then wander not from Jesus Christ,
Nor go the path of sin,
Until you find the gates of woe,
And there must enter in.
Meet me in heaven, &c.
- 3 Your teachers can not bear to think
Those little feet shall slide
Upon the dark and dreadful brink
Of ruin's sweeping tide.
Come to the Saviour, little ones,
And with his own dear flock,
He'll hide you when temptation comes,
Safe in the clefted rock.
Meet me in heaven, &c.

0. Happy Land, far above. P. M.

HAPPY land! happy land! beyond the skies so
bright and fair,

Far above, far above, where shining angels are;

Land of love and joys divine,

Where the meek and lowly

In the robes of glory shine,

With the pure and holy.

Happy land! happy land! where sin and sorrow
never come,

Oh! may we find in thee a bright eternal home.

1 Happy land! happy land! beyond the skies so
bright and fair,

Far above, far above, where shining angels are;

Ever from the harps of gold,

Sweetest notes are swelling,

And as Jesus' love is told,

Happy voices pealing—

Happy land! happy land, &c.

71. The Pilgrim's Song. 11s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 10, 112.

1 **M**Y home is in heaven, my rest is not here,
Then why should I murmur when trials are
near!

Be hushed, my sad spirit, the worst that can come
But shortens my journey, and hastens me home.

2 It is not for me to be seeking my bliss,
And building my hopes in a region like this;
I look for a city which hands have not piled—
I pant for a country by sin undefiled.

- 3 The thorn and the thistle around me may grow,
I would not lie down upon roses below;
I ask not my portion, I seek not my rest,
Till I find them forever in Jesus' breast.
- 4 Afflictions may damp me, they can not destroy—
One glimpse of his love turns them all into joy;
And the bitterest tears, if he smiles but on them,
Like dew in the sunshine, grow diamond and gem.
-

72.

Joy to the World.

C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 196.

- 1 JOY to the world, the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

W.

73. The Lamb that was Slain. P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 46.

- 1 **I**N the far better land of glory and light
The ransomed are singing in garments of white,
The harpers are harping; and all the bright train
Sing the song of redemption—the Lamb that was
slain.
 - 2 Like the sound of the sea swells their chorus of
praise
Round the star-circled crown of the ancient of
days,
And thrones and dominions reëcho the strain
Of glory eternal to him that was slain.
 - 3 Dear Saviour, may we, with our voices so faint,
Sing the chorus celestial with angel and saint?
Yes! yes! we will sing, and thine ear we will
gain
With the song of redemption—the Lamb that was
slain.
 - 4 Now, children and teachers and friends, all unite
In a loud hallelujah with the ransomed in light;
To Jesus we'll sing that melodious strain,
The song of Redemption—the Lamb that was
slain.
-

74. Star of Bethlehem. L. M.

Plymouth Collection, 163.

- 1 **W**HEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
 From every host, from every gem;
 But one alone the Saviour speaks—
 It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 Once on the raging seas I rode:
 The storm was loud, the night was dark;
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.
- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze;
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
 When suddenly a star arose—
 It was the star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
 It bade my dark forebodings cease;
 And through the storm and danger's thrall,
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
 I'll sing first in night's diadem,
 Forever and forevermore,
 The star—the Star of Bethlehem.
-

75.

The Saviour.

7s & 6s.

Linden Harp, 12.

- 1 **H**OW precious is the story
 Of our Redeemer's birth,
 Who left the realms of glory,
 And came to dwell on earth:
 He saw our sad condition,
 Our guilt, and sin, and shame;
 To save us from perdition
 The blessed Jesus came.

2 He came to earth from heaven,
To weep, and bleed, and die,
That we might be forgiven,
And raised to God on high.
His kindness and compassion
To children then were shown;
The heirs of his salvation,
He claimed them for his own.

3 Oh! may I love this Saviour,
So good, so kind, so mild;
And may I find his favor,
A young though sinful child!
And in his blissful heaven
May I at last appear,
With all my sins forgiven,
To know and praise him there.

76.

Star in the East.

11s & 10s.

Plymouth Collection, 90.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morn-
ing,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining;
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and off'rings divine,
Gems of the mountains, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favors secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.
- 5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.
-

77.

Coronation of Christ.

C. M.

Anniversary hymns, 11

- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
 Let angels prostrate fall:
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
 Who from his altar call;
 Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Hail him, ye heirs of David's line,
 Whom David, Lord did call;
 The God incarnate! Man divine!
 And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace
 And crown him Lord of all.

- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall:
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
-

78.

See the kind Shepherd.

P. M.

Linden Harp, 86.

- 1 SEE the kind Shepherd, Jesus, stands,
And calls his sheep by name;
Gathers the feeble in his arms,
And feeds each tender lamb.
O Saviour, dear Saviour!
O joy of the blest!
How I long to be thine, in bright glory
to shine.
And to be forever at rest.
- 2 He'll lead us to the heav'nly streams,
Where living waters flow:
And guide us to the fruitful fields,
Where trees of knowledge grow.
O Saviour! &c.
- 3 When, wandering from the fold, we leave
The straight and narrow way,
Our faithful Shepherd still is near
To guide us when we stray.
O Saviour! &c.

- 4 The feeblest lamb amid the flock,
Shall be the Shepherd's care :
While folded in our Saviour's arms,
We're safe from every snare.
O Saviour ! &c.
-

79. Children, hear the Melting Story. 8s, 7s, 4s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 142.

- 1 **C**HILDREN, hear the melting story,
Of the Lamb that once was slain ;
'Tis the Lord of life and glory,
Shall he plead with you in vain,
Oh ! receive him !
And salvation now obtain.
- 2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight ;
Jesus loves the pure and holy ;
They alone are his delight :
Seek his favor
And your hearts to him unite.
- 3 All your sins to him confessing,
Who is ready to forgive ;
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing
On his precious name believe :
He is waiting,
Will you not his grace receive ?

80.

The Friend we ought to Love.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Gems, 72.

- 1 **T**H**E**R**E** is a friend we ought to love,
More than all friends beside;
His name is Jesus, and his love
Forever shall abide.
Come, children, then, for now he lives,
And praise from little ones receives;
With lip and life we'll praise his name,
And not forget his laws again.
What? not forget again?
No, not forget again, &c.
- 2 There is a word we ought to prize
More than all words beside;
It tells how Jesus from the skies,
Came down and wept and died.
Come, children, then, for now he lives—
Sinners from every land receives;
Oh! let us spread the tidings round,
And publish wide the joyful sound.
What? spread the joyful sound?
Yes, spread the joyful sound, &c.
- 3 There is a land we ought to love
More than all lands beside,
The land of glory high above,
Where all the saints abide.
Come, children, for this land prepare,
Tribes of all nation shall be there;
Oh! then we shall with Jesus reign,
And never, never part again.
What? never part again?
No, never part again, &c.



81.

I want to be like Jesus.

7s & 6a

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 142.

- 1 I WANT to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.

- 2 I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain-top
He met his Father there.
- 3 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
- 4 I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."
- 5 Alas! I'm not like Jesus,
As any one may see;
O gentle Saviour! send thy grace,
And make me like to thee.
-

82.

Jesus inviting Children.

P. M.

Linden Harp, 132.

- 1 JESUS Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
Who has bid us come to thee,
Now extend to us thy favor,
Little children though we be;
Low we humbly bend before thee,
All unworthy of thy love;
Lord of life, and light, and glory!
Hear us from thy throne above.
- 2 Thou who holdest high dominion
Over air, and earth, and sea,
Yet didst bless the little children
That of old were brought to thee.

Lord! this day we ask thy blessing;
 Send thy Holy Spirit down;
 May we all, our sins confessing,
 Thee our Lord and Saviour own.

- 3 So, when death this frame shall sever,
 (For we know that all must die,)
 May our souls, O Lord! forever
 Live and reign with thee on high!
 Oh! that we, to whom 'tis given
 Here to join in praise and prayer,
 May, around thy throne in heaven
 Meet, and none be wanting there.
-

83. "A poor wayfaring Man of Grief." L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 121.

- 1 **A** POOR wayfaring man of grief
 Hath often crossed me on my way,
 Who sued so humbly for relief,
 That I could never answer nay.
 I had not power to ask his name,
 Whither he went or whence he came;
 Yet there was something in his eye
 That won my love, I knew not why.
- 2 Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
 He entered; not a word he spake;
 Just perishing for want of bread,
 I gave him all; he blessed, and brake,
 And ate, but gave me part again;
 Mine was an angel's portion then.
 And while I fed with eager haste,
 The crust was manna to my taste.

- 3 I spied him where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock ; his strength was gone ;
The heedless water mocked his thirst—
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.
I ran and raised the sufferer up—
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,
Dipped, and returned it running o'er—
I drank, and never thirsted more.
- 4 'Twas night ; the floods were out ; it blew
A wintry hurricane aloof ;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof.
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest,
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
- 5 Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,
I found him by the highway side ;
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment ; he was healed :
I had myself a wound concealed ;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.
- 6 In prison I saw him next, condemned
To meet a traitor's doom at morn ;
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,
And honored him 'mid shame and score.
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He asked me if I for him would die ;
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,
But the free spirit cried, " I will !"

- 7 Then, in a moment, to my view
 The stranger started from disguise;
 The tokens in his hands I knew;
 My Saviour stood before my eyes!
 He spake, and my poor name he named;
 "Of me thou hast not been ashamed;
 These deeds shalt thy memorial be;
 Fear not; thou didst it unto me."
-

84.

First Love.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 17.

- 1 **H**OW happy are they
 Who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above;
 Oh! what tongue can express
 The sweet comfort and peace
 Of a soul in its earliest love?
- 2 'Tis heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know;
 And the angels could do nothing more
 Than to fall at his feet
 And the story repeat,
 And the Lover of sinners adore.
- 3 Yes, all the day long
 Is my Jesus my song,
 And redemption through faith in his name:
 Oh! that all might believe,
 And salvation receive,
 And their song and their joy be the same.

85.

The Child's Desire.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 17.

- 1 I THINK, when I read that sweet story of old,
When Jesus was here among men,
How he called little children as lambs to his fold,
I should like to have been with them then.
 - 2 I wish that his hands had been placed on my head,
That his arm had been thrown around me,
And that I might have seen his kind look when he
said,
"Let the little ones come unto me."
 - 3 Yet still to his footstool in prayer I may go,
And ask for a share in his love;
And if I thus earnestly seek him below
I shall see him and hear him above;
 - 4 In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare,
For all who are washed and forgiven;
And many dear children are gathering there,
"For of such is the kingdom of heaven."
-

86.

'Midst Sorrow and Care.

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 5.

- 1 'MIDST sorrow and care,
There's one that is near
And ever delights to relieve us.
- 2 'Tis Jesus our friend,
On whom we depend,
For life and for all its rich blessings.
- 3 When trouble assails,
His love never fails,
He meets us with sweet consolation.

87.

"Come, let us Sing of Jesus."

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 20.

- 1 COME, let us sing of Jesus,
While hearts and voices blend;
Come, let us sing of Jesus,
The sinner's only friend;
His holy soul rejoices
Amid the choirs above,
To hear our youthful voices,
Exulting in his love.
- 2 We love to sing of Jesus
Who wept our path along;
We love to sing of Jesus,
The tempted and the strong;
None who besought his healing,
He passed unheeded by;
And still retains his feeling
For us above the sky.
- 3 We love to sing of Jesus
Who died our souls to save;
We love to sing of Jesus,
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And in our hour of danger,
We'll trust his love alone,
Who once slept in a manger,
And now sits on the throne.
- 4 Then let us sing of Jesus,
While yet on earth we stay;
And hope to sing of Jesus,
Throughout eternal day;
For those who here confess him,
He will in heaven confess;
And faithful hearts that bless him,
He will forever bless.

88.

The Prince of Peace.

C. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 17.

- 1 COME, children, hail the Prince of Peace,
Obey the Saviour's call;
Come, sing aloud his glorious grace,
And crown him Lord of all.
 - 2 Let every girl and every boy
Before his footstool fall;
And their triumphant songs employ,
To crown him Lord of all
 - 3 This Jesus will your sins forgive,
He now invites us all;
For us he died that we might live,
And crown him Lord of all.
 - 4 Oh! let our hearts receive our King,
No more refuse his call;
That so in heaven we still may sing,
And crown him Lord of all.
-

89.

Christ a Friend.

8s & 7s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 13.

- 1 ONE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end:
Which of all our friends, to save us,
Could or would have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled in him to God.

- 2 When he lived on earth abased,
Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.
 Oh! for grace our heart to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often
 What a Friend we have above.
-

90.

Oh! when shall I see Jesus? 7s & 6s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 143.

- 1 OH! when shall I see Jesus,
 And reign with him above,
 And from that flowing fountain
 Drink everlasting love?
 When shall I be delivered
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus
 Drink endless pleasures in?
- 2 Through grace, I am determined
 To conquer, though I die,
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love to fly;
 Farewell to sin and sorrow—
 I bid you all adieu;
 And O my friends! prove faithful,
 And on your way pursue.
- 3 And if you meet with troubles
 And trials on your way,
 Then cast your care on Jesus,
 And don't forget to pray;

Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love;
Then, when the combat's ended,
He'll carry you above.

91.

Song of Angels.

P. M.

S. S. Harmonist, 184.

- 1 **H**APPY angels, still you dwell
In yon worlds of glory,
And in joyous anthems swell
Love's redeeming story.
Shining multitudes, ye came
Our Redeemer to proclaim:
Still your song is just the same;
Glory, glory, glory!
- 2 Angels, sing again with man,
Swell our strain of glory;
Shout with us the wondrous plan,
Love's redeeming story;
Soon our stay on earth shall fail,
Soon shall drop the mortal veil,
Then in strains like yours we'll hail,
Glory, glory, glory!
- 3 Christ, our Lord, the theme, the song,
Then no more the stranger,
Welcomed by the shining throng,
In lone Bethl'hem's manger:
Robed in peerless majesty,
Soon our eyes shall also see,
Then we'll cry, "'Tis he! 'tis he!
Glory, glory, glory."

92.

Notes of Angels

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 115.

- 1 **H**ARK! the notes of angels singing
Glory, glory to the Lamb,
All in heaven their tribute bringing,
Raising high the Saviour's name.
 - 2 Ye for whom his life was given,
Sacred themes to you belong;
Come, assist the choir of heaven,
Join the everlasting song.
 - 3 Filled with holy emulation;
We unite with those above;
Sweet the theme—a free salvation,
Fruits of everlasting love.
 - 4 Endless life in him possessing,
Let us praise his precious name,
Glory, honor, power, and blessing
Be forever to the Lamb.
-

93.

Jesus Died my Soul to Save.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 55.

- 1 **J**ESUS died my soul to save;
Blessed truth, blessed truth;
Jesus died my soul to save
From the world of woe:
When he lived on earth a stranger,
He had oft to fly from danger,
That he might the work perform
He had come to do.

- 2 Jesus had no home on earth ;
 Mournful truth, mournful truth ;
 Jesus had no home on earth
 He could call his own :
 Yet he was the mighty Saviour,
 Living in his Father's favor,
 'Mid the dark and fearful scenes,
 Though he seemed alone.
- 3 Jesus is in glory now ;
 Joyful truth, joyful truth ;
 Jesus is in glory now,
 In the world above ;
 He has done with tears and sighing,
 Earth no more shall see him dying ;
 Shout, my soul, thy song of praise,
 Thou shalt see his love.
-

94.

Praise to Jesus.

P. M.

Bradbury's Singing Bird, 44.

- 1 SWEETLY sing, sweetly sing,
 Praises to our heavenly King ;
 Let us raise, let us raise
 High our notes of praise ;
 Praise to him whose name is Love,
 Praise to him who reigns above ;
 Raise your songs, raise your songs,
 Now with thankful tongues.
- 2 Angels bright, angels bright,
 Robed in garments pure and white,
 Chant his praise, chant his praise,
 In melodious lays.

But from that bright happy throng
 Ne'er can come this sweetest song—
 Redeeming love, redeeming love,
 Brought us here above.

- 3 Far away, far away,
 We in sin's dark valley lay,
 Jesus came, Jesus came,
 Blessed be his name!
 He redeemed us by his grace,
 Then prepared in heaven a place
 To receive, to receive
 All who will believe.
- 4 Now we know, now we know,
 We from earth must shortly go,
 Soon the call, soon the call
 Comes to one and all.
 Saviour! when *our* time shall come,
 Take us to our heavenly home,
 There to dwell, there to dwell
 Evermore with thee.
-

95.

Children's Hosannas.

C. M.

- 1 **H**OSANNAS were by children sung,
 When Jesus was on earth,
 Then surely we are not too young
 To sound his praises forth.
 The Lord is great, the Lord is good,
 He feeds us from his store
 With earthly and with heavenly food;
 We'll praise him evermore.

- 2 And when to him young children came
 He took them in his arms;
 He blessed them in his Father's name,
 And spoke with heavenly charms:
 We thank him for his gracious word,
 We thank him for his love,
 We'll sing the praises of our Lord,
 Who reigns in heaven above.
- 3 Before he left this world of woe,
 On Calvary he died;
 His blood for us did freely flow
 Forth from his wounded side.
 Oh! then we'll magnify his name,
 Who groaned and died for us;
 We'll worship the atoning Lamb,
 And kneel before his cross.
- 4 He rose again and walked abroad,
 And many saw his face:
 They called him the incarnate God,
 Redeemer of our race.
 He rose and he ascended high:
 We'll bow to his command;
 His glories fill the earth and sky,
 He sits at God's right hand.

96.

Children's Praises.

11s.

Bradbury's S. S. Melodies, 123.

- 1 WE gather, we gather, dear Jesus, to bring
 The breathings of love 'mid the blossoms of
 spring;
 Our Maker, Redeemer, we gratefully raise
 Our hearts and our voices in singing thy praise.

- 2 When stooping to earth from the brightness of
heaven,
Thy blood for our ransom so freely was given,
Thou listenedst with pleasure while children
adored
With joyful hosannas the blessed of the Lord.
- 3 Those arms which embraced little children of old •
Still love to encircle the lambs of the fold ;
That grace which inviteth the wandering home,
Hath never forbidden the youngest to come.
- 4 Hosanna! Hosanna! great Teacher, we raise
Our hearts and our voices in singing thy praise ;
For precept and promise so graciously given,
For blessings of earth and the glories of heaven.
-

97.

"Feed my Lambs."

11s.

S. S. Concert Hymns, 35.

- 1 **B**EFORE the great Shepherd ascended on high,
To prepare for his sheep a safe fold in the sky ;
He called his friends round him, a few worthy
names,
And charged one for all, to take care of his lambs.
- 2 He knew we should need to be guarded with care ;
For in the dark forest the wolf had his lair ;
And watched all our gambols, and envied our
play,
And meant us to kill, if we came in his way.
- 3 The hills and the meadows are not always green,
The sky that is o'er us, not always serene ;
But the cloud and storm, and the winter so cold,
All make us so glad, when we're safe in the fold.

- 4 Oh! then, gentle shepherds, forget not our claims,
Since Jesus has charged you to care for the lambs;
We want to be led in the steps of the flock,
And rest us, at noon, in the shade of the Rock.
-

98. Did the Saviour die for Children? 8s & 7s.

S. S. Concert Hymns, 35.

- 1 COME, beloved teachers, tell us,
Can a holy God forgive?
Did the Saviour die for children,
May we look to him and live!
Is his sceptre still extended?
Can we touch and be forgiven?
Will our praying, weeping, knocking,
Ever ope the gate of Heaven?
- 2 Tell us, are our souls immortal?
Shall we live beyond the grave?
On eternity's dark ocean,
Can we find an arm to save?
When on earth the Saviour sojourned,
Little children shared his love;
Teachers, does he still regard us,
Now that he has gone above?
Must we wait till we are older,
Ere we give our hearts away?
Teachers, tell us you are willing,
We should come to Christ to-day?

99.

Loving-kindness.

L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 144.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from thee—
His loving-kindness, oh! how free!
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving-kindness, oh! how great!
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving-kindness, oh! how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving-kindness, oh! how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I oft have him forgot,
His loving-kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
Soon all my mortal powers must fail;
Oh! may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.

100.

Feed my Lambs.

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 28.

- 1 "FEED my lambs!" how condescending,
How compassionate the grace
Of the Saviour, just ascending,
Thus to bless our infant race.
"Lov'st thou thy Saviour? feed my lambs."
- 2 Richest treasure, dearest token,
From his stores of love to give;
Kept from age to age unbroken,
Till its bounty we receive.
"Lov'st thou thy Saviour? feed my lambs."
- 3 Who, without that word of blessing,
Could our dark estate have told?
Sin and woe our souls distressing,
Lost and wandering from his fold?
"Lov'st thou thy Saviour? feed my lambs."
- 4 "Feed my lambs!" ye pastors, hear it;
Feed the flock of his own hand:
Oh! for him, for us, revere it;
Keep the Shepherd's last command.
'Lov'st thou thy Saviour? feed my lambs.'



101.

The Lambs of the Flock.

P. M.

S. S. Concert Hymns, 54.

1 **WE'RE** the lambs of the flock, and no danger
 we fear,
 When the voice and the call of our Shepherd we
 hear,
 Then we follow, then we follow, then we
 follow, follow, follow, follow,
 In the steps of the flock, when the Shepherd we
 hear.

- 2 We are tiny and weak, but our Shepherd is strong;
 From the wolves he defendeth us all the day long;
 If we follow, &c.
 In the track of his chosen ones all the day long.
- 3 The pastures are green, and the flowers bloom
 around;
 By the side of still waters he lets us lie down;
 Then we follow, &c.
 Then we follow his call, when the flowers bloom
 around.
- 4 Oh! that all the dear lambs had a heart to reply,
 When the great Shepherd calls from his mansions
 on high;
 "We will follow, &c.
 We will follow the Lamb to his fold in the sky."
-

102.

O Happy, Happy Child!

P. M

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 71.

- 1 I SAW a child kneel down,
 And fold his little hands to pray;
 His mother waited by his side,
 And taught him what to say;
 Little he knew of all he saw—
 His mother's word to him was law.
- 2 O happy, happy child!
 Trusting and guileless as the day;
 He sometimes, of his own accord,
 Folded his hands to pray;
 Would you be blessed? be guileless, mild,
 And trusting as this little child.

103.

The Sinner's Invitation.

6s & 7s.

Brooklyn Anniversary Hymns, 1855.

- 1 CHILDREN, come, will you come,
Hear the Saviour proclaiming:
I have purchased a home
In the mansions of heaven,
For each sin-stricken soul
Who has fled to the fountain
Flowing forth from my side,
As I hung on the mountain.
- 2 There the angels so bright
Listen pleased to the story;
As the saints clothed in white,
Sing aloud of his glory.
There no sin nor dismay,
Neither trouble nor sorrow,
Will be felt for a day,
Nor feared for the morrow.
- 3 He's prepared you a home—
Children will you believe it?
And invites you to come—
Children, will you receive it?
Oh! come, children, come,
For the tide is receding,
And the Saviour will soon
And forever cease pleading.

104.

"Come, Children, Come."

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 35.

- 1 COME, children, come, God bids you come.
Come and learn to sing the story
Of the Lord of life and glory,
Come, come, come, come, children, come.

- 2 Come, children, come, Christ bids you come,
Early seek his face and favor,
Love and serve your blessed Saviour,
Come, come, come, come, children, come.
- 3 Come, children, come, the Spirit says come,
Come with Zion's sons and daughters,
To the spring of living waters,
Come, come, come, come, children, come.
- 4 Come, children, come, all bid you come,
Come unite your hearts and voices,
Listening heaven then rejoices,
Come, come, come, come, children, come.
- 5 Come, children, come, make heaven your home,
Then though earthly ties may sever,
You may live with Christ forever,
Come, come, come, come, children, come.
-

105.

Come to the Mercy-Seat.

S. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Melodies, 86.

- 1 COME to the mercy-seat,
Come to the place of prayer;
Come, little children, to His feet,
In whom ye live and are,
- 2 Come to your God in prayer,
Come to your Saviour now,
While youthful skies are bright and fair,
And health is on your brow,

- 3 Come in the name of Him
Who all your sorrows bore,
Who ever lives to pardon sin,
And will be sought by prayer.
-

106.

Come to the Saviour.

P. M.

Linden Harp, 86.

- 1 OUR Saviour bids the children come;
He bids us come to him;
And, as in other days, he spreads
His arms to take us in.
O Saviour! dear Saviour!
O joy of the blest!
How I long to be thine,
In bright glory to shine,
And be forever at rest!
- 2 Forever blessed be his name;
No earthly love like his;
Oh! may it draw our hearts to him,
And to the world of bliss.
O Saviour! &c.
- 3 There may we come at last, to sing
In nobler strains, his praise;
And join the little ones who stand
Before our Father's face.
O Saviour! &c.

107. Little Children, Jesus calls You. P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 107.

- 1 **L**ITTLE children, Jesus calls you,
Listen to his blessed voice;
Sinners try in vain to shun it,
Christians hail it and rejoice.
Come then, children, join to sing
Glory to our Saviour King.
- 2 Little children, come to Jesus;
See him still inviting stand:
Hark! he bids you leave destruction,
Calls you to the Better Land.
Come then, &c.
- 3 Little children, look to Jesus,
Look to Jesus, look and live;
Jesus suffered death to save you,
Freest pardon he will give.
Come then, &c.
-

108. Come, haste to the Saviour. P. M.

Linden Harp, 93.

- 1 **C**OME, youthful sinners, come, haste to the Saviour,
Come, ye young wanderers, cling to his side;
Kneel at his mercy-seat, sue for his favor,
Lambs of his bosom for whom he hath died.
How fair is grace, the young bosom adorning!
What robe so pure as the raiment of truth?
Come to his temple gate, come in life's morning;
Give up your souls to the Guide of your youth.

- 2 Can ye find pleasure in pathways unholy?
 Hope ye for wisdom in wand'ring from God?
 Sorrow and shame wait the vot'ries of folly,
 Earth has no comfort not found in his blood.
 Has he not died for you? gaze on his passion:
 There see the tokens of sorrow and love;
 Lives he not now for you? Jesus the Saviour,
 Bled and ascended to crown you above.
-

109.

"Come unto Me."

P. M.

S. S. Concert Hymns, 49.

- 1 TO the wandering and the weary,
 Everywhere, on land and sea,
 Jesus calls in tones of mercy,
 "Come unto me, come unto me."
- 2 From our home, our household altar,
 When our father bends the knee,
 Oft we hear a voice inviting,
 "Come unto me," &c.
- 3 When, at night, upon our pillow,
 We have prayed our prayer to thee,
 Then we felt the word, unspoken,
 "Come unto me," &c.
- 4 Oft we hear it, when our teachers
 Talk to us of Calvary;
 In our hearts its tones reëcho,
 "Come unto me," &c.
- 5 When we pass death's troubled river,
 Calm and peaceful it will be;
 If we hear that voice of voices,
 "Come unto me," &c.

110.

To-day the Saviour calls.

6s & 4s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 7.

- 1 **T**O-DAY the Saviour calls,
Ye wanderers come ;
O ye benighted souls !
Why longer roam ?
- 2 To-day the Saviour calls !
For refuge fly ;
The storm of vengeance falls ;
Ruin is nigh.
- 3 To-day the Saviour calls !
Oh ! listen now :
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.
- 4 The Spirit calls to-day !
Yield to his power ;
Oh ! grieve him not away,
'Tis mercy's hour.

111.

Invitation.

8s & 7s.

Sunday-School Harmonist, 156.

- 1 **C**OME, ye children, stop no longer ;
Come unto the Saviour now ;
Wait not till your sins grow stronger ;
Now to God for mercy bow :
Come to the Lord, and seek for glory,
Sing the praise of Jesus' name ;
Listen to the joyful story,
Christ the Lord will come to reign.

- 2 In the garden see him bleeding !
For your sins he suffered much !
Now with God he's interceding,
If his wounds your hearts can touch :
Come to the Lord, &c.
-

112. "Hark! those happy Voices." 7s & 3s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 4s.

- 1 **H**ARK, those happy voices, saying,
Yet there's room,
Sinner, come,
Heaven's call obeying.
- 2 Now the feast is spread before them,
Wait no more,
Grace implore,
Peace shall then come over thee.
-

113. The Heavenly Guide. P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 6s.

- 1 **C**OME, children, to the promised land,
The promised land,
We'll rest upon its golden strand,
Its golden strand;
Should fears their onward march delay,
Who seek a country far away ?

- 2 Though wide the wastes that round us lie,
 That round us lie,
And rough our pathway to the sky,
 Rough to the sky ;
Though there be foes on every side,
Fear not—we have a heavenly guide.
- 3 One who has trod the path before,
 The path before,
And stood on Jordan's further shore,
 Its further shore ;
When for our sakes he crossed the flood,
And dyed its waters with his blood.
- 4 He knows each danger and each snare,
 He knows each snare ;
Unfailing are his love and care,
 His love and care ;
And we are safe whate'er betide,
When Jesus is our heavenly Guide.
-

114.

Forsaking all for Christ.

8s & 7s.

New Lute of Zion, 386.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee ;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
 Thou, from hence, my all shalt be ;
Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, or hoped, or known ;
Yet how rich is my condition,
 God and heaven are still mine own.

- 2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
They have left my Saviour too ;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not, like them, untrue ;
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might ;
Foes may hate, and friends disown me ;
Show thy face, and all is bright.
- 3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.
- 4 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear ;
Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine ;
Think that Jesus died to win thee ;
Child of heaven, canst thou repine ?
-

115.

Sabbath Morn.

C. M.

Sunday-School Advocate, Vol. 15, 104.

- 1 'TIS sweet, when Sabbath morn returns,
To join the youthful band,
And raise a grateful song to him,
Who guides us with his hand :

The noisy world sends gentler sounds,
Heaven's music fills the air,
And tells in soft and soothing strains,
A Sabbath everywhere :
Oh ! is it not a rich repast,
Spread by our Father's love—
A feast to bless the weary soul,
And raise the heart above ?

2 'Tis sweet in early joyful notes
To praise our Saviour's name ;
'Tis sweeter still to glow with love
And feel the heavenly flame ;
It fires the soul with strong desire
To reach those upper skies,
Where one unbroken Sabbath reigns,
And pleasure never dies.
Oh ! is it not, &c.

3 The Sabbath morn, sweet Sabbath morn,
We greet thy rising sun,
And to the duties of the day
With fresh delight we run
To dwell within thy temple, Lord,
Where heavenly blessings fall ;
Not earth such pure delights can give,
'Tis better far than all.
Oh ! is it not, &c.

4 Hail ! gracious gift, by God designed,
A day of peace and rest,
To keep us trav'lers on our road,
And make us truly blest.

If others choose in sin and toil
To waste their hours away,
We'll love with fond and grateful hearts,
The precious Sabbath day.
Oh ! is it not, &c.

16.

Sunday Hymn.

P. M.

Sunday-School Advocate, Vol. 15, 49.

- 1 **H**APPY, happy Sunday,
Thou day of peace and heaven,
'Tis fit we should give one day
To God who gives us seven.
Though other days bring sadness,
Thou biddst us cease to mourn ;
Then hail, thou day of gladness !
I welcome thy return.
- 2 Happy, happy Sunday,
We will not toil to-day ;
But leave to busy Monday
Our work, and toys, and play.
Thy face is ever smiling,
Thou fairest of the seven !
They only speak of toiling,
But thou of rest and heaven.
- 3 Happy, happy Sunday,
Thy holy hours I prize ;
Thou art, indeed, heaven's own day,
The emblem of the skies.
May I, O Lord ! inherit
That rest when life is o'er ;
And with each perfect spirit
Adore thee evermore.

117. "How sweet is the Sabbath to me." 8s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 85.

- 1 **H**OW sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day when the Saviour arose;
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.
He knows I am weak and defiled,
My life is but empty and vain;
But if he will make me his child,
I'll never forsake him again.
- 2 This day he invites me to come,
How kindly he bids me draw near!
He offers me heaven for home,
And wipes off the penitent tear:
He offers to pardon my sin,
And keep me from every snare,
To sprinkle and cleanse me within,
And show me his tenderest care.
- 3 I can not, I must not refuse;
His goodness has conquered my heart;
The Lord for my portion I choose,
And bid all of my folly depart.
How sweet is the Sabbath to me,
The day my Redeemer arose!
'Tis heaven his beauties to see,
And in his soft arms to repose.

118.

The Sabbath.

11a.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 1st.

- 1 **H**OW sweet is the Sabbath, the morning of rest ;
 The day of the week which I surely love best ;
 The morning my Saviour arose from the tomb,
 And took from the grave all its terror and gloom.
- 2 Oh! let me be thoughtful and prayerful to-day,
 And not spend a minute in trifling or play ;
 Rememb'ring these seasons were graciously given
 To teach me to seek, and prepare me for heaven.
- 3 In the house of my God, in his presence and fear,
 When I worship to-day, may it all be sincere ;
 In the school when I learn, may I do it with care,
 And be grateful to those who watch over me there.
- 4 Instruct me, my Saviour ; a child though I be,
 I am not too young to be noticed by thee ;
 Renew all my heart, keep me firm in thy ways,
 I would love thee, and serve thee, and give thee
 the praise.
-

119.

Happy Day.

P. M.

Brooklyn Anniversary Hymns, 1855.

- 1 **P**RESERVED by thine Almighty power,
 O Lord, our Maker—Saviour—King !
 And brought to see this happy hour,
 We come thy praises here to sing.
 Happy day, happy day,
 Here in thy courts we'll gladly stay,
 And at thy footstool humbly pray,
 That thou wouldst take our sins away.
 Happy day, happy day,
 When Christ shall wash our sins away.

- 2 We praise thee for thy constant care,
For life preserved, for mercies given,
Oh! may we still those mercies share,
And taste the joys of sins forgiven.
Happy day, &c.
- 3 And when on earth our days are done,
Grant, Lord, that we at length may join,
Teachers and scholars round thy throne,
The song of Moses and the lamb.
Happy day, &c.
-

120.

"Sweet Spices."

11s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 119.

- 1 SWEET spices they brought on their star-lighted
way,
And came to the grave by the dawning of day:
- 2 "Yet who will the stone from the sepulchre roll?"
They said, as the tear from their weeping eyes
stole.
- 3 The stone is removed, and the Saviour is gone :
Oh! hail, ye disciples, this bright Sabbath morn ;
- 4 Lift, lift your glad voices in triumph on high,
Your Master has risen, and ye shall not die.
- 5 May Christ now appear, as to Mary he came,
And fill every bosom with piety's flame ;
- 6 Then heaven's bright glories we soon shall obtain,
Nor Sabbaths so peaceful be useless and vain.



121. "Our Little Brother's" Song. P. M.

- 1 **W**HEN first my eyes beheld the light,
 Who said those little eyes were bright,
And that I was her heart's delight?
 My mother.
- 2 Who fed me from her gentle breast,
And hushed me in her arms to rest,
And on my cheek sweet kisses pressed?
 My mother.
- 3 When sleep forsook my open eye,
Who was it sung sweet lullaby,
And rocked me, that I should not cry?
 My mother.

- 4 Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would some pretty story tell,
Or kiss the place to make it well?
My mother.
- 5 Who taught my infant lips to pray,
And love God's holy book and day,
And walk in wisdom's pleasant way?
My mother.
- 6 And can I ever cease to be
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who wast so very kind to me,
My mother?
- 7 Oh! no; the thought I could not bear;
And if God please my life to spare,
I hope I shall reward thy care,
My mother.
-

122. The Little Boy's Song to his Mother. P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 138.

- 1 **H**OW sweetly does the time fly,
When to please my mother, I
With all my heart and strength try,
For love says so.

My heart it feels so sprightly,
It makes me step so lightly,
When I for her do rightly,
What cheerful days I know.

Light may her heart be, her heart be, her heart be,
Light may her heart be, for love says so.

- 2 Happy may my mother be,
Evermore from sorrow free ;
Welcome news 'twill be to me,
For love says so.
May blessings be imparted
To friends like us true-hearted,
And may we ne'er be parted,
Where'er through life we go.
Light may her heart be, &c.
- 3 Our comforts may not always stay,
But whenever comes the day,
I will chase her griefs away—
'Tis love says so.
For what can be more cheering ?
The voice of love while hearing,
With tokens most endearing,
That hearts of love bestow.
Light may her heart be, &c.
- 4 To comfort her I'll ever try,
Then let all earthly comforts fly—
Will look to a dear Friend on high,
Who loves us so.
This blessing, if imparted
To friends like us true-hearted,
We never can be parted—
What joyful news to know !
Light shall our hearts be, &c.

123.

The Good Shepherd.

11s & 10s.

Plymouth Collection, 233.

- 1 THE Lord is my Shepherd, he makes me repose
 Where the pastures in beauty are growing,
 He leads me afar from the world and its woes,
 Where in peace the still waters are flowing.
- 2 He strengthens my spirit, he shows me the path,
 Where the arms of his love shall enfold me,
 And when I walk through the dark valley of
 death,
 His rod and his staff will uphold me!
-

124.

The Lord is our Shepherd.

11s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 112.

- 1 THE Lord is our Shepherd, our guardian and
 guide;
 Whatever we want he will kindly provide:
 To sheep of his pasture his mercies abound.
 His care and protection his flock will surround
- 2 The Lord is our Shepherd; what then shall we
 fear?
 What danger can frighten us while he is near?
 Nor when the time calls us to walk through the
 vale
 Of the shadow of death, shall our hearts ever fail.
- 3 Though afraid of ourselves to pursue the dark way,
 His rod and his staff shall be comfort and stay;
 For we know by his guidance, when once it is
 passed,
 To a fountain of life it will bring us at last.

- 4 The Lord has become our salvation and song,
 His blessings have followed us all our life long,
 His name will we praise while we have any
 breath,
 Be cheerful in life and happy in death.
-

125.

God is near Thee.

P. M.

Normal Singer, 10.

1 GOD is near thee,
 Therefore cheer thee,
 Sad soul!
 He'll defend thee
 When around thee
 Billows roll.

2 Calm thy sadness!
 Look in gladness
 On high!
 Faint and weary
 Pilgrim, cheer thee!
 Help is nigh!

3 Mark the sea-bird,
 Wildly wheeling
 Through the skies;
 God defends him!
 God attends him
 When he cries!

4 God is near thee,
 Therefore cheer thee,
 Sad soul!
 He'll defend thee
 When around thee,
 Billows roll!

126.

"There's not a Tint."

C. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 38.

- 1 **T**HERE'S not a tint that paints the rose,
Or decks the lily fair,
Or streaks the humblest flower that blows,
But God has placed it there.
 - 2 There's not of grass a single blade,
Or leaf of loveliest green,
Where heavenly skill is not displayed,
And heavenly wisdom seen.
 - 3 There's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But heaven gave it birth.
 - 4 There's not a place on earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.
 - 5 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.
-

127.

Come, Children, Join to Sing.

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 102.

- 1 **C**OME, children, join to sing,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Loud praise to Christ our King,
Hallelujah! Amen!
Let all with heart and voice
Before his throne rejoice;
Praise is his gracious choice,
Hallelujah! Amen!

2 Come, lift your hearts on high,
Hallelujah! Amen!

Let praises fill the sky,
Hallelujah! Amen!

He is our guide and friend,
To us he'll condescend;
His love shall never end,
Hallelujah! Amen!

3 Praise yet the Lord again,
Hallelujah! Amen!

Life shall not end the strain,
Hallelujah! Amen!

On heaven's blissful shore
His goodness we'll adore;
Singing for evermore,
Hallelujah! Amen!

128. Christ Enthroned and Worshipped. P. M.

Sacred Melodies.

1 HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the notes of praise above;

Jesus reigns and heaven rejoices,
Jesus reigns, the God of love;

See! he sits on yonder throne,
Jesus rules the world alone.

Hallelujah! hallelujah! hallelujah! Amen!

2 Jesus hail! whose glory brightens

All above, and gives it worth—

Lord of life! thy smile enlightens,

Cheers, and charms thy saints on earth;

When we think of love like thine,

Lord! we own it love divine!

Hallelujah! &c.

3 King of glory! reign forever!
 Thine an everlasting crown;
 Nothing from thy love shall sever
 Those whom thou hast made thine own—
 Happy objects of thy grace,
 Destined to behold thy face.
 Hallelujah! &c.

4 Saviour! hasten thine appearing!
 Bring, oh! bring the glorious day,
 When the awful summons hearing,
 Heaven and earth shall pass away;
 Then with golden harps we'll sing,
 "Glory, glory to our King!"
 Hallelujah! &c.

129.

Let us with a Gladsome Mind.

P. M.

Sacred Melodies.

- 1 [ET us, with a gladsome mind,
 Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 2 Children, come, extol his might,
 Join with saints and angels bright;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 3 All our wants he doth supply,
 Loves to hear our humble cry;
 For his mercies shall endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

- 4 He of old our fathers blessed,
Led them to the land of rest ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 5 His own Son he sent to die,
Us to raise to joys on high ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
- 6 Let us, then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
-

130.**Let us, with a Joyful Mind.****P. M.***School Singer, 150.*

- 1 **[**ET us, with a joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 2 He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah ! Amen !
- 3 All things living he doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need ;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah ! Amen !

4 He his chosen race did bless,
In the wasteful wilderness;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah! Amen!

5 He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah! Amen!

6 Let us, then, with joyful mind,
Praise the Lord, for he is kind;
For his mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.
Hallelujah! Amen!

131.**"Endless Praises."**

Sacred Melodies.

- 1 **E**NDLESS praises to our God,
Ever be his name adored.
- 2 Angels crown him, crown the Lamb,
He is worthy, praise his name.
- 3 Saints adore him for his grace
To our guilty, fallen race.
- 4 Saints and angels join to sing
Glory to our God and King.

132.

Gratitude to the Saviour.

P. M.

Sacred Melodies.

- 1 COME, every pious heart,
That loves the Saviour's name;
Your noblest powers exert
To celebrate his fame;
Tell all above, and all below,
The debt of love to him you owe.
 - 2 He left his starry crown,
And laid his robes aside—
On wings of love came down,
And wept, and bled, and died;
What he endured, oh! who can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell!
 - 3 From the dark grave he rose—
The mansion of the dead,
And thence his mighty foes
In glorious triumph led;
Up through the sky the Conqueror rode,
And reigns on high, the Saviour God.
-

133.

Sabbath Employments.

L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 122.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
No mortal cares shall seize my breast :
Oh ! may my heart in tune be found
Like David's harp of solemn sound !
 - 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels ! how divine !
 - 4 But I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil to cheer my head.
 - 5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.
-

134.

Safely through another Week.

7a.

Plymouth Collection, 14.

- 1 SAFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciled face,
Take away our sin and shame :
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 As we meet, thy name to praise,
 Let us feel thy presence near;
 May thy glory meet our eyes
 While we in thy house appear :
 There afford us, Lord, a taste
 Of our everlasting feast.

4 May the Gospel's joyful sound
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints;
 Make the fruits of grace abound,
 Bring relief from all complaints :
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
 Till we join the Church above.

135.

Hymn for Sabbath day.

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 102.

1 JESUS, we love to meet,
 On this thy holy day.
 We worship round thy seat,
 On this thy holy day.
 Thou tender, heavenly Friend,
 To thee our prayers ascend,
 O'er our young spirits bend,
 On this thy holy day.

2 We dare not trifle now,
 On this thy holy day.
 In silent awe we bow,
 On this thy holy day.
 Check every wandering thought,
 And let us all be taught
 To serve thee as we ought,
 On this thy holy day.

- 3 We listen to thy word,
On this thy holy day.
Bless all that we have heard,
On this thy holy day.
Go with us when we part,
And to each youthful heart
Thy saving grace impart,
On this thy holy day
-

136. **Children of the Sabbath-School.** **P. M.**

- 1 CHILDREN of the Sabbath-school,
Sweet be your numbers ;
Loud proclaim your Maker's name,
Now repeat his wonders ;
Sing the blessings of our land,
Given by a Father's hand ;
On this your festal day,
Raise, raise the happy lay.
Shout the strain, the notes prolong,
Joyful be the lay and song,
Till around the throne above,
We shall sing a Saviour's love.
We shall sing a Saviour's love
In those heavenly realms above,
When through God's eternal Son,
Vict'ry over death is won.
- 2 The good Shepherd calls you now,
Playmate, sister, brother,
Come, amid these sacred scenes,
Praise your heavenly Father ;

He permits you here to meet,
Kindly guides your erring feet;
Then sing your earnest praise,
Pour the glad some lays.
Shout the strain, &c.

137.

Sacred Truth.

C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 139.

- 1 **B**E sacred truth, my son, thy guide
Until thy dying day,
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.
- 2 Thy heart shall then be free and light,
And, near the crystal spring,
Thy music be more gay and bright
Than where the wicked sing.
- 3 For oh! no joy that man shall know
Who bears a guilty breast;
His conscience drives him to and fro,
And never lets him rest.
- 4 For him no vernal sunshine smiles,
No gales breathe softly round,
And in the grave, that home of rest,
No peace for him is found.
- 5 Oh! then, be sacred truth thy guide
Until thy dying day;
Nor turn a finger's breadth aside
From God's appointed way.

138.

Look Aloft.

P. M.

Musical Bouquet, 220.

- 1 **I**N the tempest of life, when the wave and the
gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grown dim, and thy caution
depart,
Look aloft, look aloft, look aloft, look aloft,
Look aloft and be firm and confiding of heart,
Look aloft and be firm, and confiding of heart.
- 2 If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are
arrayed,
Look aloft to the friendship which never shall fade.
Look aloft, &c.
- 3 Should the visions which hope spreads in light to
thine eye
Like the tints of the rainbow be swifter to fly,
Then turn, and through tears of repentant regret,
Look aloft to the Sun that is never to set.
Look aloft, &c.
- 4 Should they who are dearest, the son of thy heart—
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart;
Look aloft from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To the soil where affection is ever in bloom.
Look aloft, &c.
- 5 And oh! when death comes, in his terrors to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In the moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart,
And a smile in thine eye, look aloft and depart.
Look aloft, &c.

139.

Happy, happy meet we here.

7s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 103.

- 1 **H**APPY, happy meet we here—
 Blessed Jesus, be thou near;
 Let our pleasures ever be
 Only those approved by thee.
 Praise the Saviour's precious name—
 He to save from heaven came—
 For our sins did bleed and die—
 Now he pleads for us on high.
- 2 Happy, happy meet we here,
 Parents, pastors, teachers dear;
 All with gladsome heart and voice,
 Share with us our Sabbath joys.
 Thanks to God for parents kind;
 Thanks for friends, with hearts inclined
 Thus to guide us in the road,
 Leading safely up to God.

140.

Buy the Truth.

7s & 6s.

S. S. Harmonist, 91.

- 1 **G**O thou in life's fair morning,
 Go in thy bloom of youth,
 And dig for thine adorning
 The precious pearl of truth:
 Secure this heav'nly treasure
 And bind it on thy heart,
 And let no earthly pleasure
 E'er cause it to depart.
- 2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
 Go while thy heart is light;
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright:

Sell all thou hast, and buy it,
'Tis worth all earthly things—
Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
Sceptres and crowns of kings.

- 3 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
Steal o'er the bloom of youth;
Defer not till to-morrow,
Go now and buy the truth;
Go, seek thy great Creator,
Learn early to be wise;
Go, place upon the altar
A morning sacrifice!
-

141.

Mary to the Saviour's Tomb.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 52.

- 1 **M**ARY to the Saviour's tomb,
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone;
For awhile she ling'ring stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise;
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.
- 2 But her sorrows quickly fled,
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice;
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.



142.

"I Want to be an Angel."

7s & 6s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 142.

- 1 I WANT to be an angel,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
There, right before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'd wake the sweetest music,
And praise him day and night.

2 I never would be weary,
Nor ever shed a tear,
Nor ever know a sorrow,
Nor ever feel a fear;
But blessed, pure, and holy,
I'd dwell in Jesus' sight,
And with ten thousand thousands,
Praise him both day and night.

3 I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive,
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live;
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh! send a shining angel,
And bear me to the skies.

143. Jesus, Tender Shepherd, hear us. 8s & 7s Double.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, &c.

1 JESUS, tender Shepherd. hear us,
Bless thy little lambs to-night;
Through the darkness be thou near us;
Keep us safe till morning light;
All this day thy hand has led us;
And we thank thee for thy care;
Thou hast clothed us, warmed us, fed us,
Listen to our evening prayer.

2 May our sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends we love so well;
Take us, when we die, to heaven.
Happy there with thee to dwell,

May our sins be all forgiven ;
 Bless the friends we love so well ;
 Take us, when we die, to heaven,
 Happy there with thee to dwell.

144.

"Come unto Me."

P. M.

Linden Harp, 73.

Air, Long, long ago.

- 1 COME, little children, oh ! come unto me ;
 Oh ! will you come, will you come ?
 I'll be your Saviour, and happy you'll be ;
 Oh ! will you come, will you come ?
 Ye little lambs, I invite you to come,
 And dwell with me in my heavenly home ;
 There in my bosom you all shall find room—
 Oh ! will you come, will you come ?
- 2 Yes, blessed Jesus, we'll come unto thee ;
 Oh ! we will come, we will come :
 Thou our Protector and Saviour shalt be ;
 Oh ! we will come, we will come.
 Guide us, dear Saviour, through life's dreary way
 Soon shall we come to that glorious day
 When sin and sorrow will vanish away—
 Oh ! we will come, we will come.

RESPONSE.

7s & 6s.

Linden Harp, 10.

Air, Watcher.

- 1 We'll come while yet all glowing
 The dawn of life appears,
 While round us youth is throwing
 The brightness of its years ;

We'll come while hearts are lightest,
And thoughts flow pure and free :
We'll come while love glows brightest ;
Oh ! yes, we'll come to thee.

2 We'll learn to sing thy praises,
In sweet and tuneful song ;
We'll sing the love that saves us,
That guides our steps along.
What though the harps all golden
The heavens with music fill—
To thee the songs of children
Are sweeter, sweeter still.

3 While childhood's hours are fleeting,
We'll gather round thy shrine ;
When life's brief day is setting,
Still shall our songs be thine.
Oh ! then in joyful chorus
We will the strains prolong,
And tell how thou didst love us
In sweeter, nobler song.

145. "How Sweet the Infant Song." S. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 63.

HOW sweet the infant song,
As to the city's gate,
The blessed Jesus rode along,
In peaceful, humble state.

146.

Little Child's Prayer.

6s & 5a

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, A.

- 1 JESUS, tender Saviour,
Hast thou died for me?
Make me very thankful,
In my heart to thee.
 - 2 When the sad, sad story
Of thy grief I read,
Make me very sorry
For my sins indeed.
 - 3 Now I know thou livest,
And dost plead for me;
Make me very thankful
In my prayers to thee.
 - 4 Soon I hope in glory
At thy side to stand;
Make me fit to meet thee
In that happy land.
-

147.

Child's Prayer.

8s & 7a

Sunday-School Harmonist, 11.

- 1 LORD who lovest little children,
Unto thee we come to-day,
Raise our voices in thanksgiving,
While we bend the knee to pray.
- 2 Through another week thou'st kept us,
Safely, free from every ill:
Fit us, while on earth we linger,
Thy commandments to fulfill.

- 3 Though we all are sinful children,
Jesus calls us by his love,
Bidding us prepare to meet him,
At the throne of God above.
- 4 There in robes of spotless whiteness,
With our golden harps in hand,
Sweet will sound the song of gladness
Coming from our angel band.
-

148.

Jesus high in Glory.

6s & 5a.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, &c.

- 1 JESUS, high in glory,
Lend a listening ear;
When we bow before thee,
Infant praises hear.
- 2 Though thou art so holy,
Heaven's almighty King,
Thou wilt stoop to listen
When thy praise we sing.
- 3 We are little children,
Weak, and apt to stray;
Saviour, guide and keep us
In the heavenly way.
- 4 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
Watch us day by day;
Help us now to love thee,
Take our sins away.
- 5 Then, when Jesus calls us
To our heavenly home,
We would gladly answer,
"Saviour, Lord! we come!"

149.

Jesus, see a little Child.

7B.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 64.

- 1 JESUS, see a little child
Humbly at thy footstool stay;
Thou, who art so meek and mild,
Stoop and teach me what to say.
 - 2 Though thou art so great and high,
Thou dost view with smiling face,
Little children when they cry,
"Saviour, guide us by thy grace."
 - 3 Show me what I ought to be,
Make me every evil shun;
Thee in all things may I see,
In thy holy footsteps run.
 - 4 Jesus! all my sins forgive,
Make me lowly, pure in heart;
For thy glory may I live,
Then be with thee where thou art.
-

150.

Little Things.

6s & 5s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, A.

- 1 LITTLE drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean,
And the beauteous land.
- 2 And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

- 3 So our little errors,
 Lead the soul away
 From the paths of virtue
 Oft in sin to stray.
 - 4 Little deeds of kindness,
 Little words of love,
 Make our earth an Eden,
 Like the heaven above.
 - 5 Little seeds of mercy,
 Sown by youthful hands,
 Grow to bless the nations,
 Far in heathen lands.
-

151.

Very Little Things.

7a

Linden Harp, 103.

- 1 **V**ERY little things are we,
 Oh! how mild we all should be:
- 2 Never quarrel, never fight,
 That would be a shocking sight.
- 3 Just like pretty little lambs,
 Softly skipping by their dams.
- 4 We'll be gentle all the day,
 Love to learn as well as play:
- 5 And attend to every rule
 Of our much loved, happy school.

152.

Morning Prayer.

7s.

Linden Harp, 103.

- 1 JESUS. Lord, to thee I pray :
 Guide and guard me through this day.
 - 2 As the shepherd tends the sheep,
 Lord ! me safe from evil keep.
 - 3 Keep my feet from every snare,
 Keep me with thy watchful care :
 - 4 All my little wants supply,
 If I live or if I die.
 - 5 And when life O Lord ! is past,
 Take me to thyself at last.
-

153.

Little Loving Ones.

P. M.

Linden Harp, 108.

- 1 WE all love one another,
 We all love one another,
 We all love one another,
 And keep the golden rule.
Sing on, love on, a little band of loving ones—
Sing on, love on, a little happy band.
- 2 We always love our parents,
 We always love our parents,
 We always love our parents,
 As children ought to do.
 Sing on, &c.

3 We love our little sisters,
We love our little sisters,
We love our little sisters,
We love our brothers, too.
Sing on, &c.

4 We love the Holy Bible,
We love the Holy Bible,
We love the Holy Bible,
Which tells us what to do.
Sing on, &c.

5 We try to love the Saviour,
We try to love the Saviour,
We try to love the Saviour,
Who shed for us his blood.
Sing on, &c.

6 We hope to get to heaven,
We hope to get to heaven,
We hope to get to heaven,
And sing the songs above.
Sing on, &c.

154.

Come Hither.

C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 132.

- 1 COME hither, little restless one,
'Tis time to close your eyes;
The sun behind the hills is gone,
The stars are in the skies.
- 2 See! one by one they show their light;
How clear and bright they look—
Just like the fire-flies in the night,
That shine beside the brook.

- 3 You do not hear the robins sing—
They're snug within their nest;
And sheltered by their mother's wing,
The little chickens rest.
 - 4 The dog, he will not frolic now,
But to his kennel creeps;
The turkeys climb upon the bough,
And e'en the kitten sleeps.
 - 5 The very violets in their bed
Fold up their eyelids blue;
And you, my flower, must droop your head,
And close your eyelids too.
 - 6 Then join your little hands, and pray
To God, who made the light,
To keep you holy all the day,
And guard you through the night.
-

155.

Child's Evening Hymn.

S. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 135.

- 1 'TIS time to go to bed,
And shut my weary eyes;
But first I'll thank, for daily bread,
My Father in the skies.
- 2 I fear that I this day
Have not obeyed my God;
Blest Saviour! pardon me, I pray,
And wash me in thy blood.
- 3 I now am very young;
But as I older grow,
I hope to praise thee with my tongue,
And more of thee to know.

156.

Evening.

P. M.

Juvenile Songs, 17.

- 1 **T**HE beautiful sun has forsaken the earth,
And finished another new day ;
The birds have done singing, and gone to their
rest,
And the little boy's tired of his play.
- 2 Before he lies down on his bed for the night,
He'll thank his kind Father above
For guarding his life, taking care of his health,
And for all the kind gifts of his love.
-

157.

Ere on my Bed.

L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 120.

ERE on my bed my limbs I lay,
Oh! hear, great God, the words I say ;
Preserve, I pray, my parents dear,
In health and strength for many a year ;
And still, O Lord! to me impart
A gentle and a grateful heart,
That after my last sleep I may
In heaven spend eternal day.

158.

Now I lay Me down to Sleep.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 126.

NOW I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep ;
If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.
Amen !

159. This Night, ere I lie down to Sleep. L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 119.

THIS night, ere I lie down to sleep,
 I give my soul to Christ to keep,
 That if I wake, or wake I never,
 My soul is given to Christ for ever.

160. Evening Prayer. 7s.

Linden Harp, 103.

- 1 LORD! this night I come to town
 All my sins before thy throne.
 - 2 All the ill I've done this day,
 In thy blood oh! wash away.
 - 3 Put on me, O Lord! this night,
 Put on me a robe of white.
 - 4 Say to me, with voice from heaven,
 "Little child! thy sin's forgiven!"
 - 5 Joyful, then, my rest I'll take,
 Jesus! all for thy dear sake.
-

161. Now I awake and see the Light. L. M.

Sunday-School Harmonist, 240.

NOW I awake and see the light,
 'Tis God who kept me through the night;
 To him I'll lift my heart and pray
 That he would keep me through the day;
 If I should die before 'tis gone,
 O God! accept me, through thy Son.

162. The Sabbath Bells are Ringing. P. M.

- 1 **T**HE Sabbath bells are ringing,
 Come away!
And happy voices singing,
 Come away!
 Oh! come to praise and pray;
Come from every sinful pleasure,
Here is offered heavenly treasure,
 Come away, come away!
- 2 From earth, that now delights you,
 Come away!
'Tis Jesus that invites you,
 Come away!
Now raise your thoughts above,
'Tis the day that God has given
To prepare our souls for heaven,
 Where all is love.
- 3 Come, all ye wanderers weary,
 Come away!
From all your sorrows dreary
 Come away!
 Come seek a heavenly rest,
Jesus promises to take you,
Come, oh! come! for he will make you
 Forever blest.
-

163. The Seraphs bright are Hov'ring. P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Melodies, 136.

- 1 **T**HE seraphs bright are hov'ring
 Around the throne above;
Then sing, sing his praise, sing his praise.
 Sing, oh! sing his praise;

Their harps are ever tuning,
 To thrilling strains of love ;
 Then sing, sing his praise, sing his praise,
 Sing, oh ! sing his praise ;
 Or through the azure soaring,
 Or poised on snowy wing,
 With glowing heart adoring,
 Sweet choral notes they sing.
 All sing, sing his praise, sing his praise,
 Sing, oh ! sing ! oh ! sing his praise ;
 Sing his praise, sing his praise,
 Sing, oh ! sing his praise.

2 From earth is daily rising
 A rich, harmonious song ;
 Then sing, sing his praise, sing his praise,
 Sing, oh ! sing his praise.
 From sunny perfumed flowers,
 By breezes borne along ;
 Then sing, sing his praise, sing his praise,
 Sing, oh ! sing his praise ;
 From hills in sunlight glittering,
 From smooth, deep emerald seas,
 A cloud of praise is rising,
 Like incense on the breeze.
 All sing, &c.

164. Why should Cold or Stormy Weather. L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 105.

1 WHY should cold or stormy weather
 Keep me from the house of prayer ?
 Oh ! where Christians meet together,
 Let me still be with them there.

- 2 If I loved my God sincerely,
If my heart approved his ways,
It would grieve my heart severely
To be kept from prayer and praise.
 - 3 When on earth the Saviour wandered,
Oft for me his cheek was wet;
Oft in silent prayer he pondered,
Through chill night on Olivet.
 - 4 Then shall cold or stormy weather
Keep me from the house of prayer!
No! where Christians meet together,
Let me still be with them there.
-

165.

Prayer for the Spirit.

S. M.

Plymouth Collection, 194.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit! come!
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.
- 3 Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.
- 4 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

- 5 Dwell, Spirit, in our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.
-

166.

Walking with God.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 290

- 1 OH! for a closer walk with God
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove! return!
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame,
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.



167.

Little Samuel.

H. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 14.

- 1 WHEN little Samuel woke,
And heard his Maker's voice,
At every word he spoke,
How much did he rejoice;
O blessed, happy child! to find,
The God of heaven so mild and kind.

- 2 If God would speak to me,
 And say he was my friend,
 How happy should I be!
 Oh! how would I attend!
 The smallest sin I then should fear,
 If God Almighty were so near.
- 3 And does he never speak?
 Oh! yes; for in his word
 He bids me come and seek
 The God whom Samuel heard:
 In almost every page I see,
 The God of Samuel calls to me.
- 4 And I, beneath his care,
 May safely rest my head;
 I know that God is there,
 To guard my humble bed:
 And every sin I may well fear,
 Since God Almighty is so near.
- 5 Like Samuel, let me say,
 Whene'er I read his word,
 "Speak, Lord, I would obey
 The voice that Samuel heard;"
 And when I in thy house appear,
 Speak, for thy servant waits to hear.
-

168.

"Tell me, Shepherd."

72

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 127.

- 1 TELL me, Shepherd, from above,
 Dearest object of my love—
 Where thy little flocks abide,
 Sheltered by thy bleeding side.

- 2 Tell me, Saviour, all divine,
Where I may my soul recline—
Where I shall for refuge fly,
When the burning sun is high.
 - 3 Claim me, Shepherd, as thine own ;
Oh ! protect me, thou alone ;
Let me hear thy gracious voice,
Make my flinty heart rejoice.
-

169.

Sabbath Evening Hymn.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Gems, 28.

- 1 **H**OLY and bright is the softened light
Of the Sabbath evening o'er us ;
Then with calm delight will we sing to-night,
Our vesper hymn in chorus !
We'll sing the love of God above,
Who sent his Son to save us ;
With sacrifice beyond all price,
Eternal life he gave us.
- 2 Pilgrims are we in this world of sin,
And our pathway filled with sorrow ;
But we'll firmly tread in the steps he led,
And fear not for the morrow.
We'll sing, &c.
- 3 With heaven in view, let our hearts be true
In Christ, whose love hath bought us ;
With an inward strife and a lowly life,
We'll follow as he taught us.
We'll sing, &c.

- 4 Grace for the day, and strength for the way,
His presence will afford us ;
With our hope secure and the promise sure,
That soon he will reward us.
We'll sing, &c.
- 5 On let us press in the heavenly race,
With patient faith untiring ;
All the warfare done, we'll obtain the crown
Of steadfast hearts aspiring.
We'll sing, &c.
-

170. Thanks to our Father in Heaven. P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 63.

- 1 **F**ATHER, hear ! to thee we raise
Grateful songs and hymns of praise ;
Let thy blessing on us rest,
With thy smile may we be blest.
Thanks to thee, our Father kind,
That provision for the mind
Thou hast made, and to us given
In thy love, as rich as heaven.
- 2 Thou hast given us friends most dear ;
Parents, teachers, loved ones here,
Who for us both watch and pray,
And would lead in the right way.
Give us grace to hear their voice,
And may wisdom be our choice ;
Onward press and upward move,
Blessing all by deeds of love.

- 3 Lord! be thou our guide through youth,
Lead us in the paths of truth;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Fit us for the realms of bliss.
Thus we hope to do thy will—
In the world our part fulfill;
And when life's brief hour is o'er,
Meet in heaven and love thee more.
-

171. "Through Thy Protecting Care." P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 32.

- 1 **T**HROUGH thy protecting care
Kept till the dawning,
Taught to draw near in prayer,
Heed we the warning;
O thou great One in three!
Gladly our souls would be
Evermore praising thee,
God of the morning.
- 2 God of our sleeping hours,
Watch o'er us waking,
All our imperfect powers
In thine hands taking—
In us thy work fulfill,
Be with thy children still,
Those who obey thy will
Never forsaking.

172.

Shepherd, while thy Flock.

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 17.

- 1 SHEPHERD, while thy flock are feeding,
Take these lambs
In thine arms,
Now for shelter pleading.
 - 2 While the storm of life is lowering,
Night and day,
Beasts of prey
Are lurking and devouring.
 - 3 Shepherd, every grace combining,
Keep these lambs
In thine arms,
On thy breast reclining.
-

173.

Dear Lord, I am a Feeble Child.

C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 129.

- 1 DEAR Lord, I am a feeble child,
Oh! teach me to obey—
With humble fear to serve thee here,
To watch, and praise, and pray!
 - 2 My love is weak, my faith is dim;
But grace I ask from thee,
That I may prove my love to him
Who lived and died for me!
-

174. Heavenly Father, grant thy Blessing. 8s & 7s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 13.

- 1 HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing,
While thy praise we humbly sing,
Sinful hearts and lives confessing,
Nothing worthy can we bring.

Yet thy book of love hath taught us
Thou wilt kindly bow thine ear ;
For the sake of him who bought us,
We may call and thou wilt hear.

2 What a boon to us is given
Thus to lift our voice on high,
Well assured the ear of Heaven
Hears our wants and will supply.
Weak and sinful, oh ! how often
Must we look to God alone,
For his grace our hearts to soften,
And sustain us as his own.

3 Bless, O Lord ! this happy meeting,
While we stay and when we go ;
There our hearts in friendly greeting,
Gladly join the praise below.
But all earthly unions sever—
All their pleasures quickly fly ;
Oh ! for grace to praise thee ever
In that better world on high.

175.

Prayer for a Blessing.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 149.

1 **H**EAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing
On th' instructions of this day,
That our hearts, thy fear possessing,
May our sins be turned away.

2 We have wandered ; oh ! forgive us ;
We have wished from truth to rove ;
Turn, oh ! turn us, and receive us,
And incline our hearts to love.

- 3 We have learned that Christ, the Saviour,
Lived to teach us what is good ;
Died to gain for us thy favor,
And redeem us by his blood.
- 4 For his sake, O God ! forgive us ;
Guide us to that happy home,
Where the Saviour will receive us,
And where sin can never come.
-

176. Lord, teach a Sinful Child to Pray. C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 129.

- 1 **L**ORD, teach a sinful child to pray,
And then accept my prayer ;
For thou canst hear the words I say,
For thou art everywhere.
- 2 Teach me to do the thing that's right,
And when I sin, forgive ;
And may it be my chief delight
To serve thee while I live.
- 3 Whatever trouble I am in,
To thee for help I'll call ;
But keep me more than all from sin,
For that's the worst of all.
-

177. I am weary of my Sin. P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 77.

- I** AM weary of my sin,
And I long for full release ;
Saviour, come and take me in,
With thyself to dwell in peace.

178.

Our Father in Heaven.

11s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 9, 99.

- 1 **O**UR Father in heaven, we hallow thy name;
May thy kingdom holy on earth be the same;
Oh! give to us daily our portion of bread,
For 'tis from thy bounty that all must be fed.
- 2 Forgive our transgressions, and teach us to know
That humble compassion that pardons each foe;
Keep us from temptation, from weakness and sin,
And thine be the glory forever. Amen.
-

179.

Penitence. 8s & 7s. Double.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 149.

- 1 **T**AKE my heart, O Father! take it;
Make and keep it all thine own:
Let thy Spirit melt and break it;
Turn to flesh this heart of stone.
Heavenly Father, deign to mould it
In obedience to thy will;
And, as passing years unfold it,
Keep it meek and childlike still.
- 2 Father, make it pure and lowly,
Peaceful, kind, and far from strife,
Turning from the paths unholy
Of this vain and sinful life.
May the blood of Jesus heal it,
And its sins be all forgiven:
Holy Spirit, take and seal it;
Guide it in the path to heaven.

180.

Consecration.

7a.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 110.

1 **W**E will trust thee, gracious God !
We will own thy sovereign rod !
We will read thy word with awe !
We will keep thy holy law !
In our weakness we will cry—
To thy bosom trembling fly :
In thy presence bend the knee,
And our offering make to thee !

2 Gems nor incense can we bring,
Nor with perfume lave our King ;
Yet with spirits stained with guilt,
Trusting him whose blood was spilt,
We approach thee, and implore
Grace that we may sin no more.
Earnestly we now implore,
Grace that we may sin no more.

181.

Make me Thy Child.

L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 119.

MAKE me thy child, a child of God,
Washed in my Saviour's precious blood ;
And my whole heart from sin set free—
A little vessel full of thee ;
A star of early dawn, and bright,
Shining within thy sacred light ;
A beam of grace to all around ;
A little spot of hallowed ground.

182. Jesus, be our tender Shepherd. 8s & 5s

Sabbath-School Gems, 68.

- 1 **J**ESUS, be our tender Shepherd,
Jesus, be our tender Shepherd,
Jesus, be our tender Shepherd,
Take our sins away.
In thine arms may we be sheltered,
In thine arms may we be sheltered,
In thine arms may we be sheltered,
All thy words obey.
- 2 When we die, oh ! be thou near us,
When we die, oh ! be thou near us,
When we die, oh ! be thou near us,
Take us to thy fold :
There we'll ever sing thy praises,
There we'll ever sing thy praises,
There we'll ever sing thy praises,
And thy face behold.
-

183. Lord, a Youthful Band. 8s & 7s.

Plymouth Collection, 443.

- 1 **L**ORD, a youthful band, and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee ;
Thou art great, and high, and holy—
Oh ! how solemn we should be !
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heaven, where he is gone ;
And let nothing ever please us,
He would grieve to look upon.
- 2 For we know, the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions, too.

Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whatever is wrong:
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

184. "O Sacred Head! now wounded." 7s & 6s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 72.

- 1 O SACRED Head! now wounded,
With grief and shame weighed down,
Now scornfully surrounded,
With thorns thy only crown:
O sacred Head! what glory,
What bliss till now was thine!
Yet though despised and gory,
I joy to call thee mine.
- 2 O noblest brow and dearest!
In other days the world
All feared when Thou appearedst.
What shame on thee is hurled;
How art thou pale with anguish,
With sore abuse and scorn;
How does that visage languish,
Which once was bright as morn!
- 3 What language shall I borrow,
To thank thee, dearest friend,
For this thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?
Oh! make me thine forever,
And should I fainting be,
Lord, let me never, never,
Outlive my love to thee.

- 4 If I, a wretch, should leave thee,
O Jesus! leave not me;
In faith may I receive thee,
When death shall set me free.
When strength and comfort languish,
And I must hence depart,
Release me then from anguish,
By thine own wounded heart.
- 5 Be near when I am dying,
Oh! show thy cross to me!
And for my succor flying,
Come, Lord, to set me free.
These eyes new faith receiving,
From Jesus shall not move;
For he who dies believing,
Dies safely through thy love.
-

185.

"Lord, Remember me."

C. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 23.

- 1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows!
I lift my heart to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Dear Lord, remember me!
- 2 When on my guilty, burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
My pardon speak, new peace impart,
In love, remember me!
- 3 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
And ills I can not flee!
Oh! give me strength, Lord, as my day,
And still remember me!

- 4 Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
This feeble body see;
Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;
Hear, and remember me!
- 5 If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be,
I'll hail reproach and welcome shame,
If thou remember me!
-

186. Now condescend, Almighty King. C. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 56.

- 1 **N**OW condescend, Almighty King,
To bless this little throng,
And kindly listen, while we sing
Our pleasant evening song.
- 2 Brothers and sisters, hand in hand,
Our lips together move:
Oh! smile upon this little band,
Unite our hearts in love.
- 3 We come to own the power divine
That watches o'er our days;
For this our feeble voices join,
To God we give the praise.
-

187. In Temptation flying to Christ. 7s.

Plymouth Collection, 261.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lover of my soul!
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high;

Hide me, O my Saviour ! hide,
Till the storm of life be past ;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh ! receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none—
Lo ! I helpless hang on thee ;
Leave, oh ! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
Thou art all my trust and aid—
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
-

188.

Grateful Recollection.

8s & 7s.

Plymouth Collection, 204.

- 1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing !
Tune my heart to sing thy grace ;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet
Sung by flaming tongues above ;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of God's unchanging love.
- 2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I've come ;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God ;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

- 3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace now, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart; oh! take and seal it—
Seal it for thy courts above.
-

189. **Guide me, O thou Great Jehovah! 8s & 7s.**

Plymouth Collection, 218.

- 1 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty—
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.
- 2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Friend of sinners! man's redemption!
Land me safe on Canaan's side!
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.



190.

We are Pilgrims.

7s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 110.

- 1 **WE** are pilgrims on the earth,
Journeying onward from our birth;
Every hour and every breath
Brings us nearer still to death.
- 2 But beyond that vale of fears
Lies the land that knows no tears,
Where our steps no more may roam;
Children, we are going home!
- 3 Home to long-lost friends and dear,
Who are missed and mourned for here;
Home to endless peace and love,
In our Father's house above!

4 Shall poor trifles by the way
Tempt our hearts or steps to stray
From that narrow path and strait
Leading to the golden gate ?

5 No ! our faith hath One in view
Who was once a pilgrim too ;
From his track we will not roam,
For to Christ we're going home.

191

A Pilgrim and a Stranger.

P. M.

New ⁴Lute of Zion, 339.

1 I'M a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;
Do not detain me, for I am going
To where the streamlets are ever flowing ;
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,
I am longing for the sight ;
Within a country unknown and dreary,
I have been wand'ring, forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

3 Of that country to which I'm going
My Redeemer is the light ;
There no sorrow, nor any sighing,
Nor any sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

Father, mother, and sister, brother,
If you will not journey with me, I must go ;
For since your vain hope you still will cherish,
Should I too, linger, and with you perish ?
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

5 Farewell, neighbors! with tears I've warned you;
I must leave you, I must leave you and be
gone;

With this your portion, your heart's desire,
Why will you perish in raging fire?
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

6 Farewell, dreary earth, by sin so blighted—
In immortal beauty soon you'll be arrayed;
For He who formed thee will soon restore thee,
From sin and death to praise and glory.
I'm a pilgrim, &c.

192.

The Heavenly Journey.

7s.

Plymouth Collection, 226.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock and blest,
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

193.

Will you Go ?

8s & 3s.

Plymouth Collection, 194.

- 1 **W**E'RE travelling home to heaven above,
Will you go ?
To sing the Saviour's dying love,
Will you go ?
Millions have reached that blest abode,
Anointed kings and priests to God,
And millions more are on the road,
Will you go ?
- 2 We're going to see the bleeding Lamb,
Will you go ?
In rapturous strains to praise his name,
Will you go ?
The crown of life we there shall wear,
The conqueror's palms our hands shall bear,
And all the joys of heaven we'll share,
Will you go ?
- 3 We're going to join the heavenly choir,
Will you go ?
To raise our voice and tune the lyre,
Will you go ?
There saints and angels gladly sing
Hosanna to their God and King,
And make the heavenly arches ring,
Will you go ?
- 4 Ye weary, heavy-laden, come,
Will you go ?
In the blest house there still is room,
Will you go ?

The Lord is waiting to receive,
 If thou wilt on him now believe,
 He'll give thy troubled conscience ease,
 Come, believe.

5 The way to heaven is straight and plain,
 Will you go?

Repent, believe, be born again,
 Will you go?

The Saviour cries aloud to thee,
 "Take up thy cross and follow me,
 And thou shalt my salvation see,
 Come to me."

6 Oh! could I hear some sinner say,
 I will go,

I'll start this moment, clear the way,
 Let me go!

My old companions, fare you well,
 I will not go with you to hell,
 With Jesus Christ I mean to dwell,
 Let me go! fare you well.

194.

"We're going Home."

L. M.

New Lute of Zion, 331.

1 **W**E'RE pilgrims on our journey home,
 While travelling through this world of woe;
 We fix our hope on joys to come—
 The crown for which we toil below.
 We're going home, we're going home,
 We're going home to die no more,
 To die no more, to die no more—
 We're going home to die no more.

- 2 Though sin would lure us from the way
That leads from earth to joys above ;
Where, tempest-tossed, oh ! who would stay
While God invites us to his love ?
We're going home, &c.
- 3 The cross we bear, endure the pain,
And labor on a few more years,
Till yonder world of rest we gain,
Where God shall wipe away our tears.
We're going home, &c.
- 4 How bright the scene ! how great the bliss
That opens to our ravished sight !
The world hath naught to equal this—
Naught that can yield such pure delight.
We're going home, &c.
- 5 What say you, sinner, will you go,
And taste the joys of endless love ?
There yet is room enough for you
In mansions Christ prepares above.
We're going home, &c.
- 6 Oh ! do not think on earth to find
Such joy as God alone can give :
His mercy calls to all mankind,
Turn from your sin, to me, and live.
We're going home, &c.
- 7 Would you be wise in this your day,
While God invites you to his home ;
Then, sinner, haste ; oh ! why delay ?
Come now to Jesus, come ! oh ! come !
We're going home, &c.

195.

Perseverance.

C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 129.

- 1 **I**N all my Lord's appointed ways,
My journey I'll pursue ;
Hinder me not, ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.
 - 2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes ;
Hinder me not, shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.
 - 3 Through duty and through trials too,
I'll go at his command ;
Hinder me not, for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.
 - 4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
Still this my cry shall be,
Hinder me not, come, welcome death,
I'll gladly go with thee.
-

196.

Wandering Stranger.

7s & 6s.

School Singer, 122.

- 1 " **S**AY, whither, wandering stranger,
Ah ! whither dost thou roam ?
O'er this wide world a ranger,
Hast thou no friend, no home ?"
' Yes, I've a Friend who never
Is absent from my side ;
And I've a home, wherever
In peace I shall abide."

- 2 "But want and woe have driven
The roses from thy cheek ;
And garments rent and riven,
Thy poverty bespeak."
"I've food with which the angels
Would all delighted be ;
And robes of dazzling brightness
Are now awaiting me.
- 3 "Come then, benign inquirer,
And join me on my way ;
I'm journeying to a country
Where beams an endless day.
Where saints and angels, falling
Before the great white throne,
To you, to me are calling,
Haste, pilgrim, hasten home."
-

197.

Yonder's my Home.

7s & 4s

Linden Harp, 30.

- 1 I'M a lonely trav'ller here,
Weary, oppressed ;
But my journey's end is near,
Soon I shall rest.
Dark and dreary is the way,
Toiling I've come ;
Ask me not with you to stay ;
Yonder's my home.

- 2 I'm a weary trav'ller here,
I must go on;
For my journey's end is near,
I must be gone.
Brighter joys than earth can give,
Win me away;
Pleasures that forever live,
I can not stay.
- 3 I'm a trav'ller to a land
Where all is fair;
Where is seen no broken band;
Saints all are there.
Where no tear shall ever fall,
Nor heart be sad;
Where the glory is for all,
And all are glad.
- 4 I'm a trav'ller, and I go
Where all is fair;
Farewell, all I've loved below,
I must be there.
Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,
All I resign;
Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,
If heaven be mine.
- 5 I'm a trav'ller, call me not,
Upward's my way;
Yonder is my rest and lot,
I can not stay.
Farewell, earthly pleasures all,
Pilgrim I roam;
Hail me not; in vain you call,
Yonder's my home.

198.

I'm going Home.

L. M.

New Lute of Zion, 331.

- 1 MY heavenly home is bright and fair;
Nor pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine,
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.
I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more;
To die no more, to die no more,
I'm going home to die no more.
- 2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.
I'm going home, &c.
- 3 While here a stranger, far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And though like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.
I'm going home, &c.
- 4 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine the happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.
I'm going home, &c.
- 5 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,
That heavenly mansion stands for me.
I'm going home, &c.

199. I am Bound for the Land of Canaan. P. M.

Sabbath-School Gems, 40.

1 **T**OGETHER let us sweetly live,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
Together let us sweetly die,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan! bright Canaan,
I am bound for the land of Canaan,
O Canaan! it is my happy home,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.

2 If you get there before I do,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
Then praise the Lord, I'm going too,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan! &c.

3 Part of my friends the prize have won,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
And I'm resolved to travel on,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan! &c.

4 Then come with me, beloved friend,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
The joys of heaven shall never end,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan! &c.

5 Our songs of praise shall fill the skies,
I am bound for the land of Canaan;
While higher still our joys they rise,
I am bound for the land of Canaan.
O Canaan! &c.

200.

The Little Travellers

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 106.

- 1 **L**ITTLE travellers Zion-ward,
 Each one entering into rest,
 In the kingdom of your Lord,
 In the mansions of the blest.
 There to welcome Jesus waits,
 Gives the crowns his followers win :
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let the little travellers in.
- 2 Who are those whose little feet,
 Pacing life's dark journey through,
 Now have reached that heavenly seat
 They had ever kept in view ?
 "I, from Greenland's frozen land ;"
 "I, from India's sultry plain ;"
 "I, from Afric's barren sand ;"
 "I, from Islands of the main."
- 3 "All our earthly journey past,
 Every tear and pain gone by,
 Here together met at last,
 At the portal of the sky !"
 Each the welcome "COME" awaits,
 Conquerors over death and sin :
 Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
 Let the little travellers in.

201.

Delay not.

11a.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 112.

- 1 **D**ELAY not, delay not, O sinner ! draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee ;
 No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus thy God?
A fountain is opened, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner! to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.
- 4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of Grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.
- 5 Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand—
The earth shall dissolve and the heaven shall fade;
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
stand!
What power, then, O sinner! shall lend thee its
aid?
-

202.

Stop, poor Sinner.

7s & 6s.

Plymouth Collection, 127.

- 1 STOP, poor sinner, stop and think,
Before you farther go;
Will you sport upon the brink
Of everlasting woe?
Can you stand in that dread day,
When He judgment shall proclaim,
And the earth shall melt away,
Like wax before the flame?

- 2 Soon relentless death will come,
To drag you to his bar;
Then to hear your awful doom
Will fill you with despair;
All your sins will round you crowd,
Sins of a blood-crimson dye,
Each for vengeance crying loud—
And what can you reply?
- 3 Though your heart be made of steel,
Your forehead lined with brass,
God at length will make you feel,
He will not let you pass.
Sinners then in vain will call,
Though they now despise his grace,
“Rocks and mountains, on us fall,
And hide us from his face.”
-

203. “Behold I stand at the Door.” **L. M**

Plymouth Collection, 98.

- 1 **B**EHOLD a stranger at the door:
He gently knocks—has knocked before,
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne’er return;
Admit him, or the hour’s at hand
You’ll at *his door* rejected stand.

204. Come, ye weary, heavy Laden. 8s & 7s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 149.

- 1 **C**OME, ye weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruined by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream:
All the fitness he requireth,
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you—
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Agonizing in the garden,
Lo! your Maker prostrate lies!
On the bloody tree behold him;
Hear him cry before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 4 Lo! th' incarnate God ascended,
Pleads the merit of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.
- 5 Saints and angels, joined in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb;
While the blissful seats of heaven
Sweetly echo with his name
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may sing the same.

205.

Child of Sin and Sorrow.

6s & 4s.

Plymouth Collection, 126.

- 1 CHILD of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room,
Child of sin and sorrow
Hear and obey.
- 2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die?
Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high:
Grieve not that love,
Which from above—
Child of sin and sorrow—
Would bring thee nigh.
- 3 Child of sin and sorrow, where wilt thou flee?
Through that long to-morrow, eternity!
Exiled from home,
Darkly to roam—
Child of sin and sorrow,
Where wilt thou flee?
- 4 Child of sin and sorrow, lift up thine eye!
Heirship thou canst borrow in worlds on high!
In that high home,
Graven thy name:
Child of sin and sorrow,
Swift homeward fly!
-

206.

The Way to Peace.

11s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 112.

- 1 ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner! with God,
And joy like the sunshine shall beam on thy road,
And peace like the dew-drops shall fall on thy head,
And sleep like an angel shall visit thy bed.

- 2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner ! with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad ;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path,
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.
-

207.

Resolving to go to Christ.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 138.

- 1 " I'LL to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives ;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.
- 2 " Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer :
But if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 3 " I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try ;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."
-

208.

Drooping Souls.

7s & 6s.

Plymouth Collection, 117.

- 1 DROOPING souls, no longer mourn,
Jesus still is precious ;
If to Him you now return,
Heaven will be propitious.
Jesus now is passing by,
Calling wanderers near Him ;
Drooping souls, you need not die,
Go to Him and hear Him.

- 2 He has pardons, full and free,
 Drooping souls to gladden;
 Still He cries—"Come unto me,
 Weary, heavy laden."
 Though your sins like mountains high,
 Rise, and reach to heaven.
 Soon as you on Him rely,
 All shall be forgiven.
- 3 Precious is the Saviour's name,
 Dear to all that love Him;
 He to save the dying came;
 Go to Him and prove Him.
 Wand'ring sinners, now return;
 Contrite souls, believe Him.
 Jesus calls you, cease to mourn;
 Worship Him; receive Him.
-

209.

The Saviour Pleading.

8s & 7s.

Plymouth Collection, 119.

- 1 **N**OW the Saviour standeth pleading
 At the sinner's bolted heart;
 Now in heaven he's interceding,
 Taking there the sinner's part.
- 2 Sinner! can you hate this Saviour?
 Will you thrust Him from your arms?
 Once he died through your behavior,
 Now he calls you by His charms.
- 3 Sinner! hear your God and Saviour,
 Hear His gracious voice to-day,
 Turn from all your vain behavior,
 Oh! repent, return, and pray!

- 4 Now he's waiting to be gracious,
Now he stands and looks on thee :
See what kindness, love, and pity,
Shine around on you and me.
- 5 Come, for all things now are ready,
Yet there's room for many more :
O ye blind, ye lame and needy !
Come to wisdom's boundless store !
-

210.

The Name of Jesus.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 191.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And for the weary, rest.
- 3 By thee, my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled ;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
- 4 Jesus ! my Shepherd, Guardian, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King ;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.
- 5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought :
But when I see thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

- 6 Till then, I would thy love proclaim,
 With every fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.
-

211.

To Thee, my God and Saviour.

73 & 6a

Plymouth Collection, 164.

- 1 **T**O Thee, my God and Saviour,
 My heart exulting springs,
 Rejoicing in thy favor,
 Almighty King of kings :
 I'll celebrate thy glory,
 With all the saints above,
 And tell the wondrous story
 Of thy redeeming love.
- 2 Soon as the morn with roses
 Bedecks the dewy east,
 And when the sun reposes
 Upon the ocean's breast ;
 My voice in supplication,
 Jehovah, thou shalt hear ;
 Oh ! grant me thy salvation,
 And to my soul draw near.
- 3 By thee, through life supported.
 I pass the dangerous road,
 With heavenly hosts escorted
 Up to their bright abode ;
 There cast my crown before thee,
 My toils and conflicts o'er,
 And day and night adore thee—
 What can an angel more ?



212. Temporal and Spiritual Blessings. C. M

Plymouth Collection, 444.

- 1 **W**HENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
 How many poor I see!
 What shall I render to my God
 For all his gifts to me?
- 2 Not more than others I deserve,
 Yet God hath given me more;
 For I have food while others starve,
 Or beg from door to door.

- 3 How many children in the street
 Half-naked I behold,
 While I am clothed from head to feet,
 And covered from the cold.
- 4 While some poor wanderers scarce can tell
 Where they may lay their head,
 I have a home wherein to dwell,
 And rest upon my bed.
- 5 While others early learn to swear,
 And curse, and lie, and steal,
 Lord! I am taught thy name to fear,
 And do thy holy will.
- 6 Are these thy favors day by day
 To me above the rest?
 Then let me love thee more than they,
 And try to serve thee best.

213.

Do Good.

P. M.

Boston Melodeon, 33.

Air, Swiss Boy.

- 1 DO good! do good! there's ever a way,
 A way where there's ever a will;
 Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
 And to-day when the morrow comes still.
 If you've money you're armed, and can find work
 enough,
 In ev'ry street, alley, and lane.
 If you've bread, cast it off, and the waters, though
 rough,
 Will be sure and return it again.
 Then do good, do good! there's ever a way
 A way where there's ever a will, a will;
 Don't wait till to-morrow, but do it to-day,
 And to-day when the morrow comes still.

- 2 If you've only old clothes, an old bonnet or hat,
A kind word, or a smile true and soft,
In the name of a brother confer it, and that
Shall be counted as gold up aloft.
God careth for all, and his glorious sun
Shines alike on the rich and the poor.
Be thou like him, and bless every one,
And thoult be rewarded sure.
Then do good, &c.
-

214.

The Child's Mission.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 33.

- 1 OUR Jesus, before he went home,
To the house of his kingdom on high,
Called all his disciples around,
And lovingly bade them good-by.
He strengthened their eyes to behold
The kingdoms that came at his call;
"Go unto the nations," he said,
"And preach my salvation to all."
- 2 It was not to twelve men alone
That the heavenly commission was given
But to all—e'en to children—why not?
For of such is the kingdom of heaven.
We feel we have something to do,
If not o'er the mountains to roam;
And if we can't *run* through the earth,
Be sure we *can* run about home.
- 3 If our hearts have been won by his love,
We can pray, we can preach, we can sing
And perhaps to the feet of our Lord
Some younger, some older may bring.

Oh! yes, about home is our field,
And Jesus must mean such as we
When he says, "Go ye, preach the good news,
Go tell all the people of me."

215.

God intrusts to All.

6s & 5a.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 5.

- 1 GOD intrusts to all
Talents few or many;
None so young or small
That they have not any.
- 2 Though the great and wise
Have a greater number,
Yet my one I prize,
And it must not slumber.
- 3 God will surely ask,
Ere I enter heaven,
Have I done the task
Which to me was given?
- 4 Little drops of rain
Bring the springing flowers;
And I may attain
Much by little powers.
- 5 Every little mite,
Every little measure
Helps to spread the light,
Helps to swell the treasure.

216.

Go ye to all Lands.

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 96.

- 1 **G**O ye to the land of the cedar and vine,
Where the angels came down in their
heavenly train,
Where the garden was filled with the presence
divine,
And the Saviour has trodden the valley and
plain;
For a star hath arisen to shine through the gloom
And a life breaketh forth from the verge of the
tomb.
- 2 Go ye to the land of jewel and gem,
Go ye to the shores of the richest of pearl,
The light of salvation is given to them—
There early the banner of glory unfurl;
Oh! go to the isles in the ocean's wide breast,
And tell them of Jesus, and heaven, and rest.
- 3 Go ye to the land of the olive, and teach
Of a peace which the world is not able to give,
To the flowery land, where the message shall
reach
The million that wait in the Saviour to live;
Go ye to the land of the ruby and gold,
And bid them the crown of redemption behold.
- 4 Go ye to the land where the Ethiop roams,
And stretches his long-fettered hand unto God;
Oh! tell them of heaven, and point to the homes
Where never the foot of oppression hath trod;
And the desert shall bloom, and the barren shall
sing,
And the wilderness forth into beauty shall spring.

- 5 Go forth, mighty Word ! till all nations shall hear !
 Speak thou to the straying in accents of peace,
 Till the millions shall see the bright morning
 appear,
 And the kingdom of Christ shall have endless
 increase ;
 And the song shall break forth, in an anthem
 divine,
 “The power, O Jesus ! and the glory be thine !”
-

217.

Good Tidings.

New Lute of Zion, 135.

- 1 SHOUT the tidings of salvation
 To the aged and the young,
 Till the precious invitation
 Waken every heart and tongue.
 Send the sound the earth around.
- 2 Shout the tidings of salvation,
 O'er the prairies of the west,
 Till each gathering congregation
 With the Gospel sound is blest.
 Send the sound, &c.
- 3 Shout the tidings of salvation,
 Mingling with the ocean's roar,
 Till the ships of every nation
 Bear the news from shore to shore.
 Send the sound, &c.
- 4 Shout the tidings of salvation
 O'er the islands of the sea,
 Till in humble adoration
 All to Christ shall bow the knee.
 Send the sound, &c.

218.

Missionary Meeting.

L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 119.

- 1 JESUS! in Christian love we meet,
To bring an offering to thy feet;
All in their hands some talent bear,
And lay it humbly, freely there.
 - 2 Yes, for thy Gospel's cause, with joy,
Our hands, our hearts we would employ;
Oh! smile upon us from above,
That blest may be our work of love.
 - 3 Then let us feel thy presence near
Whilst met in holy union here;
Our zeal, our love do thou increase,
And let us reap the fruits of peace.
-

219.

Reply to the Call of the Heathen. 7s & 6s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 136.

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

- 3 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story;
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.
-

220. When shall the Voice of Singing. 7s & 6s.

Plymouth Collection, 317.

- 1 **W**HEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?
- 2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly;
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:

High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
All hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

221.

Western Anthem.

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 98.

- 1 FROM the wide, far-stretching prairies,
From the mountains tipped with snow,
From the mighty streams that carry
Countless treasures as they flow,
Songs are swelling
From the west's unmeasured bound,
Tongues are telling
Joyful tidings all around.
- 2 From the cabin rough and lowly,
From the temple's pointing spire,
Wake the praises, pure and holy,
Kindled by a heavenly fire;
While the straying
Meet to hear the voice of prayer,
Humbly paying
Vows to God submissive there.
- 3 From the torrent's lofty pealing,
From the forest's solemn shade,
Where the silver stream is stealing
Through the quiet mossy glade,
Hopes are springing
Up to God's eternal throne,
Sighs are winging
On the spirit's earnest moan.

- 4 Where the red man fast is failing
 From his holy father-lands,
 The "Great Spirit," all prevailing,
 Soon may lead a ransomed band,
 Who will never
 Hear again the warring sound,
 But forever
 Shall with Christ on high be found.
- 5 In the storm's resistless power,
 In the grandeur of the stream,
 In the perfume of the flower,
 And the flashing noon-day beam—
 In the breathing
 Of the zephyrs as they fly,
 Hymns are wreathing
 To their Maker in the sky,
- 6 Come, then children! bright, immortal!
 Come to Jesus in your youth!
 Heaven has opened wide its portals,
 Radiant with its gracious truth.
 He that early
 In the fear of God is led,
 Finds the pearly
 Gates of bliss where angels tread,
-

222.

Tell us of the Night.

73.

Plymouth Collection, 203.

- 1 WATCHMAN! tell us of the night,
 What its signs of promise are.
 Traveller! o'er you mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star!

Watchman! does its beauteous ray
 Aught of joy or hope foretell?
 Traveller! yes, it brings the day—
 Promised day of Israel.

2 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveller! blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends!
 Watchman! will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth?
 Traveller! ages are its own,
 See, it bursts o'er all the earth.

3 Watchman! tell us of the night,
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller! darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman! let thy wandering cease;
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller! lo! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo! the Son of God is come!

223.

The Gospel Banner.

7s & 6s.

Plymouth Collection, 299.

1 NOW be the Gospel banner
 In every land unfurled,
 And be the shout hosanna
 Reëchoed through the world:
 Till every isle and nation,
 Till every tribe and tongue,
 Receive the great salvation,
 And join the happy throng.

- 2 Yes, thou shalt reign for ever,
 O Jesus! King of kings!
 Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
 Each ransomed captive sings:
 The isles for thee are waiting,
 The deserts learn thy praise,
 The hills and valleys greeting,
 The song responsive raise.
-

224.

The Prince of Salvation. 12s, 11s, & 8s.

Plymouth Collection, 323.

- 1 **T**HE Prince of Salvation in triumph is riding,
 And glory attends him along his bright way;
 The news of his grace on the breezes are gliding,
 And nations are owning his sway.
- 2 Ride on in thy greatness, thou conquering Saviour,
 Let thousands of thousands submit to thy reign,
 Acknowledge thy goodness, entreat for thy favor,
 And follow thy glorious train.
- 3 Then loud shall ascend from each sanctified nation
 The voice of thanksgiving, the chorus of praise,
 And heaven shall reëcho the song of salvation,
 In rich and melodious lays.
-

225.

Millennium.

11s & 10s.

Plymouth Collection, 310.

- 1 **H**AIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning!
 Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
 Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning,
 Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

- 2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold ;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning,
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold,
- 3 Lo! in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along ;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.
- 4 See, from ail lands—from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high ;
Fallen are the engines of war and commotion,
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.
-

226.

Wake the Song.

Plymouth Collection, 308.

- 1 WAKE the song of jubilee,
Let it echo o'er the sea ;
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with sovereign power.
Wake the song, &c.
- 2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Christ of lords and kings is King ;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
Jesus reigns for evermore.
Wake the song, &c.
- 3 Now the desert lands rejoice,
And the islands join their voice ;
Yea, the whole creation sings,
Jesus is the King of kings.
Wake the song, &c.

227. Rejoice, the Promised Time is Coming. P. M.

Young Choir, 86.

1 **R**EJOICE, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom;
 And Zion's children then shall sing,
 The deserts all are blossoming.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the wilderness shall bloom.

The Gospel banner wide unfurled,
 Shall wave in triumph o'er the world;
 And every creature, bond and free,
 Shall hail the glorious jubilee.

2 Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;
 And lambs shall with the leopard play;
 For naught shall harm in Zion's way.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign;
 The sword and spear, of needless worth,
 Shall prune the tree and plough the earth;
 And peace shall smile from shore to shore;
 And nations learn to war no more.

Rejoice, rejoice, the promised time is coming,
 Rejoice, rejoice, the Prince of Peace shall reign.

228. The Gospel Trumpet—Jubilee. P. M.

Plymouth Collection, 116.

1 **B**LOW ye the trumpet, blow
 The gladly solemn sound!
 Let all the nations know,
 To earth's remotest bound,
 The year of jubilee is come,
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonement Lamb :
Redemption by his blood
Through all the lands proclaim :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Ye, who have sold for naught
The heritage above,
Shall have it back, unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive ;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 5 The Gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace ;
Ye happy souls, draw near,
Behold your Saviour's face ;
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 6 Jesus, our Great High Priest,
Has full atonement made .
Ye weary spirits, rest ;
Ye mournful souls, be glad :
The year of jubilee is come ;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

229.

The Glories of the Church.

8s & 7s

Plymouth Collection, 312.

- 1 GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He whose word can ne'er be broken,
Chose thee for his own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
Who can shake her sure repose ?
With salvation's wall surrounded,
She can smile at all her foes.
- 2 See the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply her sons and daughters,
And the fear of want remove :
Who can faint while such a river
Onward flows her thirst t' assuage—
Grace, which, like the Lord—the giver,
Never fails from age to age.
- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near.
Glorious things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God ;
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
Forms thee for his own abode.

230.

Universal Praise.

L. M.

Plymouth Collection, 163.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.
 - 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attends thy word ;
Thy name shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.
-

231. Let the Song of Praise and Gladness. 8s & 7s.

School Singer, 72.

- 1 LET the song of praise and gladness
Ring to earth's remotest bound ;
See the veil of gloom and sadness
Yielding at the Gospel's sound ;
Thanks to Heaven for every blessing
Showered upon us through the year ;
Health and competence possessing,
Can we wish for greater here ?
- 2 Freedom's banner floats above us,
Peace and plenty crown our land ;
Learning spreads her stores around us,
Comforts rise on every hand ;
O'er benighted souls is breaking
Daily, now, the light divine ;
Heathen minds, from slumber waking,
Feel religion's influence shine.

- 3 Favored youth of every nation,
 Come! obey the solemn call;
 Let the tidings of salvation
 You have heard, be known to all;
 Be our happiness extended
 To each region of the earth,
 Till their songs with praise are blended,
 At a blest Redeemer's birth.
- 4 And to us the trust be given—
 Children of a ransomed land—
 To send the ministry of heaven
 To mountain height and desert sand;
 Let no year that passes o'er us
 E'er behold our labors cease,
 Till we see, on distant islands,
 Wave the Gospel flag of peace.
-

232.

Thanksgiving.

83.

Carmelia Saara.

- 1 **L**ET gratitude waken the song,
 And swell the harmonious lyre;
 Let praise the sweet anthem prolong,
 And joy every bosom inspire!
 What favors around us have flowed,
 Unmeasured, unspeakably great,
 By Heaven in rich mercy bestowed
 On man in his fallen estate!
- 2 The earth with rich verdure is crowned,
 The fruits in their fullness appear,
 The songs of the reapers resound,
 And plenty encircles the year;

The blessings of freedom are ours,
And knowledge of virtue increase ;
No foe is invading our shores,
We live with the nations at peace.

3 The sound of the Gospel is heard,
The Scriptures their treasures unfold,
While thousands believe in the word,
More precious than silver or gold ;
No fierce persecutions arise,
The heart and the conscience to bind ;
That wisdom which Heaven supplies,
The weakest believer may find.

4 Let gratitude waken the song,
And swell the harmonious lyre ;
Let praise the sweet anthem prolong,
And joy every bosom inspire ;
A nation so favored of God
Should ever acknowledge his hand—
Should send his salvation abroad,
His Gospel to every land.



233.

Secret Prayer.

7s & 6s.

Sunday-School Harmonist, 91.

- 1 **G**O when the morning shineth,
Go when the moon is bright,
Go when the eve declineth,
Go in the hush of night ;
Go with pure mind and feeling—
Send earthly thoughts away—
And in thy chamber kneeling,
Do thou in secret pray.

- 2 Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The power that He hath given us,
To pour our souls in prayer;
Then for thyself and neighbor
A blessing humbly claim,
And link with each petition
Thy great Redeemer's name.
- 3 Or if 'tis e'er denied thee
In solitude to pray,
Should holy thoughts come o'er thee
When friends are round thy way,
E'en then the silent breathing
Thy spirit lifts above,
Will reach His throne of glory,
Where dwells eternal love.
- 4 Oh! not a joy or blessing
With this can we compare,
The grace our Father gives us,
To pour our souls in prayer;
Whene'er thou art in sadness,
Before his footstool fall;
Remember, too, in gladness,
His love, who gave thee all.
-

234.

Just as thou art.

8s & 6s.

Plymouth Collection, 132.

- 1 JUST as thou art, without one trace
Of love, or joy, or inward grace,
Or meetness for the heavenly place,
O guilty sinner! come!

- 2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes thy due were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free;
O wretched sinner! come!
- 3 Come! leave thy burden at the cross,
Count all thy gains but empty dross;
My grace repays all earthly loss;
O needy sinner! come!
- 4 Come! hither bring thy boding fears,
Thine aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;
O trembling sinner! come!
- 5 "The Spirit and the bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints reëcho, Come!
Who faints, who thirsts, who will may come;
Thy Saviour bids thee come!
-

235.

Just as I am.

8s & 6s.

Plymouth Collection, 132.

- 1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To cleanse my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can wash each spot,
O Lamb of God! I come!

- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
Fightings within, and fears without,
O Lamb of God! I come.
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind—
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find;
O Lamb of God! I come.
- 5 Just as I am thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come!
- 6 Just as I am, thy love, I own,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, and thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come!
-

236.

Prayer of a Penitent.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 254.

- 1 O THOU whose tender mercy hears
Contrition's humble sigh,
Whose hand indulgent wipes the tears
From sorrow's weeping eye!
- 2 See, low before thy throne of grace,
A wretched wanderer mourn;
Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
Hast thou not said, "Return"?
- 3 And shall my guilty fears prevail
To drive me from thy feet?
Oh! let not this dear refuge fail,
This only safe retreat.

- 4 Oh! shine on this benighted heart,
 With beams of mercy shine;
 And let thy healing voice impart
 A taste of joys divine.
-

237.

Importunate Prayer.

S. M

Plymouth Collection, 226.

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well
 The heart of every saint,
 Invites us all our griefs to tell,
 To pray, and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear—
 We never plead in vain;
 Then let us wait till he appear,
 And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,
 "Why should we longer wait?"
 He bids us never give him rest,
 But knock at mercy's gate.
- 4 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
 His chosen when they cry;
 Yes, though he may a while forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.
- 5 Then let us earnest cry,
 And never faint in prayer:
 He sees, he hears, and from on high
 Will make our cause his care.

238.

Power of Religion.

7s.

Sunday-School Harmonist, 216.

'TIS religion that can give
Sweetest pleasure while we live ;
'Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.
After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity !
Be the living God our friend,
Then our bliss shall never end.

239.

Wrestling for a Blessing.

7a.

Songs of Zion, 100.

- 1 NAY, I can not let thee go
Till a blessing thou bestow ;
Do not turn away thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case.
Once a sinner near despair
Sought thy mercy-seat by prayer :
Mercy heard and set him free—
Lord, that mercy came to ME.
- 2 Many years have passed since then,
Many changes have I seen,
Yet have been upheld till now—
Who could hold me up but thou ?
Nay, I must maintain my hold ;
'Tis thy goodness makes me bold :
I can no denial take
When I plead for Jesus' sake.

240.

Repentance.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 144.

1 **A** LAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

241.

Must Jesus bear his Cross alone?

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 244. •

1 **M**UST Jesus bear his cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear—
For there's a crown for me.
-

242.

Not ashamed of Jesus.

L. M

Plymouth Collection, 159.

- 1 JESUS, and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine,
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave;
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
 Till then I boast a Saviour slain!
 And oh! may this my glory be,
 That Christ is not ashamed of me.

243.

Hark! those Happy Voices.

P. M.

Plymouth Collection, 129.

- 1 **H**ARK! those happy voices, saying,
 "Yet there's room:
 Sinner, come,
 Heaven's call obeying."
- 2 Now the feast is spread before thee,
 Wait no more,
 Grace implore,
 Peace shall then come o'er thee.
- 3 Bless the Lord of life forever,
 O my soul!
 Bountiful,
 Infinite his favor.
- 4 Bless the Lord of thy salvation,
 Who in love
 From above,
 Heard thy supplication.
- 5 Bless the Lord of earth and heaven;
 Through his blood
 That freely flowed,
 Are thy sins forgiven.
- 6 Bless the Lord, whose love abounding,
 Fills thy days
 With joy and praise,
 Songs of triumph sounding.

244.

Salvation by Grace.

S. M.

Plymouth Collection, 192.

- 1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
 - 2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display
Which drew the wondrous plan.
 - 3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.
 - 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.
-

245.

Triumphs of Grace.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 180.

- 1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.
- 2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear,
The hour I first believed!

- 3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares
 I have already come :
 'Tis grace has brought safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.
-

246.

A Miracle of Grace.

8s & 7a.

Plymouth Collection, 382.

- 1 HAIL, my ever-blessed Jesus!
 Only thee I wish to sing;
 To my soul thy name is precious,
 Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
 Oh! what mercy flows from heaven!
 Oh! what joy and happiness!
 Love I much, I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!
- 2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
 Unconcerned in sin I lay;
 Swift destruction still pursuing,
 Till my Saviour passed that way.
 Witness, all ye host of heaven,
 My Redeemer's tenderness;
 Love I much, I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace!
- 3 Shout, ye bright, angelic choir,
 Praise the Lamb enthroned above,
 Whilst astonished I admire
 God's free grace and boundless love.
 That blest moment I received him,
 Filled my soul with joy and peace;
 Love I much, I've much forgiven—
 I'm a miracle of grace.

247.

The Sacred Call.

7s.

Musical Bouquet, 228.

- 1 COME, saith Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home ;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
 - 2 Hither come ; for here is found
Balm for every bleeding wound,
Peace which ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.
-

248.

Invitation.

L. M.

Juvenile Songs, 109.

- 1 COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners ! come !
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.
- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me ;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind ;
But passion rages as the sea,
And pride is empty as the wind.
- 3 Jesus ! we come, at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

249. How Charming the Thought. 11s.

Juvenile Songs, 80.

- 1 **H**OW charming the thought that the spirits in
 bliss
 Should bow their bright wings to a world such as
 this,
 And leave the sweet songs of the mansions above,
 To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love.
 - 2 They come! on the wings of the morning they
 come,
 The pilgrim to waft from this stormy abode—
 To convoy the stranger in peace to his home,
 And lay him to rest in the arms of his God.
-

250. The Blood of Christ. C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 180.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain filled with blood,
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
 And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
 That fountain in his day;
 And there may I, as vile as he,
 Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its power,
 Till all the ransomed Church of God
 Be saved to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.
-

251.

Christ the Rock of Ages.

7s.

Plymouth Collection, 110.

- 1 **R**OCK of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could not atone—
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

252.

Chief among Ten Thousand.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 190.

- 1 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow ;
His head, with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
Among the sons of men ;
Fairer is he than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief ;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.
- 4 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have ;
He makes me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.
- 5 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet,
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.
- 6 Since from thy bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord! they should all be thine.

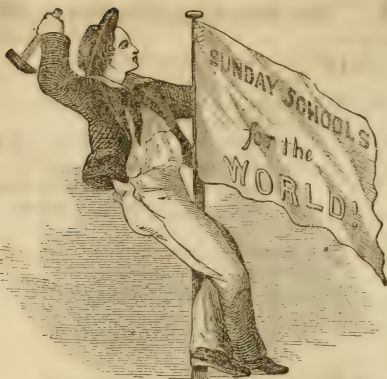
253.

Oh! there will be Mourning.

P. M.

Plymouth Collection, 128.

- 1 OH! there will be mourning,
Before the judgment-seat,
When this world is burning
Beneath Jehovah's feet;
Friends and kindred there will part,
Will part to meet no more!
Wrath will sink the rebel's heart,
While saints on high adore.
- 2 Oh! there will be mourning,
Before the judgment-seat,
When the trumpet's warning
The sinner's ear shall greet.
Friends and kindred, &c.
- 3 Oh! there will be mourning,
Before the judgment-seat,
When from dust returning,
The lost their doom shall meet.
Friends and kindred, &c.
- 4 Oh! there will be mourning,
Before the judgment-seat!
Justice, ever frowning,
Shall seal the sinner's fate.
Friends and kindred, &c.



254.

The Banner Hymn.

P. M.

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 140.

- 1 OH! 'tis in the land of the Bible we love,
 Which so proudly we hail in the Gospel light
 gleaming,
 Whose radiance reflecting pure light from above,
 O'er the land of the heathen in brilliance is
 streaming:
 In strength do we gather, in might do we
 come,
 The youth of our country—the pride of
 our home;
 And long may the Sabbath-school Banner
 still wave
 “O'er the land of the free, and the home of
 the brave.”

- 2 We gather in strength and in numbers appear,
Rich and poor meet alike the loved standard sur-
rounding ;
What a garden for culture—what tendrils to rear !
What a field for your labors! — the harvest
abounding :
In strength do we gather, &c.
- 3 Oh! guide us in truth, and the future will smile ;
Be your precepts in love, and we gladly receive
them :
No infidel tale will our reason beguile,
But the words of the Bible, our young hearts
believe them :
In strength do we gather, &c.
- 4 And in love we will think of the heathen afar,
And forget not to pray for his mind's desolation ;
The mission of mercy shall beam as a star,
And shall gild with its brilliance each far-distant
nation :
In strength do we gather, &c.
- 5 And our own land of freedom — be it ever the
same ;
Future ages shall read and rejoice in our story ;
Our Sunday-school system shall gain us a name,
And religion shall wreath our young brows
with its glory :
The cause that we love—Oh! triumph it
must,
With the brave be our motto—"In God is
our trust !"
Then long may the Sabbath-school banner
still wave
"O'er the land of the free, and the home of
the brave."

255. Hail the Armed and Marshalled Band. P. M.

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 130

- 1 **H**AIL the armed and marshalled band,
 Marching through Immanuel's land !
 Ye soldiers of our heavenly King !
 Ye soldiers of our heavenly King !
 Though hosts of foes against you fight,
 Ye triumph in the Saviour's might :
 His banner to the breezes fling,
 And shout for your victorious King !
 To each he gives a glorious prize,
 A crown of light above the skies.
 Firm in duty let us be ;
 He will give us victory ;
 He shall bring us to the shore,
 Where peace reigns for evermore.

- 2 Lo ! the Chief whose name you bear,
 In his strength all perils dare ;
 Then let the storm of battle beat,
 Then let the storm of battle beat,
 In majesty he leads us on,
 And soon the meed of valor won,
 His glory all on earth shall see,
 And worship everlastingly ;
 And heaven's wide realms with loud acclaim
 Join in the anthem to his name.
 Firm in duty let us be, &c.

256. To hear Redemption's Sacred Story. P. M.

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 123.

- 1 **T**O hear redemption's sacred story,
 In darkness distant myriads wait ;

To pour on them that heavenly glory,
 Shall we not ope the golden gate?
 Shall ignorance, the mischief breeding,
 And sin, their scowl on every hearth,
 In desolation wrap the earth,
 And Christian nations stand unheeding?
 Then rouse ye, ye who serve
 Our great Redeemer, Lord;
 His name, his name to heathens preach,
 And let them love his word.

- 2 The love of Christ, can man resign it,
 Who once has felt his holy flame?
 Can bounds of land or sea confine it,
 Or nature's universal frame?
 Too long those lands in shadow sleeping,
 The spoiler's sway has dared oppress;
 But lo! the Sun of Righteousness,
 The harvest and the laborers reaping!
 Then rouse ye, &c.

257. All Hail to Christ, our King! 6s & 4s

Plymouth Collection, 318.

- 1 **A**LL hail to Christ our King!
 Jesus, immortal King!
 Our gracious King,
 Ever victorious,
 Holy and glorious;
 Ever reign over us,
 Jesus our King!
- 2 Father and God! arise,
 Confound his enemies;
 Let them bow down—

Bow to thy chastening rod,
 Saved by thy precious blood,
 Saviour and mighty God,
 Jesus our King!

- 3 From every lurking foe,
 Save us, we pray thee now
 And evermore;
 May we obey thy laws,
 Fight in thy holy cause,
 Singing with heart and voice,
 Hail to our King!
-

258.

"Compel them to come in."

C. H. M.

New Lute of Zion, 236.

- 1 GO into every street and lane,
 Betimes the work begin;
 Gently, by love, each soul constrain,
 "Compel them to come in:"
 The house of prayer's the gate of heaven,
 To all the invitation's given.
- 2 Let all the wretched hear thy voice,
 Each wayward wanderer seek;
 Tell of a heaven of boundless joys,
 Of peace and pardon speak;
 And all God's counsel to declare,
 Tell of a world of dark despair!
- 3 To all be courteous, meek, and mild,
 Affectionate, sincere;
 And if at any time reviled,
 Yield not to wrath or fear;
 But joyfully endure the shame,
 And bear reproach, for Jesus' name.

259. "Cast thy Bread upon the Waters." C. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 41.

- 1 **U**PON the waters cast thy bread,
And after many days,
It shall come back to thee again;
And fill thy mouth with praise.
 - 2 What is the bread. in whose rich yield,
The sower comfort finds?
It is the seed of Gospel truth,
Scattered in youthful minds.
 - 3 The waters are the Sabbath-school,
Spread over all the land;
The sowers, they the teachers are,
Who go forth, seed in hand.
 - 4 To-day, it may not break the clod,
Nor yet. to-morrow. bloom;
Yet faint not, you in God's own time,
Shall shout the harvest home.
-

260.**The Sower.****P. M.**

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 37.

- 1 **G**O sow thy seed on the mountain's top—
Go scatter it in the vale;
In due time thou shalt reap the crop,
For his word can never fail.
- 2 What though some fall upon the track,
By thoughtless travellers worn,
And the fowls of heaven supply their lack
From the unburied corn?

- 3 What though some falls on stony ground,
 And with the morn springs up,
 But when the sun is hot, is found
 To mock the tiller's hope?
- 4 What though amid the pricking thorns,
 Some precious seed may fall,
 And gain at best, a sickly growth,
 And bear no fruit at all?
- 5 Go sow thy seed on the mountain's top—
 Go scatter it in the vale;
 In due time, thou shalt reap the crop;
 For his word can never fail.
-

261.

Sowing the Seed.

S. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 135.

- 1 SOW in the morn thy seed,
 At eve hold not thy hand;
 To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
 Broad-cast it round the land.
- 2 Beside all waters sow,
 The highway furrows stock,
 Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
 Scatter it on the rock.
- 3 The good, the fruitful ground,
 Expect not here nor there;
 O'er hill and dale by spots 'tis found;
 Go forth then everywhere.

- 4 Thou knowest not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
 - 5 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.
 - 6 Thou canst not toil in vain :
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garnerers in the sky.
 - 7 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing "Harvest home !"
-

262.

Spiritual Harvest.

8s & 7s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 149.

- 1 **H**E that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed.
Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine ;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.
- 2 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou mayst reap the fruits of joy.

Lo! the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again, the fields are whitening;
Sure the harvest time is near.

263.

Toil on, Teachers.

8s & 7s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 149.

- 1 **T**OIL on, teachers! toil on boldly,
Labor on and watch and pray;
Men may scoff and treat you coldly,
Heed them not, go on your way;
Jesus is a loving master;
Cease not then his work to do;
Cleave to him still closer, faster,
He will own and honor you.
- 2 Toil on, teachers! nothing daunted,
Whatsoever may oppose;
You shall have all help that's wanted,
Jesus every peril knows:
Be not fearful, terror-stricken,
Tremble not at any foe—
Danger! let it only quicken,
Make your Christian courage show.
- 3 Toil on, teachers! toil on ever,
Constantly, unflinching toil;
Faint ye not, and weary never,
Labor on in every soil;
Listless souls one day may waken,
Buried seed spring up and grow;
Sin's stout bulwarks may be shaken,
Hardened hearts may be brought low.

- 4 Toil on, teachers ! earnest, steady,
 Sowing well the seed of truth ;
 Always willing, cheerful, ready,
 Watching, praying, for your youth ;
 Patient, firm, and persevering,
 Leaning on the promise sure ;
 Prayer will surely gain a hearing,
 Faithful to the end endure.
- 5 Toil on, teachers ! you are doing,
 What the Saviour well approves ;
 Satan seeks young souls to ruin,
 Jesus to redeem them loves ;
 Kindly still he looks upon them,
 Tenderly he calls them near,
 Sheds his grace and mercy on them
 While his blessed voice they hear.
- 6 Toil on, teachers ! in due season,
 Reaping time will surely come ;
 You shall yet have glorious reason,
 To rejoice in harvest home ;
 Many a shining one in glory,
 As the endless ages roll,
 Shall reveal the welcome story,
 How *by you*, Christ saved his soul.
-

264.

The Teacher's Resolve.

H. M.

Plymouth Collection, 210.

- 1 GRACE shall our souls inspire
 With holy love to all ;
 Nor let us ever tire
 Where *want* and *duty* call !
 Oh ! let it ne'er be said again,
 "What do ye more than other men "

- 2 The wretched we would seek,
The naked we would clothe;
The mists of folly break.
With sacred light and love:
The mourner cheer, the hungry feed,
And for the poor and needy plead.
- 3 Does Jesus intercede
Before his Father's throne?
Did he on Calvary bleed,
And wear the thorny crown?
And all for us! O love divine!
Jesus, our all be ever thine.
- 4 The promise we receive,
Will amply then repay
The mite we freely give
To these dear youths to-day;
Accept the offering we impart,
The tribute of a grateful heart.
-

265.

Prayer for Divine Assistance.

11a

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 112.

- 1 THE mercy of Jesus has brought us once more
To bow at his footstool, his aid to implore.
That we who the office of teachers sustain,
May neither grow weary nor labor in vain.
- 2 The work we engage in is great, we confess,
And we have no might to insure its success;
We now are assembled assistance to seek
From Him who has promised to strengthen the
weak.

- 3 We pray for that wisdom which comes from above,
To render our duty a service of love ;
To open the minds of the children to see
How pleasant the ways of religion must be.
- 4 We ask to exhibit, in word and in deed,
A holy example that children may read ;
And may our endeavors all centre in this,
Hereafter to meet them in glory and bliss.
-

266.

Seeking a Blessing.

P. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 17.

- 1 WHILE the heavenly seed we're sowing,
Lord, appear,
Our hearts to cheer,
Streams of mercy flowing.
- 2 While these children we're addressing,
Crown thy word,
Indulgent Lord,
With thy richest blessing.
- 3 Let them feel their lost condition,
And apply
With earnest cry
To the great Physician.
- 4 When they hear thy bleeding story,
May they feel
Thy sweet appeal,
And give to thee the glory.

267.

My Class.

P. M.

School Singer, 191.

1 **W**HEN Sabbath's hallowed morn I meet,
 What makes its sacred hours so sweet?
 The hope that I this day shall meet
 My class, my class.

2 When to the closet I repair,
 To tell my wants to Jesus there,
 What is the burden of my prayer?
 My class, &c.

3 What calls my willing feet away,
 To spend an hour at setting day,
 With fellow-teachers oft to pray?
 My class, &c.

4 Whose wayward footsteps give me pain?
 O'er whom, still bound in error's chain,
 I've seemed to weep and pray in vain?
 My class, &c.

268.

The Tract Visitor.

8s & 6s.

Spiritual Songs, 177.

1 **G**O forth on wings of fervent prayer;
 Go with the message from above;
 Go in the Master's name you love,
 Silent but eloquent to move—
 Till e'en the *deaf* shall hear.

2 To every dwelling speed your way,
 Scatter the shades of error's night,
 Kindle the rays of Gospel light,
 Pour them around in splendor bright—
 Till e'en the *blind* shall see.

- 3 Bid every slumbering soul awake ;
Tell of the darkness, fire, and chains ;
Tell of the heaven where Jesus reigns ;
Tell of his love in melting strains—
Till e'en the *dumb* shall speak.
- 4 O Jesus! give thy word success ;
Lo! at thy footstool now we bend ;
Only on thee our hopes depend ;
Thou art alone the sinner's Friend—
Thy word is life and peace.
-

269.

The Earnest Teacher's Prayer.

S. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 135.

- 1 **S**AVE all my children, Lord !
For less I dare not ask ;
I know thou wilt fulfill thy word,
If I fulfill my task.
- 2 Thy word is : " Work and pray ;
Toil on, 'mid hopes and fears :
The sowing brings the reaping day ;
The harvest follows tears."
- 3 Oh! let me strive to be
The laborer thou wilt bless ;
And hourly offer unto thee
The works of righteousness.
- 4 Yet, when my best is done,
'Tis sin and folly still ;
My only plea is, that thy Son
Wrought out thy perfect will.
- 5 Then hear me while I ask,
" Save all my children, Lord !"
While I, in faith, fulfill my task,
Do thou fulfill thy word.

270. There is a Spot surpassing Sweet. 8s & 6s.

Air, "Lanesboro."

New Lute of Zion, 233.

- 1 **T**HERE is a spot surpassing sweet,
By Sovereign Kindness given,
Where old and young together meet,
And sit them down at Jesus' feet,
And learn the way to heaven.
- 2 The little prattler stops his play,
On Saturday at even,
And on the peaceful Sabbath day,
He comes with joy to learn the way,
That leads to bliss and heaven.
- 3 The stalwart youth, his toils forgot,
One peaceful day in seven,
Retires to this delightful spot,
To banish earth, and spend a thought
Upon the things of heaven.
- 4 The man of toil, with cares oppressed,
Who all the week has striven,
Comes with a calm and peaceful breast,
To think of joys, and dream of rest
The weary find in heaven.
- 5 The hoary veteran on the brink
Of life's concluding even,
Retires from busy life to think,
Within this spot, the brightest link
Between the earth and heaven.
- 6 Ho! ye, who, in Siloam's pool,
Have washed and been forgiven,
Come ye, till every seat is full,
And grace shall make the Sabbath-school,
The very gate of heaven.

271. The Teacher's Thoughts of Heaven. L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 120.

- 1 **O** WORLD of glory and of bliss,
Not soiled by guilt, or marred like this,
We long to reach thy tranquil shore,
To sin, and fear, and weep no more.
 - 2 We long to pass those portals bright,
Ne'er clouded by th' approach of night;
We long to see that peaceful brow,
Once stained with blood, but glorious now.
 - 3 Yet, when we bow before the throne,
We would not find ourselves alone;
E'en heaven would seem less glad and fair
If we should miss our children there.
 - 4 Oh ! may we toil, and pray, and weep,
And ever wakeful watchings keep ;
That every child whom we have taught
May be at length to glory brought.
-

272. Teacher, on thy Station Stand. 7a.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 110.

"TEACHER, on thy station stand,
Faithful to thy Saviour's call ;
With the shield of faith in hand,
Fearless let what may befall.
Nothing fill thee with dismay,
Hunger, toil, or length of way :
In the strength of Jesus boast,
Never, never quit thy post !"

273.

Teacher, Grow not Faint.

P. M.

Sunday-School Harmonist, 212.

“TEACHER, grow not faint nor weary,
Think of yonder radiant land,
Where the laborers rest forever,
’Mid the white-robed angel band :
Rescued souls may greet you there,
Making heaven itself more fair.”

274.

Farewell to a Teacher.

L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 150.

- 1 DEAR partner of our hopes and fears,
And wilt thou here no longer dwell,
To share our toils, and joys, and tears—
And must we bid a sad farewell?
- 2 Yes, thou must fill thy future lot,
Far from thy fond and cherished friends ;
But not to be by us forgot,
While life its beating pulses spends.
- 3 We'll think of thee amid the scene
Of each returning Sabbath day,
And nowhere else, with grief so keen,
Will mourn that thou art far away.
- 4 We'll think of thee whene'er we meet,
Our weekly lessons to prepare,
Nor deem our social band complete,
Whilst thou, dear friend, art wanting there.

- 5 We'll think of thee around the board
That speaks a dying Saviour's love,
And trust our joy will be restored,
In endless fellowship above.
- 6 Oh! may the Lord thy footsteps guard,
His choicest blessings fill thy heart,
And crown thee with his rich reward,
Where Christian friends no more shall part.
-

275. The Close of a Meeting for Prayer. 7s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 103.

- 1 IF 'tis sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer ;
If 'tis sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise,
Passing sweet that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.
- 2 Saviour! may these meetings prove
Preparations for above :
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace,
Till we, each in his degree,
Fit for endless glory be.



276.

The Lambs of Jesus.

L. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 36.

- 1 THE lambs of Jesus—who are they,
 But children that believe and pray?
 That keep God's laws, and ask his grace,
 And seek a heavenly dwelling-place?

- 2 The lambs of Jesus! they are meek,
The words of peace and truth they speak;
To all God's creatures they are kind,
And, like their Lord, of gentle mind.
 - 3 The lambs of Jesus! oh! that we
Might of that blessed number be!
Lord! take us early to thy love,
And lead us to the fold above.
-

277.

The Swallow's Nest.

L. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 9.

- 1 **A**S birds return on joyous wing,
To carol 'mong the leaves of spring,
So we, after short absence, come,
To sing within our Sabbath home.
- 2 Wherever we have chanced to rove,
Through verdant field or shady grove,
No place we've found like this dear room,
Our Sabbath-school, our Sabbath home.
- 3 Once more we meet to sing his praise,
Who kindly lengthens out our days,
And promise, whereso'er we roam,
We'll ne'er forget our Sabbath home.
- 4 Our school—it is the swallow's nest,
Where all her young securely rest;
Hither, oh! may they ever come,
And near "thine altars" find a home.

278.

Our Sabbath Home.

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 132.

- 1 OH! we love to come to our Sabbath-home,
And learn of our teachers dear,
Who point us with love to our home above,
And the crown that awaits us there.
- 2 Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home,
When the six days' toil is o'er,
And read and sing of our heavenly King,
And learn to love him more.
- 3 Oh! we love to come to our Sabbath home
But we would not come alone;
We would each bring in from the paths of sin,
Some wretched wandering one;
- 4 Whose feet now stray in the broad, broad way,
Who know not of God or heaven;
And would bid them taste of the blessed feast,
Which our Father's love hath given.
- 5 Oh! we love to come to this Sabbath home,
But no heart or tongue can tell
Of that home above, which a Father's love
Has for those who do his will.
- 6 Then toil we on till the race is won,
And the pearly gates unfold,
And we find our rest on the Saviour's breast,
At home in the city of gold.

Original words by a lady of the Lee Avenue Sunday-School.

279.

Filial Affection.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 17.

- 1 **BE** kind to thy father, for when thou wast
 young,
 Who loved thee so fondly as he?
He caught the first accents that fell from thy
 tongue,
 And joined in thy innocent glee;
Be kind to thy father, for now he is old,
 His locks intermingled with gray;
His footsteps are feeble—once fearless and bold:
 Thy father is passing away.
- 2 Be kind to thy mother, for lo! on her brow
 May traces of sorrow be seen;
Oh! well may'st thou cherish and comfort her
 now,
 For loving and kind she hath been;
Remember thy mother! for thee will she pray,
 As long as God giveth her breath;
With accents of kindness, then, cheer her lone
 way,
 E'en to the dark valley of death.
- 3 Be kind to thy brother! his heart will have
 dearth
 If the smiles of thy joy be withdrawn;
The flowers of feeling will fade at the birth,
 If love and affection be gone;
Be kind to thy brother, wherever you are—
 The love of a brother shall be
An ornament purer and richer, by far,
 Than pearls from the depth of the sea.

- 4 Be kind to thy sister ! not many may know
 The depth of true sisterly love ;
 The wealth of the ocean lies fathoms below
 The surface that sparkles above ;
 Thy kindness shall bring to thee many sweet
 hours,
 And blessings thy pathway shall crown
 Affection shall weave thee a garland of flowers,
 More precious than wealth or renown.
-

280.

Be Kind to Each Other.

6s & 5a

Musical "Bouquet, 110.

- 1 **BE** kind to each other !
 The night's coming on,
 When friend and when brother
 Perchance may be gone ;
 Then, 'midst our dejection,
 How sweet to have earned
 The blest recollection
 Of kindness returned.
- 2 When day hath departed,
 And memory keeps
 Her watch, broken-hearted,
 Where all the loved sleep,
 Let falsehood assail not,
 Nor envy disprove,
 Let trifles prevail not
 'Gainst those whom you love.
- 3 Nor change with to-morrow
 Should fortune take wing ;
 The deeper the sorrow,
 The closer still cling !

Be kind to each other !
The night's coming on,
When friend and when brother
Perchance may be gone.

281.

Angry Words.

8s & 7s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 100.

- 1 **A**NGRY words are lightly spoken
In a rash and thoughtless hour;
Brightest links of life are broken
By their deep insidious power.
Hearts inspired by warmest feeling,
Ne'er before by anger stirred,
Oft are rent, past human healing,
By a single angry word.
- 2 Poison-drops of care and sorrow,
Bitter poison-drops are they,
Weaving for the coming morrow
Saddest memories of to-day.
Angry words! oh! let them never
From the tongue unbridled slip;
May the heart's best impulse ever
Check them ere they soil the lip!
- 3 Love is much too pure and holy,
Friendship is too sacred far,
For a moment's reckless folly,
Thus to desolate and mar.
Angry words are lightly spoken,
Bitterest thoughts are rashly stirred;
Brightest links of life are broken
By a single angry word.

282.

"Let us Love one another."

P. M.

Musical Bouquet, 45.

- 1 **L**ET us love one another, not long may we stay,
 In this bleak world of mourning, so brief is
 life's day.
 Some fall ere 'tis noon, and few linger till eve,
 Oh! there breathes not a heart but leaves some
 one to grieve.
- 2 And the fondest, the purest, the truest that met,
 Ever found that we need to forgive and forget.
 Then, oh! though the hopes that we nourished
 decay,
 Let us love one another as long as we stay.
-

283.

Do Something.

P. M.

New Lute of Zion, 222.

- 1 **D**O something for each other—
 Though small the help may be;
 There's comfort oft in little things,
 Far more than others see!
 It takes the sorrow from the eye,
 It leaves the world less bare,
 If but a friendly hand comes nigh
 When friendly hands are rare!
 Then cheer the heart which toils each
 hour,
 Yet finds it hard to live;
 And though but little's in our power,
 That little let us give.

- 2 We know not what the humblest hand
If earnest may achieve ;
How many a sad anxiety
A trifle may relieve ;
We reck not how the aged poor
Drag on from day to day ;
When e'en the little that they need,
Costs more than they can pay !
Then cheer the heart, &c.
-

284.

Brotherly Love.

C. M.

Normal Singer, 159.

- 1 **H**OW sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those that love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfill his word !
- 2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part ;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.
- 3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love !
- 4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above ;
And he's a heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

285.

Fellowship.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 224.

- 1 OUR souls by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one :
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice :
'Tis heaven, on earth begun.
- 2 Our hearts have often burned within,
And glowed with sacred fire,
While Jesus spoke, and fed, and blessed,
And filled th' enlarged desire.
- 3 The little cloud increases still,
The heavens are big with rain ;
We haste to catch the teeming shower,
And all its moisture drain.
- 4 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows !
But pour a mighty flood ;
Oh ! sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God.
- 5 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown ;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own ;
- 6 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee face to face.

286.

Communion of Saints.

S. M.

Plymouth Collection, 227.

- 1 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love ;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
 - 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers ;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
 - 3 We share our mutual woes ;
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
 - 4 We're one in Christ our head,
In him we grow and thrive ;
Nor will he leave us with the dead
While he remains alive.
 - 5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way ;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.
-

287.

Christmas Carol.

7a.

New Lute of Zion, 170.

- 1 **L**ITTLE children, sweetly sing,
On this birthday of your King,
Now a joyous anthem raise,
In glad notes of grateful praise.

- 2 See, he leaves his Father's throne,
Lays aside his starry crown,
And to save the sons of men,
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Hark! a new song rends the sky,
"Glory be to God on high,
Peace on earth, good will to men,
Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 4 Angels now their chorus sing
While the heavenly arches ring
To the seraphs' glad "Amen,"
"Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 5 Children, catch the wondrous sound,
Let it peal the earth around,
Till all nations, tribes, and men,
Love the "Babe of Bethlehem."

Original words by a lady of the Lee Avenue Sunday-School.

288. Brightly Freedom's gifts are Strown. 7s.

School Singer, 150.

- 1 **B**RIGHTLY freedom's gifts are strown
O'er the land we call our own;
Grateful offerings here we bring,
Songs of sacred praises sing.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, **Amen.**
- 2 Praise the power that blessed our sires—
Bade them kindle freedom's fires—
Bade them bear the Ark of God
Through the fierce invading flood.
Hallelujah, &c.

- 3 Let the voice of joy be loud,
Echo deep from sky and cloud,
From the verdant mountain's side,
And where giant waters glide.
Hallelujah, &c.
- 4 Falls the sunlight o'er the land,
Rolls the wave upon the strand,
Nature's voice is glad and free,
So let freedom's anthems be,
Hallelujah, &c.
- 5 Praise that great and glorious name,
Voice of joy, and heart of flame !
Wake the sweet, the solemn lay,
Sing Jehovah's praise to day !
Hallelujah, &c.
-

289.

"Full of Boys and Girls."

C. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns 39.

- 1 A PROPHET of the olden time,
Saw in the coming years,
A sight within Jerusalem,
Which calmed his rising fears.
- 2 Jerusalem ! Jerusalem !
Her ways that mourned so long—
He saw them filled with boys and girls—
A playful, happy throng.
- 3 So may we see, with eye of faith,
Jerusalem above :
And hear the song that children sing,
In the thronged streets thereof.

4 From these, our Sabbath homes below,
 May thousand nestlings rise,
 To join their mates above, and swell
 The chorus of the skies.

5 Oh! who shall see that blissful sight?
 Who hear that angel choir?
 One hour were worth the toils of earth,
 Of which we often tire.

290.

Press Onward.

12s.

Shawm, 243.

- 1 **P**RESS onward, O Zion! the millions are calling
 From regions of death and the world's gloomy
 slumbers;
 Where nations are shaking, and idols are falling,
 And captives rejoice in their loud-sounding num-
 bers!
 Press onward! press onward! the day now is
 breaking,
 And Zion may conquer where millions are waking.
- 2 The promise, O Zion! to thee has been given,
 And written so changeless that nothing can
 alter!
 Bright, bright as the sun are the portals of heaven,
 For those who in duty ne'er wander nor falter!
 The promise is changeless! let the news of salva-
 tion
 Be borne on the winds to the most distant nation.

- 3 Thy Saviour, O Zion! thy strength and thy glory,
Is waiting to bless thee, o'er island and river,
Till the end of the earth shall rehearse the glad
story,
And rest in the brightness of heaven forever!
O Zion! awaken. Till in strength and in glory,
The end of the earth shall rehearse the glad story.
-

291.

Sweet is the Time of Spring.

S. M.

Shawm, 157.

- 1 SWEET is the time of spring,
When nature's charms appear;
The birds with ceaseless pleasure sing,
And hail the opening year:
But sweeter far, the spring
Of wisdom and of grace,
When children bless and praise their King,
Who loves the youthful race.
- 2 Sweet is the dawn of day,
When light just streaks the sky;
When shades and darkness pass away,
And morning's beams are nigh:
But sweeter far, the dawn
Of piety in youth;
When doubt and darkness are withdrawn
Before the light of truth.
- 3 Sweet is the early dew,
Which gilds the mountain tops,
And decks each plant and flower we view,
With pearly glittering drops.

But sweeter far, the scene
 On Zion's holy hill,
 When there the dew of youth is seen
 Its freshness to distill.

292. The Flowers are Preachers. 7s & 6s.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 23.

- 1 THE flowers are preachers, Frances ;
 Listen to what they say :
 "A few days on the hill-side,
 And then we pass away."
 - 2 So young life fleeteth, Frances ;
 And withers in its bloom—
 A few days of bright sunshine ;
 And then—the dusky tomb.
 - 3 But there's a life above us,
 Which never knows an end—
 Would you enjoy it, Frances ?
 Let Jesus be your friend.
-

293. The Blessing of the Eye. P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 42.

- 1 THE eye that saw me, blessed me,
 So said the man of old :
 Go give a boy a jacket,
 To shield him from the cold ;
 Go help the mourning widow,
 And still the orphan's cry,
 And thou shalt know what meaneth,
 The blessing of the eye.

2 The eye that saw me, blessed me,
 So said the liberal man :
Seek out the poor and needy,
 And help them all you can ;
And then, whene'er you meet them,
 As they are passing by,
A witness they will give you—
 The blessing of the eye.

3 The eye that saw me, blessed me ;
 Then there is nothing lost ;
For in that look there's something
 Which doubly pays the cost ;
Go thou, in wintry weather,
 And this expedient try,
And thou shalt find how rich is
 The blessing of the eye.

294.

Child's Invitation.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 83.

1 COME, go with me to Sabbath-school ;
 Yes, go ;
Don't be afraid of rain and snow ;
 To meet the storm on other days,
 You're very bold ;
 When pleasure bids you seek her ways,
Or business, then, through thick and thin,
You rush, scorning to be kept in,
 Through fear of taking cold.

2 Come, go with me to Sabbath-school;

Yes, go;

No matter if the wind does blow;

I never heard of any who

Got blown away,

Going to Sabbath-school, did you?

Oh! come along! your Bible bring;

You can not do a better thing

Upon the Sabbath day.

3 Come, go with me to Sabbath-school;

Yes, go;

Don't sit about here, moping so;

In the Lord's house doctrine distills,

Like drops of rain;

The sorrowing heart with comfort fills,

And lifts the soul, its sins forgiven,

Up to the very gate of heaven,

Never to droop again.

295.

The Pearl for Me.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 10.

1 THE world its fancied pearl may crave;

'Tis not the pearl for me;

'Twill dim its lustre in the grave,

Or perish in the sea;

But there's a pearl of price untold,

Which never can be bought with gold;

The sinking soul 'twill save;

Oh! that's the pearl for me!

2 The miser knocks at mammon's gate ;
 'Tis not the gate for me ;
From early morn till evening late,
 At his bolted door is he ;
But there's a gate that leads to bliss,
And he who knocks, in faith, at this,
 Will not be make to wait ;
 Oh ! that's the gate for me.

3 Pleasure may chant her siren song ;
 'Tis not the song for me ;
To weeping it will turn, ere long,
 For this is heaven's decree ;
But there's a song the ransomed sing
To Jesus, their exalted King,
 With joyful heart and tongue ;
 Oh ! that's the song for me !

296. The Sabbath-School Meeting. P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 88.

1 SABBATH-Schools must have their meeting,
 When the appointed time comes round ;
Surely 'tis a precious greeting,
 For the children there are found ;
'Tis not safe to pass it over,
 For the rain or for the snow ;
Children love their own dear meeting—
 Parents ! why not let them go ?

- 2 There they sing of Him who never
Thrust aside their precious claims,
But took children to his bosom,
As a shepherd doth his lambs ;
Some there were who tried to keep them,
Waiting till some other day ;
But the Lord, their zeal rebuking,
Told them of a better way.
- 3 There their hearts go up to heaven,
On the fragrant breath of prayer ;
Who shall say it is too early
For the children to be there ?
Jesus says : Why should they linger,
(Speaking from his throne above,)
Till they are a little older,
Since they're old enough to love ?
- 4 Oh ! then, let them have their meeting,
Be the weather foul or fair ;
So that when the Saviour calls them,
They may answer, " Here we are. "
Tell them they can't come too early
To their Friend who reigns above ;
For, ere they can lisp his praises,
They are old enough to love.

297.

Sister and I.

8s.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 16.

- 1 WE love to go to Sabbath-school,
Sister and I, sister and I ;
And be the weather foul or fair,
We purpose to be always there,
To listen to the opening prayer,
Sister and I, sister and I.
 - 2 Our teacher we do dearly love,
Sister and I, sister and I.
She comes and takes us by the hand,
And points us to the better land,
And tries to make us understand,
Sister and I, sister and I.
 - 3 Our father, mother, too, we love,
Sister and I, sister and I ;
While many boys and girls there are,
Whose parents for them do not care,
We of the good things richly share,
Sister and I, sister and I.
 - 4 We ought to love the Saviour most,
Sister and I, sister and I ;
For if we love and serve him best,
In his own bosom we shall rest,
And be in heaven forever blest,
Sister and I, sister and I.
-

298.

The Sabbath Day.

C. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 11

- 1 WHY is it that you make me pack
My playthings all away,
And always tell me to keep still,
Upon the Sabbath-day ?

- 2 Because it is God's holy rest—
The day which he has given,
From which we must shut out the world,
And think of him and heaven.
- 3 He never told me it was wrong
To run about and play,
Or talk and laugh, just as I would
On any other day.
- 4 But God charged *me* his day to keep,
And bade me tell to you,
Which solemnly I promised him
That I would surely do.
- 5 Mother, if you have promised God,
I surely will obey,
And ne'er again for playthings ask,
Upon the Sabbath-day.
-

299.

The Pearl of great Price.

C. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 90.

- 1 I WISH that I could find the pearl
For which so many sigh ;
But 'tis so rarely to be found,
I have no heart to try.
- 2 What would you do with such a prize,
If you should find it now ?
You could not bind it on your arm,
Or wear it on your brow.

- 3 I know it; but I'm sure I ne'er
 Would barter it away,
For all the toys that earth can give,
 Which glitter for a day.
- 4 Alas! my child, too many do,
 And wish they'd ne'er been born;
This pearl—what can it do for you?
 And where must it be worn?
- 5 They say 'twill ope the gate of heaven
 To him who lingers there;
And I must wear it on my heart,
 With watchfulness and prayer.
- 6 It is not far from thee, my child,
 That pearl of price unknown:
Look to the cross where Jesus hangs,
 And make it all thine own.
- 7 I see it now! just like a star
 Dropped from the arch above;
I feel its glow upon my head!
 O mother! is it love?
- 8 Yes, it is *love* whose earliest thrill
 Brings peace into the soul;
Love to the bleeding Lamb which makes
 The burdened spirit whole.

300.

Is it well with the Child?

C. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 23.

CHILD.

- 1 OH! where is little brother gone,
Whom you watched over till he died?
O mother! can you tell me who
Will tend him on the other side?

MOTHER.

- 2 The other side of what, my child?
Pray tell me what you mean by this;
For baby's buried in the ground,
And the dark grave his cradle is.

CHILD.

- 3 The other side of death, I mean,
Where, as you told me, spirits are;
Baby was such a tiny thing,
O mother! who will tend him there?

MOTHER.

- 4 Jesus will take him in his arms—
I trust he's one of his forgiven—
And he shall grow to be a man,
And learn to talk and sing in heaven.

CHILD.

- 5 Has Jesus taken baby home,
Never to cry or die again?
Then, though I miss him every day,
I will not of the Lord complain.

301.

The Happy New Year.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 23.

- 1 **D**EAR pastor, and teachers, and friends,
In behalf of our school we appear,
To thank you for all your kind acts,
And to wish you a happy New Year;
The Sabbath-school highly we prize;
And if its first founder were here,
We would say to the good Mr. RAIKES,
"We wish you a happy New Year."
- 2 A happy New Year to all those
Who always are found in their place;
Who never are tardy or dull,
But mind what their kind teacher says;
And a happy New Year, if we may,
To those who believe it no crime
To whisper and play in the school;
But they must do better next time.
- 3 A happy New Year to the young
Who honor their father and mother,
Who speak truthful, kind, loving words
And never will speak any other;
And a happy New Year for all such
As over their tongues keep no guard;
But they must remember, meanwhile,
That the way of transgressors is hard.
- 4 A happy New Year to the good,
Who love the dear Saviour indeed,
For he has recorded his pledge
To give them whatever they need;
Yes, a happy New Year to the good;
And when they from earth pass away,
They shall enter his rest, and enjoy
A happy New Year for aye.

302.

The Children at Home.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 17.

- 1 FAR over the ocean, our teachers oft say,
Dwell millions on millions who know not *the*
way;
They bow down to idols, they ne'er saw the star
That hung over Bethlehem when Jesus was there.
- 2 For these monthly concerts are held; and we
know
That it can not be wrong for the Church to do so;
But we can not help thinking, when hither they
come,
That they sometimes forget the dear children at
home.
- 3 Far out on the prairies, and mountains of gold,
The nations are gathering, in numbers untold;
And they have no Gospel, and choose to have
none,
Content if the Christians will let them alone.
- 4 For these there is prayer, and we would not say
nay,
But when they kneel down, with their faces that
way,
And think of the men who the wilderness roam;
May they never forget the dear children at home.
- 5 Come then to our concert, nor think us too young
To love the dear Saviour, or sing the new song;
Oh! what will become of the world, by and by,
If we are not called ere the old people die?

- 6 Oh! that was a vision to quiet alarms,
When Jesus appeared, with a child in his arms!
He keeps those who love him, wherever they
 roam;
But he never forgets the dear children at home.
-

303.

Strew the Sweet Flowers.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 6.

- 1 STREW the sweet flowers on prayer's holy altar,
Where often the tears of entreaty were shed,
For the same voice that said, "Let your faith never
 falter,"
Hath called back the wandering, and wakened
 the dead;
Strew the sweet flowers on prayer's holy
 altar,
Where often the tears of entreaty were
 shed.
- 2 Sing to the glory of sovereign compassion,
For no arm can save but the arm of the Lord,
Our fears are all hushed when the song of salvation
Is heard from the lips of our brothers restored.
Sing to the glory, &c.
- 3 Blest Redeemer, we pledge thee forever
Our time and our talents, *the dew of youth*,
Let thy spirit attend every earnest endeavor,
To live in thy love and rejoice in thy truth.
Blest Redeemer, &c.

304.

The Truth Maketh Free.

L. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 33.

- 1 **T**RUTH we have oftentimes been told,
Is none the worse for being old;
For being old ! it might be sung,
For being old ! it might be sung
More truly that she's always young.
 - 2 Time plants no wrinkles on her brow—
She is as youthful even now,
As when, arrayed in robes of light,
As when, arrayed in robes of light,
She rose on chaos and old night.
 - 3 The powers of darkness, from her birth,
Have vexed and chased her round the earth;
But still unharmed, she lives and shines,
But still unharmed, she lives and shines,
In spite of all their base designs.
 - 4 As well might darkling owls essay,
To blot from heaven the orb of day ;
Truth lives—and will, eternally,
Truth lives—and will, eternally ;
Blest is the man whom she makes free.
-

305.

The Song of the Infants.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 52.

- 1 **S**OME call us the infants,
Our life just begun ;
Some call us the fathers,
They must be in fun ;

Some wish we were many,
Yet others, we guess,
When we're in a frolic,
Most wish we were less.

2 Some say, while they call us
Such wee bits of things,
We're what men are made of,
The priests and the kings;
Whatever we may be,
We're sure of one thing;
That you are our Shepherd,
And we're here to sing.

3 We bring the bright pennies;
They're little, we know;
But, love going with them,
To dollars they'll grow;
As much as this, surely,
We children can see;
If there were no pennies,
No dollars there'd be.

306.

Say Why?

P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 56.

1 **W**HY is it that the little child
Opens its sparkling eyes
On its fond parents for a day,
Then, plumes its wings and flies
Upward, just like a tiny bird,
Whose glittering wing is seen, not heard?
Say why?

- 2 Why lieth it upon its bed,
And suffereth awhile—
Then quits its feeble hold on life.
Leaving it with a smile?
Oh! 'tis to win those parents fond,
To something bright this earth beyond;
That's why.
-

307.

A Little While.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 69.

- 1 **A** LITTLE while, saith yonder sun,
And my career of light is run;
The moon sends back the sad reply,
And all the stars that deck the sky—
“A little while.”
- 2 The cedars of Mount Lebanon,
The mighty rivers flowing on,
The teeming earth, the circling years,
Upon them all this word appears—
“A little while.”
- 3 O thou vain man! who look'st abroad
Upon these mighty works of God,
Canst thou from death exemption claim?
Ah! no, the word is still the same—
“A little while.”
- 4 Child, in the Sabbath-school, though now
The flush of life is on thy brow,
Yet gayly, as thou passest by,
Plainly the warning I descry—
“A little while.”

308.

The Sabbath-School a Refuge.

P. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 65.

- 1 OH! the Sabbath-school's a refuge,
Into which the weary run;
'Tis the shadow of a towering rock,
Where the flocks do rest at noon;
'Tis a green spot in the desert,
Where the welling fountains play:
Oh! lead me to the Sabbath-school,
Why should I stay away?
- 2 Yes, there's a living fountain,
In that sweet resting place;
And they say we ne'er shall thirst again,
If we those waters taste;
On the brink an angel sitteth,
Well pleased to see us draw;
His eye is like the morning star—
The star that Jacob saw.
- 3 And here are the trees of Elim,
Which bear all kinds of fruit,
The orange and the pomegranate,
Each varying taste to suit—
And the grapes of Eshcol, hanging
In clusters from the vine,
Which make the lips of those that sleep,
To speak in words divine.
- 4 Here, Love, and Faith, and Patience,
And all the graces stand,
To guide our erring feet and point
Us to that better land;
Oh! come then, all ye children,
And all ye elders too!
Come, see where the flocks do rest at noon;
There's room enough for you.

309.

The Boy's Wish.

L. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 66.

- 1 I READ about a man that wore
 The whole world's diadem ;
 And thought how happy I should be,
 If I could rule like him ;
 But, in another book, I found,
 Written, I'm sure, for me,
*That one who his own spirit rules,
 Is a greater man than he.*
- 2 I said, I'll be a *greater* man,
 And think no more of him
 Who striveth for the mastery,
 And wears a diadem ;
 I'll study more the *better Book*,
 Written, I'm sure, for me ;
 If I my passions can control,
 I shall a conqueror be.
-

310.

The Child's Reward.

7s & 6s.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 75.

- 1 OUR good superintendent,
 Last Sabbath I heard say,
 That he would give a Bible
 To any there that day,
 Who would get ten new scholars,
 To come to school and *stay*.
- 2 Next day I went about it
 As fast as I could run ;
 One girl's clothes were not ready,
 One little boy had none ;
 But here is little Georgy,
 He shall be *number one*.

3 Next Sabbath I'll bring Annie,
Her dress will ready be ;
And I will beg a jacket
For Jemmy, and you'll see
How bright a little fellow
Will be my *number three*.

4 Should little ones be wanting,
I mean to ask the men ;
And if they make excuses,
Why, then I'll ask again ;
And thus I shall keep trying,
Till I've made up *my ten*.

5 And when I get my Bible,
I mean to read it through :
And, may be, little Jemmy,
Will learn to read it too ;
I know the Lord will love me
If any good I do.

6 And if the Lord will help me,
In this my time of need,
And to my invitations
Incline them to take heed,
I will sincerely thank him,
When I my Bible read.

311.

"One Thing is needful."

L. M.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 79.

1 ONE thing is needful in this world,
Above all other things—
Needful for children as for men,
For subjects as for kings.

- 2 Needful, upon the bed of pain,
When sickness lays thee there,
To teach thee God's afflicting rod
Submissively to bear.
- 3 Needful, when the great tempter comes
To turn thee from the way,
To give thee weapons, heart and hand,
That thou may'st win the day.
- 4 Needful, to shed its radiance o'er
Adversity's dark hour,
And kindle up its beacon light
On Jordan's farther shore.
- 5 One thing is needful—one alone.
In this our mortal state—
Oh! seek it, thoughtless child, even now,
Before it is too late.
-

312.

Song of the Mites.

6s & 5s.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 85.

- 1 THE mites have the blessing,
The millions have naught;
Our faith thus expressing,
Our gift we have brought;
Had we followed love's promptings,
It might have been such
As to forfeit the promise
By giving too much.
- 2 The mites have the blessing;
Oh! when shall we learn
The first Gospel lesson,
And from the world turn;

And leave to the miser
His golden delights?
Far better and wiser
With our blessed mites.

313.

Prayer Answered.

8s & 7s.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 59.

- 1 **W**ENT we forth from this place weeping,
When the precious seed was sown;
Now, the Lord, his promise keeping,
Brings us back, his grace to own.
- 2 What a harvest he has granted!
Scarce our wondering heart believes;
We in tears, in weakness planted;
He in strength has given the sheaves.
- 3 Yes, we come, with joy and gladness;
Blessed, according to his word;
Gone is all our grief and sadness,
Felt in view of hope deferred.
- 4 Now, in heart and soul united,
We will tune our voice to praise;
Lord, to thee our faith is plighted,
For the remnant of our days.
- 5 Now that seed, so precious, bearing,
Once again thy word will prove;
Thou canst make the most uncaring
Melt in view of dying love.
- 6 Keep the flame within us burning;
Saviour, let thy kingdom come;
And may we, again returning,
Bring a richer harvest home.



314.

Teacher's Illness.

L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 119.

- 1 WE thank thee, Lord, that here again,
In health so many meet to-day:
And yet, on beds of lingering pain,
How many pass these hours away!
- 2 And one, who loved with us to meet,
And in this cherished work to aid,
Is absent from the accustomed seat—
Upon a bed of sickness laid.

- 3 Behold thy smitten servant, Lord;
Send mercy in this time of need :
If thou but speak the sovereign word,
Disease, and pain, and death give heed.
- 4 Back to these walks of usefulness,
And every precious work of faith,
Restore that sufferer, in thy grace,
Redeemed from sickness and from death.
- 5 And yet, submissive to thy will,
Our prayer is offered at thy throne :
If death its errand must fulfill,
Teach us to say, "Thy will be done."
- 6 With thine own presence fill the place
That witnesses that closing strife :
There let the triumphs of thy grace
Surpass the highest joys of life.
-

315.

Scholar's Illness.

L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 119.

- 1 **WE** pray for one, who with us here,
On Sabbaths past, was wont to come;
Around whose bed, in hope and fear,
Are gathered now the loved of home.
- 2 O Lord! the secrets of disease
Are all within thy sovereign power;
And so thou canst, with equal ease,
Send life or death at any hour.

- 3 To means for healing, do thou give
The power thy blessing ever lends;
In mercy bid the sufferer live,
Restored to health and anxious friends.
- 4 Yet, if thou otherwise ordain,
And take away that fleeting breath,
Oh! give relief from torturing pain,
And fitness for approaching death.
- 5 And, gracious Lord! let those in health
Take warning to be ready, too;
Lest death's sad visit come by stealth,
And every blessed hope undo.
-

316.

"Time is Winging us Away." 7s & 6s.

Plymouth Collection, 370

- 1 TIME is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
Youth and vigor soon will flee,
Blooming beauty lose its charms;
All that's mortal soon will be
Inclosed in death's cold arms.
- 2 Time is winging us away
To our eternal home;
Life is but a winter's day,
A journey to the tomb.
But the Christian shall enjoy
Health and beauty soon above,
Far beyond the world's alloy,
Sure in Jesus' love.

317.

"Thy Will be Done." L. M., or P. M

Plymouth Collection, 414.

- 1 "Thy will be done!" In devious way
The hurrying stream of life may run;
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say,
"Thy will be done."
 - 2 "Thy will be done." If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a prosperous sun,
This prayer will make it more divine—
"Thy will be done."
 - 3 "Thy will be done!" Though shrouded o'er
Our path with gloom, one comfort—one
Is ours—to breathe, while we adore,
"Thy will be done."
-

318.

Hark! on my Pathway.

10a.

- 1 **H**ARK! on my pathway Eternity treads,
And quickly time must the journey close;
But Jesus the light of hope on me sheds,
In him doth it centre, on him repose.
- 2 Since thou hast thyself, with thine holy oil
Provided my lamp, kept burning the light,
I shall obey without fear at thy call:
Hasten, Saviour, hasten the hour of night.
- 3 No! nothing in you can now me arrest—
O world! O time! from henceforth I am free!
Exhausted, beneath the cross is my rest,
And lo! in the vista Eternity!

319. There is a Harp whose Thrilling Sound. L. M.

Plymouth Collection, 393.

- 1 **T**HERE is a harp whose thrilling sound
 Swells through the choir of heaven above;
'Mid the blue arch the notes resound,
 While angels catch the song of love.
 - 2 'Tis when beyond this vale of tears,
 A sainted spirit wings its way;
And pure before the throne appears
 In robes of bright ethereal day.
 - 3 Hark! the glad shout of sacred joy,
 In choral numbers loud and long;
Th' angel host their harps employ,
 And hallelujahs swell the song.
-

320. Oh! Sing to me of Heaven. S. M.

New Lute of Zion, 327.

- 1 **O**H! sing to me of heaven,
 When I am called to die!
Sing songs of holy ecstasy,
 To waft my soul on high.
- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
 Roll off my marble brow,
Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,
 Let heaven begin below.
- 3 When the last moment comes,
 Oh! watch my dying face,
And catch the bright, seraphic gleam
 Which o'er each feature plays.

- 4 Then to my raptured ears
Let one sweet song be given;
Let music charm me last on earth,
And greet me first in heaven.
- 5 Then round my senseless clay
Assemble those I love,
And sing of heaven, delightful heaven,
My glorious home above.
-

321.

The Prodigal's Return.

C. M.

New Lute of Zion, 325.

- 1 AFFLICTIONS, though they seem severe,
In mercy oft are sent;
They stopped the prodigal's career,
And caused him to repent.
I'll die no more for bread, he cried,
Nor starve in foreign lands;
My Father's house has large supplies,
And bounteous are his hands.
- 2 What have I gained by sin, he said,
But hunger, shame, and fear?
My Father's house abounds with bread,
While I am starving here.
I'll die no more for bread, &c.
- 3 I'll go and tell him all I've done,
Fall down before his face,
Unworthy to be called his son,
I'll seek a servant's place.
I'll die no more for bread, &c.

- 4 His Father saw him coming back :
 He saw, and ran, and smiled,
 And threw his arms around the neck
 Of his rebellious child.
 I'll die no more for bread, &c.
- 5 "Father I've sinned, but oh! forgive!"
 Enough! the Father said:
 Rejoice, my house, my son's alive,
 For whom I mourned as dead.
 I'll die no more for bread, &c.
- 6 Now let the fatted calf be slain,
 And spread the news around :
 My son was dead, and lives again,
 Was lost, but now is found.
 I'll die no more for bread, &c.
- 7 'Tis thus the Lord his love reveals,
 To call poor sinners home ;
 More than a Father's love he feels,
 And welcomes all that come.
 I'll die no more for bread, &c.
-

322.

The Chariot.

12a.

New Lute of Zion, 333.

- 1 THE chariot! the chariot! the wheels roll in fire,
 As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of his
 ire;
 Lo! self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
 And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are
 bowed.

- 2 The glory! the glory! around him arrayed,
Mighty hosts of the angels now wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-leaves of victory wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all
heard:
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are
stirred!
From the sea, from the earth, from the south, from
the north,
All the vast generations of men are come forth.
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all
set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested elders are
met!
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the *doom* of eternity hangs on his word.
- 5 O mercy! O mercy! look down from above,
Great Creator, on us, thy sad children, with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are
driven,
May our justified souls find a welcome in heaven.

323.

Burst, ye Emerald Gates.

7s & 6s.

New Lute of Zion, 333.

- 1 BURST, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my enraptured vision
All the ecstatic joys that spring
Round the bright Elysium!
Lo, we lift our longing eyes:
Break, ye intervening skies,
Sons of righteousness, arise!
Ope the gates of paradise.

- 2 Floods of everlasting light
 Freely flash before him :
 Myriads, with supreme delight,
 Instantly adore him ;
 Angel trumps resound his fame :
 Lutes of lucid gold proclaim
 All the music of his name,
 Heaven echoing the theme.
- 3 Four-and-twenty elders rise
 From their princely station ;
 Shout his glorious victories,
 Sing the great salvation ;
 Cast their crowns before his throne,
 Cry in reverential tones,
 Glory be to God alone,
 Holy ! Holy ! Holy One !
- 4 Hark ! the thrilling symphonies
 Seem, methinks, to seize us ;
 Join we, too, the holy lays,
 Jesus, Jesus, Jesus !
 Sweetest sound in seraphs' song,
 Sweetest note on mortal tongue,
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, Jesus, flow along.
-

324. How Calm and Beautiful the Morn. P. M.

New Lute of Zion, 236.

- 1 **H**OW calm and beautiful the morn
 That gilds the sacred tomb,
 Where once the Crucified was borne,
 And veiled in midnight gloom !
 Oh ! weep no more the Saviour slain ;
 The Lord is risen—He lives again.

- 2 Ye mourning saints, dry every tear
For your departed Lord ;
" Behold the place—He is not here,"
The tomb is all unbarred ;
The gates of death were closed in vain ;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.
- 3 Now cheerful to the house of prayer
Your early footsteps bend,
The Saviour will himself be there,
Your advocate and friend :
Once by the law your hopes were slain,
But now in Christ ye live again.
- 4 How tranquil now the rising day !
'Tis Jesus still appears,
A risen Lord to chase away
Your unbelieving fears !
Oh ! weep no more your comforts slain ;
The Lord is risen—he lives again.
- 5 And when the shades of evening fall,
When life's last hour draws nigh,
If Jesus shines upon the soul,
How blissful then to die !
Since He has risen who once was slain,
Ye die in Christ to live again.
-

325. Come, let us Join our Friends Above. C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 72.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love,
To joys celestial rise ;

Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
 With those to glory gone ;
 For all the servants of our King,
 In earth and heaven, are one.

2 One family, we dwell in him,
 One church above, beneath,
 Though now divided by the stream,
 The narrow stream of death ;
 One army of the living God,
 To his command we bow ;
 Part of the host has crossed the flood,
 And part is crossing now.

3 How many to their endless home
 This solemn moment fly !
 And we are to the margin come,
 And we expect to die ;
 His militant, embodied host,
 With wishful looks we stand,
 And long to see that happy coast,
 And reach the heavenly land.

326.

Heavenly Anticipation.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 396.

- 1 O MOTHER dear ! Jerusalem !
 When shall I come to thee ?
 When shall my sorrows have an end ?
 Thy joys, when shall I see ?
- 2 O happy harbor of God's saints !
 O sweet and pleasant soil !
 In thee no sorrow can be found,
 Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

- 3 No dimly cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
- 4 Thy walls are made of precious stone,
Thy bulwarks diamond-square;
Thy gates are all of orient pearl—
O God! if I were there.
- 5 O my sweet home! Jerusalem!
Thy joys when shall I see?
The King that sitteth on thy throne,
In his felicity?
- 6 Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.
- 7 Right through thy streets, with pleasing sound,
The flood of life doth flow;
And on the banks, on either side,
The trees of life do grow.
- 8 Those trees each month yield ripened fruit:
For evermore they spring;
And all the nations of the earth
To thee their honors bring.
- 9 O mother dear! Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end?
Thy joys, when shall I see?

327.

Heavenly Anticipation.

12s & 11s

Plymouth Collection, 409.

- 1 **H**OW sweet to reflect on the joys that await me,
 In yon blissful region, the haven of rest,
 Where glorified spirits with welcome shall greet
 me,
 And lead me to mansions prepared for the blest ;
 Encircled with light, and with glory enshrouded,
 My happiness perfect, my mind's sky unclouded,
 I'll bathe in the ocean of pleasure unbounded,
 And range with delight through the Eden of
 love.
- 2 While angelic legions, with harps tuned celestial,
 Harmoniously join in the concert of praise,
 The saints, as they flock from the regions terres-
 trial,
 In loud hallelujahs their voices will raise ;
 Then songs to the Lamb shall reëcho through
 heaven,
 My soul will respond, To Immanuel be given
 All glory, all honor, all might and dominion,
 Who brought us, through grace, to the Eden of
 love.
- 3 Then hail, blessed state ! hail, ye songsters of
 glory !
 Ye harpers of bliss ! soon I'll meet you above,
 And join your full choir in rehearsing the story,
 " Salvation from sorrow, through Jesus's love ;"
 Though prisoned in earth, yet by anticipation,
 Already my soul feels a sweet prelibation
 Of joys that await me when freed from probation ;
 My heart's now in heaven, the Eden of love.

328.

Breathing after the Spirit.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 153.

- 1 COME, holy Spirit! heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
 - 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls can neither fly nor go
To reach eternal joys.
 - 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
 - 4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor, dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
 - 5 Come, holy Spirit! heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.
-

329.

But Two Ways.

C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book

- 1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow but pleasant is the road,
And Christians love the way.

- 2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be passed ;
But those who boldly walk therein
Will come to heaven at last.
- 3 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair,
And many turn aside, I know,
To walk with sinners there.
- 4 But, lest my feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from thy way,
Lord ! condescend to be my guide,
And I shall never stray.

330.

The Surrender.

8s, 7s, & 4.

Plymouth Collection, 206.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,
Welcome to this heart of mine ;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be thine,
Thine entirely,
Through eternal ages thine.

331.

Prayer for a Revival.

8s, 7s,

Plymouth Collection, 274.

- 1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation :
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain !
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us ;
All our help must come from thee.
- 2 Keep no longer at a distance ;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.

- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,
Make us prevalent in prayers,
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
-

332. Welcome, Days of Solemn Meeting. 8s, 7s & 4.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 149.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, days of solemn meeting !
Welcome, days of praise and prayer !
Far from earthly scenes retreating,
In your blessings we would share—
Sacred seasons,
In your blessings we would share.
- 2 Be thou near us, blessed Saviour,
Still at morn and eve the same ;
Give us faith that can not waver ;
Kindle in us heaven's own flame—
Blessed Saviour,
Kindle in us heaven's own flame.
- 3 When the fervent prayer is glowing,
Holy Spirit, hear that prayer ;
When the song of praise is flowing,
Let that song thine impress bear—
Holy Spirit,
Let that song thine impress bear.

333.

Charity.

8s & 7s

Musical Bouquet, 149.

- 1 **M**EEEK and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "blessed three,"
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity!
Pity dwelleth in thy bosom,
Kindness reigneth o'er thy heart,
Gentle thoughts alone can sway thee,
Judgment hath in thee no part.
Meek and lowly, pure and holy,
Chief among the "blessed three,"
Turning sadness into gladness,
Heaven-born art thou, Charity.
- 2 Hoping ever, failing never,
Though deceived, believing still;
Long abiding, all confiding,
To thy heavenly Father's will:
Never weary of well-doing,
Never fearful of the end;
Claiming all mankind as brothers,
Thou dost all alike befriend.
Meek and lowly, &c.
-

334.

Patience.

8s & 7s.

Musical Gems, 41.

- 1 **P**ATIENCE, bright and happy spirit,
Sent from heaven to light the earth,
Lead us onward, we would follow,
Guide of high celestial birth;

Thou wilt help us scale the mountains,
Thou wilt help us stem the flood ;
Thou wilt give us full-blown flowers
From the slowly opening bud.

- 2 All the starry hosts of heaven,
Ne'er yet seen by mortal eye,
Are to thy true follower given ;
All that creep, or swim, or fly,
All the secrets of creation,
All that caves of ocean bear ;
All the lore of every nation,
Patience, thou dost freely share.
-

335.

Hope.

8s & 7s.

Musical Bouquet, 151.

- 1 **M**OURNER! why this fruitless sorrow !
Let me soothe thee with my lay ;
Darkest night hath brightest morrow,
So shall sadness pass away.
Heavy is thy heart with anguish,
Sorely are thy thoughts oppressed ;
Mourner ! wherefore dost thou languish ?
I am here to give thee rest,
- 2 My blest mission is from heaven,
Thither let thy thoughts ascend ;
Free thy heart from earthly leaven,
Thou shalt know me as thy friend ;
Be thy prayers and adorations
Made unto that bright abode ;
I will lead thy aspirations
To the temple of thy God.

336.

Prayer, Sweet Prayer.

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 10.

- 1 **W**HEN torn is the bosom with sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like
prayer ;
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet sustains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains ;
Prayer, prayer, O sweet prayer !
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer.
- 2 When far from the friends we hold dearest we part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart ;
Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are
there—
How hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.
- 3 When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The syren sings sweetly or silently charms,
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare,
In looking to Jesus we conquer by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.
- 4 While strangers to prayer we are strangers to
bliss ;
Heaven pours its full streams through no medium
but this ;
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of joy must be guarded by prayer.
Prayer, prayer, &c.



337.

The Orphan's Prayer.

P. M.

Dulcimer, 248.

- 1 I LOVE to stay where my mother sleeps,
And gaze on each star as it twinkling peeps
Through that bending willow which lonely weeps
O'er my mother's grave, &c.
- 2 I love to kneel on the green turf there,
Afar from the scene of my daily care,
And breathe to my Saviour my evening prayer,
O'er my mother's grave, &c.
- 3 I still remember how oft she led
And knelt me by her, as with God she plead
That I might be his when the clod was spread
O'er my mother's grave, &c.
- 4 I love to think how 'neath the ground
She slumbers in death as a captive bound—
She'll slumber no more when the trump shall
sound,
O'er my mother's grave, &c.

338.

One of our Number Taken.

8s & 7s.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 98.

- 1 ONE sweet flower has drooped and faded,
One sweet youthful voice has fled
One fair brow the grave has shaded,
One dear schoolmate now is dead.
- 2 But we feel no thought of sadness,
For our friend is happy now ;
She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
Where the blessed angels bow.
- 3 *She* has gone to heaven before us,
But *she* turns and waves *her* hand,
Pointing to the glories o'er us,
In that happy spirit land.
- 4 May our footsteps never falter,
In the path that *she* has trod ;
May we worship at the altar
Of the great and living God.
- 5 Lord ! may angels watch above us,
Keep us all from error free ;
May they guard, and guide, and love us,
Till, like *her*, we go to thee.

339.

Death of a Scholar.

C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 128.

- 1 DEATH has been here, and borne away
A [sister]* from our side ;
Just in the morning of [her]† day,
As young as we [she]‡ died.

* Or brother.

† Or his.

‡ Or he.

- 2 Not long ago [she] filled [her] place,
And sat with us to learn;
But [she] has run [her] mortal race,
And never can return.
- 3 Perhaps our time may be as short,
Our days may fly as fast;
O Lord! impress the solemn thought
That this may be our last.
- 4 We can not tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first!—oh! may we all
Prepare to meet our God.
- 5 All needful help is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

340. Where we oft have Met in Gladness. 8s, 7s, 4s.

Bradbury's S. S. Choir, 76.

- 1 **W**HERE we oft have met in gladness,
On the holy Sabbath day,
Slowly now, with tearful sadness,
Each pursues his lonely way;
Tears are falling,
On this holy Sabbath day.
- 2 One we loved has left our number,
For the dark and silent tomb—
Closed [his]* eyes in deathless slumber,
Faded in [his] early bloom;
Hear us, Saviour!
Thou hast blest the lonely tomb.

* Or her.

- 3 Through its dark and narrow portal,
Once they bore thee to thy rest;
There a ray of light immortal,
Like a sunbeam from the west,
Burst the shadows,
And the grave thenceforth was blest.
- 4 By the light that thus was given
To the darkness of the tomb,
By the blessed light of heaven,
Gilding scenes of earthly gloom,
Star of gladness!
All our night with joy illumine.
- 5 From our circle, dearest brother,
Early hast thou passed away;
But the angels say, "Another
Joins our holy song to-day."
Weep no longer!
Join with them the sacred lay.
-

341.

Death of a Teacher.

L. M

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 119.

- 1 THE voice is hushed—the gentle voice
That told us of a Saviour's love,
And made our youthful hearts rejoice,
In hope of heaven, our home above
- 2 The eye is dim—the loving eye
That beamed so fondly on us here;
Sealed up in death, the anxious sigh
No more bedews it with a tear.

- 3 But in the land beyond the grave,
That voice will swell, in rapturous tone,
The song to Him who died to save,
And bring the weary traveller home.
 - 4 That eye, with holy radiance bright,
Shall kindle, like the stars of even,
Like them shall pierce the shades of night,
And sweetly shine on us from heaven.
 - 5 That brow shall wear its glittering crown,
When sun and stars no more shall shine;
When death shall lay his sceptre down—
The grave her empire shall resign.
 - 6 Then let us weep as Jesus wept—
Hallowed by love each gentle sigh;
Since in the grave our Saviour slept,
The Christian need not fear to die.
-

342.

Sleeping in Jesus.

C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 119.

- 1 **A** SLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh! how sweet,
To be for such a slumber meet!
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his cruel sting.
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be;
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.
- 5 Asleep in Jesus! far from thee,
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But there is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.
-

343. Why do we Mourn Departing Friends. C. M.

Bradbury's School Singer, 164.

- 1 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarm?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms.
- 2 Are we not tending upwards too
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow
To keep us from our love.
- 3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And left a long perfume.
- 4 The graves of all his saints he blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with their dying Head?

- 5 Thence he arose, ascended high,
And showed our feet the way ;
Up to the Lord our souls shall fly
At the great rising day.
- 6 Then let the last trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise.
Awake, ye nations under ground ;
Ye saints, ascend the skies.
-

344.

The Happy World.

S. H. M.

School Singer, 173.

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs ;
Who hath not lost a friend ?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end !
Were this frail world our final rest,
Living or dying none were blest.
- 2 There is a world above,
Where parting is unknown ;
A long eternity of love,
Formed for the good alone !
And faith beholds the dying here,
Translated to that glorious sphere !
-

345.

There'll be no Parting there !

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 59.

- 1 HERE we meet to part again,
But when we meet on Canaan's plain,
There'll be no parting there,
In that bright world above,
Shout ! shout the victory !
We're on our journey home !

- 2 Here we meet to part again,
But when a seat in heaven we gain,
There'll be, &c.
- 3 Here we meet to part again,
But there we shall with Jesus reign.
There'll be, &c.
- 4 Here we meet to part again,
But when we join the heavenly train,
There'll be, &c.
-

346.

Farewell to a Scholar.

L M

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 150.

- 1 WE offer, Lord, an humble prayer,
And thank thee for thy grace bestowed,
In leading one beneath our care,
Thus far in wisdom's pleasant road.
- 2 What trials to his lot may fall,
What toilsome duties to fulfill,
We do not know; but in them all,
Be thou his strength and comfort still.
- 3 May Jesus be his constant friend,
The Bible his support and stay;
And may thy Spirit, Lord, descend,
To bless and guide him day by day.

347. How Pleasant thus to Dwell Below. P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 6.

- 1 **H**OW pleasant thus to dwell below,
In fellowship of love ;
And though we part, 'tis bliss to know
The good shall meet above.
Oh ! that will be joyful, joyful, joyful !
Oh ! that will be joyful,
To meet to part no more.
To meet to part no more,
On Canaan's happy shore,
And sing the everlasting song,
With those who've gone before.
- 2 Yes, happy thought ! when we are free
From earthly grief and pain,
In heaven we shall each other see,
And never part again.
Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.
- 3 The children who have loved the Lord
Shall hail their teachers there ;
And teachers gain the rich reward
Of all their toil and care.
Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.
- 4 Then let us each, in strength divine,
Still walk in wisdom's ways ;
That we with those we love may join
In never-ending praise.
Oh ! that will be joyful ! &c.

348.

The Happy Meeting.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns. 10.

- 1 **H**ERE we suffer grief and pain,
Here we meet to part again,
In heaven we part no more.
Oh! that will be joyful!
Joyful, joyful, joyful!
Oh! that will be joyful!
When we meet to part no more.
- 2 All who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.
Oh! that will be joyful! &c.
- 3 *Little children* will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer,
From *every* Sunday-school.
Oh! that will be joyful! &c.
- 4 *Teachers*, too, shall meet above,
And our *Pastors*, whom we love,
Shall meet to part no more.
Oh! that will be joyful! &c.
- 5 Oh! how happy we shall be!
For our Saviour we shall see,
Exalted on his throne.
Oh! that will be joyful! &c.
- 6 There we all shall sing with joy,
And eternity employ
In praising Christ, the Lord.
Oh! that will be joyful! &c.

349.

Dear Father, ere we Part.

H. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 32.

- 1 DEAR Father, ere we part,
Now let thy grace descend,
And fill our youthful heart
With peace from Christ our friend.
May showers of blessings from above,
Descend and fill our hearts with love.
- 2 May we in after years,
With gratitude review
The service of this day,
The work we now pursue,
And speed our way to worlds above,
With hearts all fired with holy love.
- 3 We know that soon on earth
The fondest ties must end—
Our own most cherished hopes
To death's cold hand must bend;
The fairest flowers in all their bloom,
Must soon lie withered in the tomb.
- 4 Then when our spirits leave
These tenements of clay,
May they to God who gave,
Ascend, in endless day.
And sing with parents, teachers, friends,
That anthem sweet which never ends.

350.

Parting Hymn.

8s & 7s

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 105.

- 1 PLEASE to watch us, blessed Saviour,
As we leave our "Sabbath Home ;"
Guide and keep us from all danger,
Till again to thee we come.
- 2 Though we very often wander
In the paths of vice and sin,
Yet we pray that thou would'st hear us,
Cleanse and make us pure within.
- 3 Make each spirit meek and lowly,
Make us leave the ways of strife,
Lead us in the path of duty,
Lead us to the "better life."
- 4 Thus we'd serve thee, blessed Saviour,
Till we've crossed life's stormy sea,
And with each loved friend and teacher,
All are gathered home to thee.

Original words by a Lee Av. Sabbath-School Teacher.

351.

Closing of the Sabbath-School. 8s, 7s, & 4s.

Bradbury's S. S. Melodies, 110.

- 1 NOW is done the time of teaching,
Ended is the hour we love,
Still the voice of friends beseeching
Us to seek for joys above.
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, oh ! they swiftly move !

- 2 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
All our Sabbath-schools be past,
Like the leaf, to earth descended,
Withered in the autumn blast;
Life is passing,
We must see the grave at last.
- 3 Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright;
And with millions saved before us
May we join in worlds of light,
Praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbath knows no night.
-

352.

Dismission.

8s, 7s, & 4

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 149.

- 1 LORD dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace,
Let us each thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us, oh! refresh us,
Travelling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For the Gospel's joyful sound,
May the fruit of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence, may thy presence,
With us evermore be found!

- 3 So whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad to leave our common clay :
May we ready, may we ready,
Rise and reign in endless day !
-

353.

Meeting and Parting.

L. M.

Bradbury's S. S. Melodies, 24.

- 1 **W**HILE in the world we still remain,
We only meet to part again ;
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We then shall meet to part no more.
- 2 The hope that we shall see the day
Should chase our present griefs away ;
A few short years of conflict past,
We meet around the throne at last.
- 3 Then let us here improve our hours,
Improve them to a Saviour's praise ;
To him with zeal devote our powers,
And run with joy in wisdom's ways.
-

354.

When shall we Meet Again ?

P. M.

Linden Harp, 158.

- 1 **W**HEN shall we meet again ?
Meet ne'er to sever ?
When will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever ?

Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes,
Never, no, never ; no, no, never.

2 When shall love freely flow,
Pure as life's river ?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless forever ?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill,
Never, no, never, &c.

3 Up to that world of light,
Take us, dear Saviour ;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever ;
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel,
Never, no, never, &c.

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever ;
Soon will peace wreath her chain
Round us forever.
Our hearts will then repose
Safe from all worldly woes ;
Our days of praise shall close,
Never, no, never, &c.

DOXOLOGIES.

1. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2. P. M.

FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done ;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

3. C. M.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

4.

P. M.

GLORY, honor, praise, and power
Be unto the Lamb forever;
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer;
Halleluiah! halleluiah! halleluiah!
Praise the Lord.

5.

S. M.

TO the eternal Three,
In will and essence one;
To Father, Son, and Spirit be
Coëqual honors done.

6.

E. M.

TO God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise,
Glory to God the Son,
And to the Spirit praise;
With all our powers, Eternal King,
Thy name we sing, while faith adores.

7.

11a.

O FATHER Almighty! to thee be addressed,
With Christ and the Spirit, one God, ever blest,
All glory and worship from earth, and from heaven,
As was, and is now, and shall ever be given.

8.

11s & 8s.

ALL praise to the Father, all praise to the Son,
 All praise to the Spirit, thrice blest ;
 The Holy, Eternal, Supreme Three in One
 Was, is, and shall still be addressed.

CHORUS.

Glory, honor, praise, and power,
 Be unto the Lamb forever ;
 Jesus Christ is our Redcemer,
 Halleluiah ! halleluiah ! halleluiah !
 Praise the Lord.

9.

P. M.

TO Him who bore the sinner's shame,
 Be endless glory given,
 Immortal honors crown his name,
 The Lord of earth and heaven.
 Halleluiah ! Amen.

10.

7s & 6s.

TO thee be praise forever,
 Thou glorious King of Kings ;
 Thy wondrous love and favor
 Each ransomed spirit sings :
 We'll celebrate thy glory
 With all thy saints above.
 And shout the joyful story
 Of thy redeeming love.

11.

P. M

TO thine anointed Son,
Our songs, O God! we raise,
To thee, O Father, God of love!
We'll render endless praise.
Halleluiah! Praise the Lord, Halleluiah!
Sing praises to his holy name. Amen.

12.

P. M.

BLESSING, honor, glory, might,
And dominion infinite,
To the Father of our Lord,
To the Spirit and the Word—
As it was all worlds before,
Is, and shall be evermore.

13.

Apostolic Benediction.

8s & 7s.

1 MAY the grace of Christ the Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favor,
Rest upon us from above.

2 Thus may we abide in union,
With each other and the Lord,
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth can not afford.

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LEE AVENUE COLLECTION.

Part Second:

CONSISTING OF

NEW AND POPULAR

HYMNS AND SONGS.

COMPILED BY

JEREMIAH JOHNSON, JR.,

SUPERINTENDENT OF LEE AVENUE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

NEW YORK:

A. S. BARNES & CO.

51 & 53 JOHN-STREET.

1859.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year Eighteen Hundred
and Fifty-eight,

BY JEREMIAH JOHNSON, JR.,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the
Southern District of New York.

P R E F A C E.

SINCE the publication of Part First, many new and beautiful Hymns and Tunes have been introduced into the Sabbath-schools of our land. It has been the object of the Compiler to gather together and publish the newest and choicest of the former, in a convenient form for the use of the many scholars and teachers of the Lee Avenue Sunday-school. In this collection a large number of devotional Hymns have also been introduced; many of these have secured a hold upon the affections of the Church, and been sung by Christians for ages. Several national and secular pieces have been added; these, although unsuitable for the Sabbath-school room, are appropriate for celebrations, picnics, &c.

Reference has been had to the want experienced by the school for a more extensive

variety of Temperance Hymns and Songs, to be used in the monthly meetings of the Band of Hope, and some of the choicest productions of our most eminent poets have been inserted. The same was true of Hymns on Benevolence and Moral Reform; this want has also been supplied.

Chanting having been successfully introduced into our school, a variety of suitable Chants have been introduced. Many beautiful selections, principally from Scripture, will be found near the close of the collection.

A reference to the book and the page on which a suitable tune can be found, is affixed to almost every hymn; also the author's name, where the same could be definitely determined.

The Compiler is indebted to several esteemed friends for original pieces which have never before appeared in print.

J. J., JR.

JAN. 1st, 1859.

LEE AVENUE COLLECTION.

PART II.

1. *"Make a joyful noise unto Him with psalms."*—Psalm 95. S. M.

American Vocalist, 104.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing,
Jehovah is the sovereign Lord,
The universal King.
Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia,
Praise ye the Lord, Alleluia,
Alleluia, Alleluia, Alleluia,
Praise ye the Lord.

2 He form'd the deeps unknown,
He gave the seas their bound ;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
Come, bow before the Lord ;
We are his works, and not our own,
He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod ;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own our gracious God. WATTS.

2.

Praise to the Saviour.

P. M.

Lee Avenue S. S. Casket.

- 1 **R**AISE we now a gladsome measure,
 To our Saviour King ;
 While each bosom throbs with pleasure,
 Loud his praises sing.
 Sing the wondrous love of Jesus,
 Sing, till all the earth shall hear us ;
 Till all nations join the chorus,
 Make the welkin ring.
- 2 Yes, his love hath kindly spared us,
 Through the passing year ;
 And his hand hath gently led us
 All together here :
 With a new extatic feeling,
 Now our grateful hearts are swelling,
 Of that love we would be telling ;
 Telling far and near.
- 3 Lord, accept the gift we offer,
 Low before thy shrine ;
 Take the willing hearts we proffer,
 Make them wholly thine.
 Youthful soldiers of the army,
 Let us still be faithful to thee,
 Till in heaven we raise before thee
 Anthems more divine. SARA HAMILTON

3. *"I will praise the name of God with
 a song."* P. M

Anniversary Hymns, 57.

LET every heart rejoice and sing ;
 Let choral anthems rise ;

Ye reverend men and children, bring
 To God your sacrifice ;
 For he is good ; the Lord is good,
 And kind are all his ways.
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 The Lord Jehovah praise,
 While the rocks and the rills,
 While the vales and the hills,
 A glorious anthem raise ;
 Let each prolong the grateful song,
 And the God of our fathers praise.

2 He bids the sun to rise and set ;
 In heaven his power is known ;
 And earth, subdued to him, shall yet
 Bow low before his throne ;
 For he is good ; the Lord is good,
 And kind are all his ways ;
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 The Lord Jehovah praise. WASHBURN.

4. *Praise for mercies and afflictions.* 11s & 12s.

Methodist Hymns and Tunes, 318.

1 **F**OR what shall I praise thee, my God and my
 King,
 For what blessings the tribute of gratitude bring?
 Shall I praise thee for pleasure, for health, or
 for ease,
 For the sunshine of youth, for the garden of
 peace?

2 Shall I praise thee for flowers that bloom on my
 breast,
 For joys in prospective, for pleasures possess'd?

For the spirits that heighten'd my days of delight,
And the slumbers that fell on my pillow by night?

3 For this I should praise, but if *only* for this,
I should leave half untold the donation of bliss.
I thank thee for sickness, for sorrow and care,
For the thorns I have gather'd, the anguish
bear.

4 For nights of anxiety, watching, and tears,
A present of pain, a prospective of fears,
I praise thee, I bless thee, my Lord and my God,
For the good and the evil thy hand hath bestow'd.

5 The flowers were sweet, but their fragrance is
flown,
They yielded no fruit, they are wither'd and
gone;
The thorn it was poignant; but precious to me
Was the message of mercy—it led me to thee.

ELIZABETH FRY.

5. "*I press towards the mark for the* 7s & 6s.
prize."

Plymouth Collection, 370.

1 **R**ISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings;
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things,
Towards heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay;
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away
To seats prepared above.

2 Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire ascending seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 Thus a soul, new born of God,
 Pants to view his glorious face,
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

3 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn ;
 Press onward to the prize ;
 Soon the Saviour will return,
 Triumphant in the skies :
 Yet a season, and you know
 Happy entrance will be given,
 All your sorrows left below.
 And earth exchanged for heaven.

CENNICK.

6. " *What are those soul-reviving strains.*" L. M.

Sabbath-School Minstrel, 136.

1 **W**HAT are those soul-reviving strains
 Which echo thus from Salem's plains ;
 What anthems loud, and louder still,
 So sweetly sound from Zion's hill ?
 Glory, glory, let us sing,
 While heaven and earth with glory ring,
 Hosanna ! hosanna ! hosanna to the Lamb of God !

2 Lo ! 'tis an infant chorus sings
 Hosanna to the King of kings :
 'The Saviour comes !—and babes proclaim
 Salvation, sent in Jesus' name.

3 Messiah's name shall joy impart
 Alike to Jew and Gentile heart :
 He bled for us, he bled for you,
 And we will sing hosanna too.

4 Proclaim hosannas, loud and clear ;
 See David's Son and Lord appear !
 All praise on earth to him be given,
 And glory shout through highest heaven.

PRATT'S COLLECTION.

7. " *Blessed is he whose transgression
 is forgiven.*" C. M.

American Vocalist, 100.

1 SALVATION ! Oh, the joyful sound !
 'Tis pleasure to our ears ;
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.
 Glory, honor, praise and power,
 Be unto the Lamb forever !
 Jesus Christ is our Redeemer !
 Hallelujah, praise the Lord !

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 At hell's dark door we lay ;
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation ! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around,
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound.

WATTS.

8.

What is Prayer?

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 220.

- 1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Utter'd or unexpress'd ;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.
- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear ;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God can hear.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try ;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, " Behold, he prays !"
- 5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death ;
He enters heaven with prayer.
- 6 O Thou by whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way !
The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
Lord ! teach us how to pray.

MONTGOMERY.

9.

The worth of Prayer.

L. M.

Plymouth Collection, 216.

- 1 WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy-seat !

Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there ?

2 Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight,
Prayer makes the Christian's armor bright ;
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

4 When Moses stood with arms spread wide,
Success was found on Israel's side ;
But when through weariness they fail'd,
That moment Amalek prevail'd.

5 Have you no words ? Ah ! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear,
With the sad tale of all your care.

6 Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To Heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be,
" Hear what the Lord has done for me."

COWPER.

10. *The Preparation of the Heart.* C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 140.

1 LORD, teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear ;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

- 2 God of all grace, we bring to thee
 A broken, contrite heart ;
 Give, what thine eye delights to see,
 Truth in the inward part.
- 3 Give deep humility ; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give ;
 A strong, desiring confidence
 To hear thy voice and live ;—
- 4 Faith in the only Sacrifice
 That can for sin atone ;
 To cast our hopes, to fix our eyes
 On Christ, on Christ alone.

11.

Jesus' Love.

11s.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, page 8.

- 1 **H**OW loving is Jesus
 Who came from the sky
 In tenderest pity
 For sinners to die ;
 His hands and his feet were nail'd to the tree,
 And all this he suffer'd for you and for me.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, hallelujah to the Lamb,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah. Amen.
- 2 How gladly does Jesus
 Free pardon impart,
 To all who receive him
 By faith in their heart
 No evil befalls them, their home is above,
 And Jesus throws round them the arms of his love.
3. How precious is Jesus
 To all who believe,
 And out of his fulness
 What grace they receive !

When weak, he supports them ; when erring, he
guides ;

And every thing needful he kindly provides.

4 Oh, give then to Jesus
Your earliest days,
They only are blessed
Who walk in his ways ;

In life and in death he will still be your friend,
For whom Jesus loves, he loves to the end.

12. *Child's Communion with Christ.* C. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 3.

1 **D**EAR Jesus ! ever at my side,
How loving must thou be
To leave thy home in heaven to guard
A little child like me.

2 Thy beautiful and shining face
I see not, though so near ;
The sweetness of thy soft low voice
I am too deaf to hear.

3 I cannot feel thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me, as my mother does
Her erring little child.

4 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
Fighting with sin for me ;
And when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from thee.

5 And when, dear Saviour ! I kneel down
Morning and night to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me thou art there.

- 6 Yes, when I pray, thou prayest too—
Thy prayer is all for me ;
But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently. FABER.
-

13.

The Gospel Ship.

C. M.

Revival Melodies, 20.

- 1 **W**HAT vessel are you sailing in?
Pray tell to me its name ;
Our vessel is the Ark of God,
And Christ our captain's name ;
Then hoist every sail to catch the gale,
Who long have plied the oar ;
The night begins to wear away,
We soon shall reach the shore.
- 2 And what's the port you're sailing to ?
Pray tell us all straightway ;
The New Jerusalem's the port,
The realms of endless day ;
- 3 Our compass is the Sacred Word,
Our anchor Blooming Hope,
The Love of God the main-topsail,
And Faith our cable rope ;
- 4 Heave out your boat, I, too, will go,
If you can find me room ;
There's room for you, for all the world—
Make no delay to come ;
- 5 And are you not afraid some storm
Your bark will overwhelm ?
We do not fear, for Christ is here,
And always at the helm ;

- 6 We've look'd astern, through many a storm
 The Lord has brought us through ;
 We're looking now ahead—and lo !
 The land appears in view ;
- 7 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
 The heavens above are clear ;
 A city bright appears in sight,
 We'll soon be round the pier ;
- 8 And when we all are landed safe
 On that Celestial Plain.
 Our song shall be, " Worthy the Lamb,
 For rebel sinners slain ! "

WM. S. EDWARDS

14.

Jesus, shall we forget ?

C. M.

Linden Harp, 62.

- 1 JESUS ! thy love shall we forget,
 And never bring to mind
 The grace that paid our hopeless debt,
 And bade us pardon find ?
 Our sorrows and our sins were laid
 On thee—alone on thee ;
 Thy precious blood our ransom paid,
 Thine all the glory be.
- 2 Shall we thy life of grief forget,
 Thy fastings and thy prayer,
 Thy locks with mountain vapors wet,
 To save us from despair ?
- 3 Gethsemane, can we forget
 Thy struggling agony,
 When night lay dark on Olivet,
 And none to watch with thee ?

- 4 The nails—the spear—can we forget,
 'The agonizing cry :
 "My God ! my Father ! wilt thou let
 'Thy Son forsaken die ?"
- 5 Life's brightest joys we may forget,
 Our kindred cease to love ;
 But He who paid our hopeless debt,
 Our constancy shall prove.
-

15.

Longing for Christ.

8s.

Plymouth Collection, 288.

- 1 **H**OW tedious and tasteless the hours
 When Jesus no longer I see ;
 Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
 Have lost all their sweetness to me ;
 The midsummer sun shines but dim,
 The fields strive in vain to look gay,
 But when I am happy in Him,
 December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 Content with beholding His face,
 My all to his pleasure resign'd,
 No changes of season or place
 Would make any change in my mind :
 While blest with a sense of his love,
 A palace a toy would appear,
 And prisons would palaces prove,
 If Jesus would dwell with me there.
- 3 Dear Lord, if indeed I am Thine,
 If thou art my sun and my song,
 Say, why do I languish and pine,
 And why are my winters so long ?

Oh, drive these dark clouds from my sky,
 Thy soul-cheering presence restore ;
 Or take me unto thee on high
 Where winter and clouds are no more.

NEWTON.

16.

"On the Cross." 7s, 6s, & 8s.

Revival Melodies, 5.

- 1 **B**EHOLD ! behold ! the Lamb of God,
 On the cross, on the cross !
 For you he shed his precious blood,
 On the cross, on the cross !
 Now hear his all-important cry,
 "Eloi lama sabacthani !"
 Draw near and see your Saviour die,
 On the cross, on the cross !
- 2 Behold ! his arms extended wide,
 On the cross, on the cross !
 Behold ! his bleeding hands and side,
 On the cross, on the cross !
 The sun withholds its rays of light,
 The heavens are clothed in shades of night,
 While Jesus doth with devils fight,
 On the cross, on the cross !
- 3 Come, sinners, see him lifted up,
 On the cross, on the cross !
 He drinks for you the bitter cup,
 On the cross, on the cross !
 To heaven he turns his languid eyes ;
 "'Tis finish'd !" now the conqueror cries,
 Then bows his sacred head and dies,
 On the cross, on the cross !

4 'Tis done ! the mighty deed is done,
On the cross, on the cross !
The battle fought, the victory won,
On the cross, on the cross !
The rocks do rend, the mountains quake,
While Jesus doth atonement make,
While Jesus suffers for your sake,
On the cross, on the cross !

5 Where'er I go I'll tell the story
Of the cross, of the cross !
In nothing else my soul shall glory,
Save the cross, save the cross !
Yes, this my constant theme shall be,
Through time and in eternity,
That Jesus suffered death for me,
On the cross, on the cross !

6 Let every mourner come and cling
To the cross, to the cross !
Let ev'ry Christian come and sing,
Round the cross, round the cross !
Here let the preacher take his stand,
And with the Bible in his hand,
Proclaim the triumphs of the Lamb,
On the cross, on the cross !

17.

The King of Glory.

L. M.

Plymouth Collection, 84.

1 OUR Lord is risen from the dead ;
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
The powers of hell are captive led,
Dragged to the portals of the sky :

- 2 There His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the ethereal scene ;
He claims these mansions as His right ;
Receive the King of glory in !
- 4 Who is the King of glory ? who ?
The Lord that all our foes o’ercame ;
The world, sin, death, and hell o’erthrew—
And Jesus is the Conqueror’s name.
- 5 Lo ! His triumphant chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay :
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 6 “Who is the King of glory ? who ?”
The Lord, of glorious power possess’d ;
The King of saints and angels too—
God over all, forever blest ! C. WESLEY.
-

18. *The sweet Sabbath-Day.* 11s.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 2.

- 1 O GOD ! to thy promise our hearts humbly
cling,
To thine altar the bloom of our childhood we
bring ;
We seek thee right early — our guide thou
shalt be,
All the years of that youth we now offer to thee.

Hallelujah to the Lamb! Hallelujah to the
Lamb!

Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah! Amen!

- 2 Thanks, thanks for thy Word, for the sweet
Sabbath-day,
For the teachers who lead us in wisdom's glad
way,
Who points us to Jesus so ready of old,
Young children like us in his arms to enfold.
- 3 Should life be continued till manhood comes on,
'Till the scenes of its noontide like shadows are
gone,
Still, still be thou near us to help and defend,
'Till like sheaves fully ripe to the grave we de-
scend.
- 4 Oh! grant that in heaven, earth's labors all
done,
The voice of these teachers with ours may be
one,
In praise unto Him in whose name they have
taught,
Whose blood flowing freely our pardon hath
bought.

REV. ASA D. SMITH, D.D.

19. *True Hearts at Sunday-School.* P. M.

Sheet Music.

AIR—Few days.

- 1 **A**T Sunday-school you're sure to find
True hearts, true hearts;
Our teachers all are good and kind,
We love them well.

They teach the youth that gather here,
True hearts, true hearts—

The right to love, the wrong to fear ;
We love them well.

They seek for our salvation,
True hearts, true hearts ;

And fight sin's usurpation—
We love them well.

And we love the bells sweet ringing,
Ding-dong, ding-dong ;

And we love the cheerful singing
At Sunday-school.

2 Our school contains a friendly band,
True hearts, true hearts ;

We've brothers here, all hand in hand,
We love right well ;

Our hearts are knit in bonds of love,
True hearts, true hearts,

As on we march to worlds above,
We love right well.

3 With song and shout, o'er hill and plain,
True hearts, true hearts,

We will the Sunday-school maintain—
We love it well.

From East and West, from North and South,
True hearts, true hearts,

Let every child and youth come forth
To Sunday-school.

20.

Sabbath Morning.

Sheet Music.

AIR—Prairie Flower.

- 1 OH! the Sabbath morning! beautiful and
bright,
Joyfully we hail its golden light,
All the gloomy shadows chasing far away,
Bringing us the pleasant day.
Day calm and holy—day nearest Heaven,
Day which a Father's love has given,
Oh! the Sabbath morning! beautiful and
bright,
Glad we hail its golden light.
- 2 All the days of labor ended one by one,
Glad are we the six days' work is done;
Glad to have a day of sweet and holy rest,
'Tis the day that God has blest.
- 3 Let us spend the moments of this holy day,
So that when they all have pass'd away,
Sweet 't will be to think, the quiet Sabbath even
Brings us one day nearer Heaven.
-

21.

Sabbath Scholar's Welcome.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 10.

- 1 COME with us to-day, oh! come,
Don't delay, don't delay;
To the Sabbath-school our home,
Come, ye children, haste away;
Come while yet your hearts are light,
Join our throng, join our throng,
And unite, with true delight,
While we sing our cheerful song.

Hearts so light, tempers right,
 Let us join the chorus ;
 Light and free may we be,
 All is bright before us ;
 Parents dear, with us here,
 By their presence cheer us ;
 Swell the song, swell the song,
 God is love.

Joyfully, joyfully, swell the song of gladness,
 Happily, happily, not a thought of sadness,
 Sing aloud, sing aloud, all is joy and gladness.
 Welcome ! oh, welcome ! oh, welcome here !

2 Here we learn the way of truth,
 Teachers dear, teach us here ;
 And while "in the days of youth,"
 We are taught the Lord to fear ;
 On the holy Sabbath-day,
 To each heart, they impart
 Words of truth which point the way
 To the world of joy above.
 Come away, don't delay,
 Come in youth's bright morning ;
 Grace divine, let it shine,
 All our lives adorning ;
 Thus we'll strive, all to live,
 Sin's temptation scorning.

22. *Pleasant is the Sabbath Bell.*

Mudge's S. S. Music Book, 66.

1 PLEASANT is the Sabbath bell—
 In the light, in the light :
 Seeming much of joy to tell—
 In the light of God.

But a music sweeter far—
In the light, in the light :
Breathes where angel-spirits are—
In the light of God.
Let us walk in the light—
Walk in the light :
Let us walk in the light—
In the light of God.

2 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell?
And can children ever go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

3 Yes, that bliss our own may be ;
All the good shall Jesus see :
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

23. *Holy Bible, well I love thee!* P. M.

Wilder's Music Book.

1 **H**OLY Bible, well I love thee !
Thou didst shine upon my way,
Like the glorious sun above me,
Turning darkness into day.
Just as the sun rolls back the night,
Breaking forth with morning ray,
So does the Bible's spreading light
Chase the shades of sin away.

2 Holy Bible, mines of treasure
In thy precious folds I see ;
Earthly good would know no measure,
If this world were ruled by thee.

- 3 Holy Bible, thou wilt cheer me,
 When I lay me down to die ;
 Christ has promised to be near me—
 Can I fear when he is nigh ? L. WILDER.
-

24. *"The Lord is my Salvation."* 7s & 6s

Methodist Hymns and Tunes, 301.

- 1 GOD is my strong salvation,
 What foe have I to fear ?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help is near :
- 2 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm to the fight I stand ;
 What terror can confound me,
 With God at my right hand ?
- 3 Place on the Lord reliance,
 My soul, with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate :
- 4 His might thine heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase ;
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
 "The Lord will give thee peace."

MONTGOMERY.

25. *Christ our Hope.* L. M.

American Vocalist, 132.

- 1 OUR hope is built on nothing less
 Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
 We dare not trust the sweetest frame,
 But lean. O Jesus, on thy name :
 On Christ the solid rock we stand,
 All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness veils thy lovely face,
We rest on thy unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
Our anchor holds within the veil.
 - 3 Thine oath, thy covenant, and blood,
Support us in the sinking flood ;
When every earthly prop gives way,
Thou then art all our hope and stay.
 - 4 When the last awful trump shall sound,
Oh, may we then in thee be found,
Dress'd in thy righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne. REES.
-

26.

God is ever Good.

6s, 5s.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 12.

- 1 SEE the shining dew-drops,
On the flowers strew'd,
Proving, as they sparkle,
"God is ever good."
- 2 See the morning sunbeams
Lighting up the wood,
Silently proclaiming,
"God is ever good."
- 3 Hear the mountain streamlet,
In the solitude,
With its ripple saying,
"God is ever good."
- 4 In the leafy tree-tops,
Where no fears intrude,
Merry birds are singing,
"God is ever good."

- 5 Bring, my heart, thy tribute,
Songs of gratitude,
While all nature utters,
"God is ever good,"
-

27.

Stand up for Jesus!

P. M.

Bradbury's Musical Tract, No. 1.

- 1 **S**TAND up for Jesus! All who lead his host!
Crown'd with the splendors of the Holy Ghost
Shrink from no foe, to no temptations yield,
Urge on the triumphs of this glorious field—
Stand up for Jesus!
Stand up for Jesus!
Stand up for Jesus!
- 2 Stand up for Jesus! Ye of every name!
All one in prayer, and all with praise aflame!
Forget the sad estrangement of the past,
With one consent in love and peace at last—
- 3 Stand up for Jesus! Lo! at God's right hand
Jesus himself for us delights to stand!
Let saints and sinners wonder at his grace:
Let Jews and Gentiles blend, and all our race—
-

28.

Invocation of the Spirit.

79.

Plymouth Collection, 14.

- 1 **L**IGHT of life, seraphic fire,
Love divine, thyself impart;
Every fainting soul inspire;
Shine in every drooping heart:
Every mournful sinner cheer,
Scatter all our guilty gloom:
Saviour, Son of God, appear!
To thy human temples come.

- 2 Come in this accepted hour ;
 Bring thy heavenly kingdom in :
 Fill us with thy glorious power,
 'Take away the love of sin :
 Nothing more can we require,
 We will covet nothing less ;
 Be thou all our hearts' desire,
 All our joy, and all our peace.

C. WESLEY.

29. "Thou knowest that I love Thee." C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 188.

- 1 **D**O not I love thee, O my Lord ?
 Behold my heart, and see ;
 And turn each cursed idol out
 That dares to rival thee.
- 2 Is not thy name melodious still
 To mine attentive ear ?
 Doth not each pulse with pleasure bound
 My Saviour's voice to hear ?
- 3 Hast thou a lamb in all thy flock
 I would disdain to feed ?
 Hast thou a foe before whose face
 I fear thy cause to plead ?
- 4 Would not my heart pour forth its blood
 In honor of thy name,
 And challenge the cold hand of death
 To damp the immortal flame ?
- 5 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord ;
 But oh, I long to soar
 Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
 And learn to love thee more.

DODDRIDGE.

30.

The One Petition.

C. M

Plymouth Collection, 250.

- 1 **F**ATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sovereign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace,
 Let this petition rise :
- 2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 "Let'the sweet hope that I am thine,
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence through my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end."

 MRS. STEELE.

31.

"Lord, save us : we perish."

12s.

Plymouth Collection, 71.

- 1 **W**HEN through the torn sail the wild tempest
 is streaming,
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is
 gleaming,
 Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,
 We fly to our Maker—Help, Lord, or we perish !
- 2 O Jesus, once toss'd on the breast of the billow,
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy pillow,
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,
 Who cries, in his danger, Help, Lord, or we
 perish !
- 3 And oh, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,
 When hell in our hearts his wild warfare is wa-
 ging,

Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish ;
Rebuke the destroyer—Help, Lord, or we perish !
HEBER.

32.

Choose Thou for me.

6s.

Shawm, 240.

- 1 **T**HY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be !
Lead me by thine own hand,
Choose out the path for me.
- 2 I dare not choose my lot :
I would not, if I might ;
Choose thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.
- 3 The kingdom that I seek
Is thine : so let the way
That leads to it be thine,
Else I must surely stray.
- 4 Take thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to thee may seem ;
Choose thou my good and ill.
- 5 Choose thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health,
Choose thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.
- 6 Not mine, not mine the choice,
In things or great or small ;
Be thou my guide, my strength,
My wisdom and my all.

BONAR.

33.

Our Guide.

8s & 7s.

Plymouth Collection, 979.

- 1 **G**ENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us
 Through this gloomy vale of tears,
 Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
 Till our last great change appears.
 Oh, refresh us with thy blessing,
 Oh, refresh us with thy grace,
 May thy mercies, never ceasing,
 Fit us for thy dwelling-place.
- 2 When temptation's darts assail us,
 When in devious paths we stray,
 Let thy goodness never fail us,
 Lead us in thy perfect way.
- 3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
 In the hour when death draws near,
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,
 Suffer not our souls to fear.
- 4 When this mortal life is ended,
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,
 Till by angel hands attended,
 We awake among the blest.
- 5 Then, oh, crown us with thy blessing,
 Through the triumphs of thy grace;
 Then shall praises never ceasing
 Echo through thy dwelling-place.

34. *Tell us of the Joys of Heaven.* 8s, 7s, & 7s.

Shawnt, 208.

Children.

- 1 **T**ELL us of the joys of heaven,
 Ye who know a Saviour's love ;

What to Christians will be given
In the glorious world above.

Teacher.

Human tongue can ne'er declare
All that they inherit there.

- 2 Will they dwell with Christ forever
In the realms beyond the tomb?
And will he be absent never
From the Christian's final home?
They with Christ shall ever dwell,
See his face, his wonders tell.
- 3 Will they see the Father's glory
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
While they sing redemption's story,
In that holy, happy place?
They shall see that vision blest,
When they enter into rest.
- 4 Will the blessed Holy Spirit
In that land of rest be known;
And will they his love inherit,
As they stand around the throne?
All who *now* his voice obey,
Shall behold his heavenly ray.
- 5 Will not death, or night, or anguish,
In that happy land be found?
And will none in sorrow languish,
Where the healing waves abound?
Sickness, sorrow, darkness, pain,
Never will admittance gain.

- 6 Lead us, then, to that salvation,
 Where the living waters flow ;
 Guide us to that heavenly station,
 For the way full well ye know.
 All these blessings they receive,
 Who in Jesus Christ believe.
-

35.

The Royal Proclamation.

P. M.

American Vocalist, 290.

- 1 **H**EAR the royal proclamation,
 The glad tidings of salvation,
 Publishing to every creature,
 To the ruin'd sons of nature :
 Jesus reigns, he reigns victorious,
 Over heaven and earth most glorious,
 Jesus reigns !
- 2 See the royal banner flying,
 Hear the heralds loudly crying :
 " Rebel sinners, royal favor
 Now is offer'd by the Saviour.
- 3 " Turn unto the Lord most holy ;
 Shun the paths of vice and folly ;
 Turn, or you are lost forever ;
 Oh, now turn to God the Saviour.
- 4 " Here is wine and milk and honey ;
 Come and purchase without money ;
 Mercy flowing like a fountain,
 Streaming from the holy mountain?"
- 5 Now our hearts have caught new fire ;
 Brethren, raise your voices higher ;

Shout with joyful acclamation
To the King of our salvation.

- 6 Shout, ye tongues of every nation,
To the bounds of the creation ;
Shout the praise of Judah's Lion,
The Almighty Prince of Zion.
- 7 Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention,
Christ hath purchased our redemption ;
Angels, shout the pleasing story,
Through the brighter worlds of glory.
-

36.

None like Jesus.

P. M.

Mudge's S. S. Music Book, 57.

Boys.—Who came from heaven to ransom me ?
Girls.—Jesus, who died upon the tree.

CHORUS.

All.—Oh ! who's like Jesus, He died on the tree,
Girls. { He died for you, He died for me,
 { He died to set poor sinners free ;
All.—Oh ! who's like Jesus, He died on the tree.

2 Why did he come from heaven above ?
He came because his name was " Love."

3 And did he die—the Son of God ?
Yes, on the cross he shed his blood.

4 Why did my Lord and Saviour bleed ?
That we from evil might be freed.

5 Christ is the weary sinner's home—
Oh, let us come ! oh, let us come !

37. "*He hath borne our griefs, and
carried our sorrows.*" 7s & 6s.

Jubilee, 218.

1 I LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all and frees us
From the accursed load.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in him :
He healeth my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem.

3 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
Meek, loving, lowly, mild ;
I long to be like Jesus,
The Father's holy child.

5 I long to be with Jesus,
Amid the heavenly throng,
To sing with saints his praises,
To learn the angels' song. DONAL.

38. "*I will never leave thee, nor forsake
thee.*" 11s.

Plymouth Collection, 210.

1 HOW firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he hath said ?
You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled.

- 2 "Fear not; I am with thee; oh, be not dismay'd;
I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee
to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.
- 3 "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee; I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 4 "The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to
shake,
I'll never—no, never—no, never forsake."

KIRKHAM.

39. "*This do in remembrance of me.*" 8s & 7s.

American Vocalist, 174.

- 1 JESUS spreads his banner o'er us,
Cheers our famish'd souls with food,
He the banquet spreads before us,
Of his mystic flesh and blood.
Precious banquet; bread of heaven;
Wine of gladness, flowing free;
May we taste it, kindly given,
In remembrance, Lord, of thee.
- 2 In thy holy incarnation,
When the angels sang thy birth;
In thy fasting and temptation;
In thy labors on the earth;
In thy trial and rejection;
In thy sufferings on the tree;

In thy glorious resurrection ;
May we, Lord, remember thee.

40.

The Godly Child.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 223.

- 1 **B**Y cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose !
- 2 **L**o ! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod ;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 **B**y cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 **A**nd soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 **O** Thou whose infant feet were found
Within thy Father's shrine,
Whose years, with changeless virtue crown'd,
Were all alike divine,—
- 6 **D**ependent on thy bounteous breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own. HEBER.

41.

Humility.

P. M.

- 1 THE bird that soars on highest wing,
Builds on the ground her lowly nest :
And she that doth most sweetly sing,
Sings in the shade when all things rest :
—In lark and nightingale we see
What honor hath humility.
- 2 When Mary chose the better part,
She meekly sat at Jesus' feet ;
And Lydia's gently open'd heart
Was made for God's own temple meet ;
—Fairest and best adorn'd is she
Whose clothing is humility.
- 3 The saint that wears heaven's brightest crown,
In deepest adoration bends ;
The weight of glory weighs him down
Then most when most his soul ascends ;
—Nearest the throne itself must be
The footstool of humility. MONTGOMERY.
-

42.

The Book of Grace.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 17.

- 1 BOOK of grace, and book of glory !
Gift of God to age and youth ;
Wondrous is thy sacred story—
Bright, bright with truth.
- 2 Book of love ! in accents tender,
Speaking unto such as we ;
May it lead us, Lord, to render
All, all to the.

3 Book of hope ! the spirit, sighing,
 Consolation finds in thee,
 As it hears the Saviour crying,
 " Come, come to me."

4 Book of peace ! when nights of sorrow
 Fall upon us drearily,
 Thou wilt bring a shining morrow,
 Full, full of thee.

5 Book of life ! when we, reposing,
 Bid farewell to friends we love,
 Give us, for the life then closing,
 Life, life above.

43.

Faith, Hope, and Love.

American Vocalist, 106.

- 1 **W**AKE, *Faith*, and *Hope*, and *Love*,
 Awake with threefold power,
 To hail the blessings from above
 In this auspicious hour !
 Praise ye the Lord,
 Hallelujah !
 Praise ye the Lord,
Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah !
 Praise ye the Lord !
- 2 Wake, *Faith* of ancient time,
 That ask'd, and not in vain,
 Till modern Pentecost sublime
 Shall thrill Columbia's plain !
- 3 Wake, *Hope* with sweeter strain,
 Which prophets sung before,
 Till God shall come from Eastern Maine
 To California's shore !

4 Wake, *Love* for all our race,
 'The *Love* that Jesus spread,
 Till all shall shout on earth's round face,
 "A rising from the dead!"

5 Wake, *Faith*, and *Hope*, and *Love*,
 With threefold cheering ray,
 Till God's own favoring smiles shall prove
 The bright millennial day!

R. E. LEVERING.

44.

What's the News?

8s & 3s.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 2, 19.

1 **W**HENE'ER we meet, you always say,
 What's the news? What's the news?
 Pray, what's the order of the day?
 What's the news? What's the news?
 Oh, I have got good news to tell!
 My Saviour has done all things well,
 And triumph'd over death and hell—
 That's the news! That's the news!

2 The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 To set a world of sinners free—
 That's the news! That's the news!
 'Twas there his precious blood was shed,
 'Twas there he bow'd his sacred head;
 But now he's risen from the dead—
 That's the news! That's the news!

3 To heaven above the Conqueror's gone, &c.
 He's pass'd triumphant to the throne, &c.
 And on that throne he will remain
 Until, as Judge, he comes again,
 Attended by a dazzling train, &c.

- 4 His work's reviving all around, &c.
 And many have redemption found, &c.
 And since their souls have caught the flame,
 They shout hosanna to his name ;
 And all around they spread his fame, &c.
- 5 The Lord has pardon'd all my sin, &c.
 I feel the witness now within, &c.
 And since he took my sins away,
 And taught me how to watch and pray,
 I'm happy now from day to day, &c.
- 6 And Christ the Lord can save you now, &c.
 Your sinful hearts he can renew, &c.
 This moment, if for sins you grieve,
 This moment, if you do believe,
 A full acquittal you'll receive, &c.
- 7 And then, if any one should say,
 What's the news? What's the news?
 Oh, tell them you've begun to pray,
 That's the news! That's the news!
 That you have join'd the conquering band,
 And now with joy at God's command,
 You're marching to the better land, &c.
-

45. " *What shall a man give in exchange for his soul.*" C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 140.

- 1 **W**HAT is the thing of greatest price
 The whole creation round?
 That, which was lost in Paradise,
 That, which in Christ is found.

- 2 The soul of man—Jehovah's breath !
That keeps two worlds at strife ;
Hell moves beneath to work its death ;
Heaven stoops to give it life.
- 3 And is this treasure borne below
In earthly vessels frail ?
Can none its utmost value know
Till flesh and spirit fail ?
- 4 Then let us gather round the Cross,
This knowledge to obtain,
Not by the soul's eternal loss,
But everlasting gain. MONTGOMERY.
-

46. *Mercy for the Chief of Sinners.* 7s.

Plymouth Collection, 110.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me ?
Can my God his wrath forbear ?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face ;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Kindled his relentings are,
Me he now delights to spare ;
Cries, " How shall I give thee up ?"
Let the lifted thunder drop.
- 4 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his hands !
God is love ! I know, I feel ;
Jesus weeps and loves me still.

5 Jesus, answer from above,
Is not all thy nature love?
Wilt thou not the wrong forget?
Suffer me to kiss thy feet?

6 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my soul's revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

C. WESLEY.

47. *"Thy people shall be my people, and
thy God my God."* 7s.

Plymouth Collection, 266.

1 **P**EOPLE of the living God,
I have sought the world around;
Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
Peace and comfort nowhere found.

2 Now to you my spirit turns—
Turns a fugitive unblest'd;
Brethren, where your altar burns,
Oh, receive me into rest.

3 Lonely I no longer roam,
Like the cloud, the wind, the wave;
Where you dwell shall be my home,
Where you die shall be my grave.

4 Mine the God whom you adore;
Your Redeemer shall be mine;
Earth can fill my soul no more;
Every idol I resign. MONTGOMERY.

48.

"Lost, but found."

S. M.

Plymouth Collection, 196.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep ;
I did not love the fold ;
I did not love my Shepherd's voice ;
I would not be controll'd.
- 2 I was a wayward child ;
I did not love my home ;
I did not love my Father's voice ;
I loved afar to roam.
- 3 The Shepherd sought his sheep ;
The Father sought his child ;
They follow'd me o'er dale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild.
- 4 They found me nigh to death,
Famish'd, and faint, and lone :
They bound me with the bands of love ;
They saved the wandering one.
- 5 I was a wandering sheep ;
I would not be controll'd ;
But now I love my Shepherd's voice ;
I love, I love his fold.
- 6 I was a wayward child ;
I once preferred to roam ;
But now I love my Father's voice,
I love, I love his home. BOXAR.

49.

Divine Mercy.

11s.

Plymouth Collection, 230.

- 1 **T**HY mercy, my God, is the theme of my song,
The joy of my heart and the boast of my
tongue ;
Thy free grace alone, from the first to the last,
Hath won my affections and bound my soul fast.
- 2 Without thy sweet mercy I could not live here ;
Sin soon would reduce me to utter despair :
But through thy free goodness my spirits revive,
And he that first made me still keeps me alive.
- 3 Thy mercy is more than a match for my heart,
Which wonders to feel its own hardness depart ;
Dissolved by thy goodness I fall to the ground,
And weep to the praise of the mercy I found.
- 4 The door of thy mercy stands open all day,
To the poor and the needy who knock by the way ;
No sinner shall ever be empty sent back,
Who comes seeking mercy for Jesus's sake.
- 5 Thy mercy in Jesus exempts me from hell ;
Its glories I'll sing and its wonders I'll tell ;
'Twas Jesus, my friend, when he hung on the tree,
That open'd the channel of mercies to me.
- 6 Great Father of mercies ! thy goodness I own,
And the cov'nant of love in thy crucified Son ;
All praise to the Spirit, whose witness divine
Seals mercy, and pardon, and righteousness mine.

WHITEFIELD.

50.

Converts' Welcome.

8s & 7s.

Sunday-School Harmonist, 156.

- 1 COME, ye converts, come and welcome ;
All the saints are saying, come ;
Joyfully we now receive you
To the church, your future home ;
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
In our hearts there yet is room.
- 2 Stay no longer, stay no longer,
From your blessed Saviour's fold ;
Come, dear youth, ye lambs of Jesus,
He himself hath bid you come ;
With his people, with his people,
Join yourselves, and be at home.
- 3 Now accept the pledge we give you,
While our hands with yours we join ;
While our hearts unite together
In the bonds of love divine ;
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
May we all henceforth be thine.
- 4 Now the vows of God are on you—
Be the slaves of sin no more ;
Oh, be humble, holy, faithful,
Till the toils of life are o'er ;
Then, dear brethren, then, dear sisters,
May we meet on Canaan's shore !

51.

Convert's Farewell.

P. M.

Plymouth Collection, 392.

- 1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I may not stay ;
The home I seek is far away ;

Where Christ is not I cannot be—
 This land is not the land for me.
 This world is not my home,
 This world is not my home ;
 This world is all a wilderness—
 This world is not my home.

- 2 I've found the winding path of sin
 A rugged path to travel in ;
 Beyond the chilly waves I see
 The land my Saviour bought for me.
- 3 Praise be to God, our hope on high ;
 The angels sing, and so will I ;
 Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
 Oh, that's the land—the land for me.
-

52.

They're coming Home.

P. M.

American Vocalist, 282.

- 1 **T**HE day has come, the joyful day,
 At last the day has come,
 That saints and angels joy display
 O'er sinners coming home.
 They are coming home,
 They are coming home,
 Behold them coming home !
- 2 The saints of God fresh courage take,
 Are strong in conquering prayer ;
 The hosts of hell with terror shake,
 While God displays his power.
- 3 How beautiful on mountain's top
 The herald's feet appear ;
 While tidings, blessed tidings drop,
 The broken heart to cheer.

- 4 To all the region round about,
The news has swiftly flown,
That sinners deep in guilt have sought
And found what others spurn.
-

53.

Happy Day.

P. M.

Mudge's S. S. Music Book, 2.

- 1 COME all who would to glory go,
And leave this world of sin below,
Forsake your sins without delay,
Believe, and you shall win the day.
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away !
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day ;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus wash'd my sins away !
- 2 Oh, do not longer tarry here,
And live in sin and dark despair ;
There is for you a better way,
In which you all may win the day.
- 3 And if your conflicts are severe,
And you have many trials here,
You only need to watch and pray,
And onward press to win the day.
- 4 In glory now the Saviour waits,
And opens wide the pearly gates ;
He stands and beckons you away ;
Go on, and you will win the day.
- 5 And when you reach the realms above,
Where all is harmony and love,
Then you shall join the heavenly lay,
And sing and shout " I've won the day."

54.

Come and Welcome.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymn Book, No. 2, 15.

- 1 **O**H, come, children, come to the Saviour to-day,
Come, for all things are ready, oh, haste ye
away.
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Come and welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Come and welcome to Jesus, nor longer delay.
- 2 He invites you to come, to his words now attend.
He calls you in love—he's the children's best
Friend.
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Come and welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Come and welcome to Jesus, the children's kind
friend.
- 3 He died that the souls of the children might live,
He lives now in glory their prayers to receive.
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Come and welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Come and welcome to Jesus, repent and believe.
- 4 The Spirit says, "Come," his gentle voice hear.
To-day pray for pardon while Jesus is near.
Come and welcome, come and welcome,
Come and welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Come and welcome to Jesus, while he is so near.

55.

The Voice from Heaven.

P. M.

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 31.

1st Division of the School, or Class.

- 1 **H**ARK! a voice! a heavenly voice!
Floating lightly, lightly by!

"Come to Jesus, and rejoice :
Live with him on high !"

2d Division.

Yes ! we come ! to Jesus come ;
For our Saviour, Saviour dear,
Soon will call us to his home,
Free from every fear.

[Repeat 1st Div. in full chorus.]

2 Hark ! a voice ! a heavenly voice !
Singing sweetly, sweetly now :
" 'Tis the hour to make thy choice ;
Come ! to Jesus bow !"

Jesus' love—worth more than gold
Dug from out the richest mines—
Jesus' love, like wealth untold,
Round the heart entwines.

3 Hark ! a voice ! a heavenly voice !
Hear it ! sounding through the land :
"Souls on earth make heaven rejoice
Who for Jesus stand."

Jesus ! take us in thine arms ;
Suffer that we come to thee :
With thy blessing, earthly harms
From our path will flee.

C. HATCH SMITH, A. M.

56.

Pilgrim Band.

P. M.

Mudge's Sunday-School Music Book, 33.

1 COME, little soldiers, join in our band,
March for the kingdom, our promis'd land ;
Fearless of danger, onward we roam ;
Jesus our leader is, soon we'll be home.

We're a little pilgrim band,
 Guided by a Saviour's hand ;
 Soon we'll reach our fatherland,
 No more to roam.

- 2 Hark to the voices bidding us come !
 Angels rejoicing, beckon us home :
 No more shall sadness or sorrow oppress ;
 Come, little pilgrim band, there we shall rest.
- 3 Soon we shall never know sorrow more,
 But blest forever, God's love shall share ;
 Soon we shall see him in his blest home,
 Ever still praising him ages to come.
-

57. *Take thy Staff, O Pilgrim !* 6s & 5s.

Beethoven Collection, 200.

- 1 TAKE thy staff, O pilgrim !
 Haste thee on thy way ;
 Let the morrow find thee
 Farther than to-day.
 If thou seek the city
 Of the Golden Street,
 Pause not on thy pathway,
 Rest not weary feet.
 In the heavenly journey.
 Press with zeal along—
 Resting will but weary,
 Running make thee strong.
- 2 Wings that eagles carry,
 Rear them in their flight ;
 So thy burden bears thee—
 Surely then 'tis light !

Haste, it hath been told thee—
 All things are thine own ;
 Pass the pearly portals,
 Stand before the throne.
 Here thy journey endeth,
 Here thy staff lay down,
 Enter here thy mansion,
 Here receive thy crown !

THEODORE TILTON.

58. " *Escape to the Mountain.*" 123.

Plymouth Collection, 379.

- 1 THE voice of free grace cries, " Escape to the mountain !"
 For Adam's lost race Christ hath open'd a fountain ;
 For sin and uncleanness, and every transgression,
 His blood flows so freely in streams of salvation.
 Hallelujah to the Lamb, who has bought us a
 pardon ;
 We'll praise him again when we pass over
 Jordan.
- 2 Ye souls that are wounded, to the Saviour repair ;
 Now He calls you in mercy ; and can you forbear ?
 Though your sins are increased as high as a
 mountain,
 His blood can remove them ; it flows from the
 fountain.
- 3 Now Jesus, our King, reigns triumphantly glorious ;
 O'er sin, death, and hell He is more than victo-
 rious ;

With shouting proclaim it; O trust in His
passion;

He saves us most freely; O precious salvation!

4 When on Zion we stand, having gain'd the blest
shore,

With our harps in our hands, we will praise Him
the more;

We'll range the sweet plains on the bank of the
river,

And sing of salvation forever and ever.

"THORNBY.

59.

Oh, turn ye!

11s.

Revival Melodies, 23.

1 **O**H, turn ye, oh, turn ye! for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you; the Spirit says, Come;
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as
you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;
Oh, how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come
home.

- 4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And, trusting in Heaven, we never shall part ;
Oh, how can we leave you? why will you not come ?
We'll journey together and soon be at home.
-

60. *We are passing away.* L. M.

- 1 **T**O-DAY, if you will hear his voice,
Now is the time to make your choice ;
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?
We are passing away,
To the great judgment-day !
- 2 Ye wandering souls, who find no rest,
Say, will you be forever blest ?
Will you be saved from sin and hell ?
Will you with Christ in glory dwell ?
- 3 Come now, dear youth, for ruin bound,
Obey the gospel's joyful sound ;
Come, go with us, and you shall prove
The joy of Christ's redeeming love.
- 4 Leave all your sports and glittering toys,
Come, share with us eternal joys ;
Or, must we leave you bound to hell ?
Then, dear young friends, a long farewell !
- 5 Once more we ask you, in his name,
For yet his love remains the same,
Say, will you to Mount Zion go ?
Say, will you have this Christ, or no ?

61.

The Test. 7s.

Plymouth Collection, 268.

- 1 **H**ARK! my soul, it is the Lord!
 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word!
 Jesus speaks, he speaks to thee,
 "Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"
 - 2 "Mine is an unchanging love,
 Higher than the heights above;
 Deeper than the depths beneath,
 Free and faithful, strong as death.
 - 3 "Thou shalt see My glory soon,
 When the work of faith is done—
 Partner of My throne shalt be:
 Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou Me?"
 - 4 Lord! it is my chief complaint,
 That my love is still so faint;
 Yet I love thee, and adore:
 Oh, for grace to love thee more! COWPER.
-

62. *The Midday Hour of Prayer.* C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 190.

- 1 **J**ESUS, this midday hour of prayer
 We consecrate to thee;
 Forgetful of each earthly care,
 We would thy glory see.
- 2 We come thy presence to implore;
 O teach us how to pray!
 Impart to us thy Spirit's power,
 Thy saving grace display.

- 3 Baptize with energy Divine
The contrite soul afresh ;
O bow the stubborn will to thine,
And give the heart of flesh.
- 4 Unite our hearts, unite our tongues,
In lofty praise to thee,
Accept the tribute of our songs,
Thou Holy One in Three.

MRS. PHEBE H. BROWN.

63. *The Midday Prayer Meeting.* C. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 2, 1.

- 1 FROM busy toil and heavy care
We turn the weary mind,
And in the place of noontide prayer
Our sanctuary find.
The midday hour, the noontide hour,
It is the hour of prayer ;
Our souls receive renewing power,
For Jesus meets us there.
- 2 The voice that still'd the stormy waves
On distant Galilee,
Speaks once again, and at the sound
Retires another sea.
- 3 The restless waves of care and strife
Obey the mighty voice ;
Peace broods the quiet waters o'er,
And all our souls rejoice.
- 4 These heaven-bright hours too soon are past,
Grant, Lord, this greater boon :
A place where worship never ends,
Nor night succeeds to noon. MISS HART.

64.

Life's Harvest.

7s & 6s.

New Lute of Zion.

- 1 **H**O! reapers of Life's Harvest,
Why stand with rusted blade,
Until the night draws round thee,
And day begins to fade?
Why stand ye idle, waiting
For reapers more to come?
The golden morn is passing:
Why sit ye idle, dumb?
- 2 Thrust in your sharpen'd sickle,
And gather in the grain;
The night is fast approaching,
And soon will come again.
Thy Master calls for reapers,
And shall he call in vain?
Shall sheaves lie there ungather'd,
And waste upon the plain?
- 3 Come down from hill and mountain,
In morning's ruddy glow,
Nor wait until the dial
Points to the noon below;
And come with the strong sinew,
Nor faint in heat or cold:
And pause not till the evening
Draws round its wealth of gold.
- 4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,
And crush each error low;
Keep back no words of knowledge
That human hearts should know.
Be faithful to thy mission,
In service of thy Lord;
And then a golden chaplet
Shall be thy just reward.

65.

Song of the Little Givers.

7s.

Little Singer, 181.

- 1 **L**ITTLE givers! come and bring
Tribute to your heavenly King;
Lay it on the altar high,
While your songs ascend the sky.
Little Givers! do your part,
With a glad and willing heart,
For the angel voices say,
Little Givers! give to-day.
- 2 To the dead the Gospel give,
Bid them joyous wake and live;
Send it to the poor and blind,
That its light may fill the mind;
Weak and feeble souls are strong,
When they hear redemption's song,
And the lost in bliss return
When its gracious sound they learn.
- 3 Give to all the darken'd earth
Tidings of a heavenly birth,
Till the youth in every land
Learn the Saviour's sweet command;
Isles that wait his holy law
From redemption bliss shall draw,
And the hills and vales shall ring
With the praises of our King.
- 4 Little Givers! come and pay
Willing tribute while ye may.
Many offerings, though but small,
Make a large one from you all!
Give your heart with holy love,
Give your praise like that above;

Life and all to Jesus give,
And in glory you shall live.

WM. OLAND BOURNE.

66.

Plenty to Do.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 7.

- 1 I MAY, if I have but a mind,
Do good in many ways ;
Plenty to do the young may find,
In these our busy days.
Sad would it be, though young and small,
If I were of no use at all.
- 2 One gentle word that I may speak,
Or one kind loving deed,
May, though a trifle poor and weak,
Prove like a tiny seed ;
And who can tell what good may spring
From such a very little thing ?
- 3 Then let me try, each day and hour,
To act upon this plan,
What little good is in my power,
To do it while I can ;
If to be useful thus I try,
I may do better by and by.

67. *"There came a certain poor widow,
and she threw in two mites, which 7s.
make a farthing."*

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 106.

- 1 LITTLE rain drops feed the rill ;
Rills, to meet to streamlet, glide ;

Streams the broader rivers fill ;
Rivers swell the ocean tide—
Ocean, that with swelling note,
Proudly rears a foaming crest,
While the mightiest navies float
Lightly o'er its billowy breast.

- 2 Thus the offerings gather'd here,
Gifts we bring with willing hand,
Shall those streams of bounty cheer
That refresh a thirsty land,
With the sea of love shall blend,
Which the gospel's grace doth pour,
And the name of Jesus send
E'en to earth's remotest shore.

MRS. SIGOURNEY.

68. *"To every man according to his
several ability."* C. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 72.

- 1 **H**IDE not thy talent in the earth,
However small it be ;
Its faithful use, its utmost worth,
God will require of thee.
His own, which He hath lent on trust,
He asks of thee again ;
Little or much, the claim is just,
And thine excuses vain.
- 2 What if the little rain should plead,
"So small a drop as I
Can ne'er refresh yon thirsty mead ;
I'll tarry in the sky !"

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Was not enough for day?

CUTTER.

69. *How Little Things increase.* L. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 120.

- 1 **A** GRAIN of corn an infant's hand
May plant upon an inch of land,
Whence twenty stalks might spring and yield
Enough to stock a little field.
- 2 The harvest of that field might then
Be multiplied to ten times ten,
Which sown thrice more could furnish bread
Wherewith an army might be fed.
- 3 A penny is a little thing,
Which e'en a poor man's child may bring
Into the treasury of Heaven,
And make it worth as much as seven.
- 4 As seven! yea worth its weight in gold,
And *that* increased an hundred fold,
For lo! a penny tract, if well
Applied, may save a soul from hell.
- 5 That soul can scarce be saved alone,
It must, it will its bliss make known:
Come, it will cry, and you shall see,
What great things God hath done for me.
- 6 Hundreds that joyful sound shall hear,
Hear with the heart as well as ear;
And these to thousands more proclaim
Salvation in the only name. MONTGOMERY.

70. *Missionary Hymn for the Young.* L. M.

Plymouth Collection, 134.

- 1 LORD, can a simple child like me
L Assist to turn the world to thee?
Or send the bread of life to hands
Stretch'd out for it in heathen lands?
 - 2 Will this poor mite I call my own
Lead some lost Hindoo to Thy throne?
Or help to cast the idols down
Which 'midst the groves of Java frown?
 - 3 Oh, yes; although the gift be small,
'Thou'lt bless it, since it is mine all,
And bid it swell the glorious tide,
By thousands of thy saints supplied.
 - 4 Yon mighty flood, which feeds the plain,
Is fed by tiny drops of rain;
And ocean's broad unyielding strand
Consists of single grains of sand.
 - 5 Thus may the offerings children bring,
Make Gentiles bow to Israel's King—
If own'd by that resistless power
Which curbs the sea, and forms the shower!
- RICHARD HUIE, M. D.
-

71. *Despise not the day of small things.* L. M.

New Lute of Zion, 331.

- 1 THE day of small things God will not
Despise, the least are unforgot;
An orphan's offering, widow's mite,
Are precious in their Maker's sight.

- 2 Children ! who now hosannas raise,
Out of whose mouths He perfects praise,
Spare from the little you possess,
What God will own, accept, and bless.
- 3 Till through the east, the south, the west,
Gifts from the north will be so blest,
That, in the end, earth's countless throngs
Shall sing with us this song of songs :
- 4 " Worthy the Lamb for sinners slain,
Power, riches, honor, to obtain,
Who loved and wash'd us in His blood,
And made us kings and priests to God."

MONTGOMERY.

72. *Song of the Little Builders.*

7s.

Little Singer, 184.

- 1 **L**ITTLE builders, build away !
Little builders, build to-day !
Build a temple pure and bright ;
Build it up in deeds of light !
Lay the corner strong and deep,
Where the heart the truth shall keep ;
Lay it with a builder's care,
For the temple resteth there.
- 2 If you want an honored name,
If you want a spotless fame,
Let your words be kind and pure,
And your temple shall endure :
Wisdom standeth at the door—
Come and see her priceless store ;
Virtue gently guides your feet
Where the good and holy meet.

3 Set the pillars firm and strong,
 Raise them with the worker's song ;
 Toil is prayer, and toil is praise ;
 Keep this worship all your days ;
 Let your life be loving deeds ;
 Go and help when sorrow pleads ;
 Let the tear of pity fall
 When you hear the mourner call.

4 Little builders, build away !
 There is work for you to-day ;
 Deeds of mercy and of truth,
 Making bright the hours of youth.
 Work, and pray, and joyous sing,
 Ever fast to virtue cling,
 And a temple so sublime
 Shall outlast the years of time.

WM. OLAND BOURNE.

73.

The Morning Star.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 7.

1 **T**HE master-builder calleth
 His workmen : "Follow me !"
 Each man among them hasteth,
 With strange alacrity.
 A shout re-echoes near and far :
 "We build the ship—the Morning Star !"
 O builders ! God bestoweth
 Your wisdom, strength, and skill,
 And ever him rewardeth
 Who worketh with a will.
 "With a right good will alert we are,
 To build the ship—the Morning Star."

2 They come with noisy trampling,
 Ten thousand little feet,
 Each emulous to offer
 The tribute-money meet.
 All wide-awake the children are
 To build the ship—the Morning Star !
 They bring no dingy coppers,
 With green and canker'd spot,
 But pure and precious silver,
 Or choicer gold, I wot.
 “The very best we have, hurrah !
 To build the ship—the Morning Star !”

3 Now bravely on her mission,
 Away the good ship goes ;
 Nor fears the angry billow,
 Nor roughest wind that blows ;
 For prayers go up from near and far :
 “God speed the ship—the Morning Star !”
 I see her streamers floating
 O'er Micronesian seas ;
 I hear a hearty welcome
 Sent back upon the breeze :
 “All hail ! the ship that from afar
 Glad tidings brought—the Morning Star !”

74. *The Saviour Calls.* P. M.

1 CHILDREN, hark ! the Saviour's speaking
 To you now :
 Laborers is my vineyard wanting—
 Who will go ?

2 Who will leave the world's allurements,
 False as fair,

For the earnest toil and effort
Waiting there?

3 Who will say, as once did Samuel,
Here am I,
Waiting, Lord, to do thy pleasure
Till I die?

4 Who will give their all to Jesus,
And receive
Of his grace a tenfold measure
While they live?

5 And when earthly toil is ended
Here below,
Wear a fadeless crown of glory ;
Who will go? SARA HAMILTON.

75. " *Fading, still fading.*" P. M.

Institute Chorus Book, 71.

1 **F**ADING, still fading, the last beam is shining,
Father in heaven, the day is declining ;
Safety and innocence fly with the light,
Temptation and danger walk forth in the night.
From the fall of the shade till the morning bells
chime,
Shield me from danger and save me from crime.
Father have mercy, Father have mercy,
Father have mercy, through Jesus Christ
our Lord.

2 Father in heaven, oh, hear when we call,
Hear for Christ's sake, who is Saviour of all :
Feeble and fainting we trust in thy might.
In doubting and darkness thy love be our light.

Let us sleep on thy breast while the night-taper
burns,
And wake in thy arms when the morning re-
turns.

76.

Sabbath Evening.

7a.

Plymouth S. S. Collection, 31.

- 1 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day ;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.
Holy Sabbath, softly fading,
Gently as life's setting sun.
 - 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
O'er the earth as daylight fades ;
All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close.
 - 3 Saviour, may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee ;
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbaths ne'er shall close.
-

77.

Searcher of Hearts.

C. M.

Institute Chorus Book, 120.

- 1 SEARCHER of hearts ! from mine erase
All thoughts that should not be ;
And in its deep recesses trace
My gratitude to thee.
Hearer of prayer ! oh, guide aright
Each word and act of mine ;
Life's battle teach me how to fight,
And be the victory thine.

- 2 Giver of all ! for ev'ry good,
In the Redeemer came ;
For shelter, raiment, and for food,
I thank thee in his name.
Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost,
Thou glorious Three in One,
Thou knowest best what I need most,
And let thy will be done.
-

78.

The Family Bible.

C. M.

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 15.

- 1 THIS book is all that's left me now—
Tears will unbidden start ;
With falt'ring lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family-tree ;
My mother's hands this Bible clasp'd—
She, dying, gave it me.
- 2 Ah ! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear ;
Who round the hearthstone used to close,
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill !
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still.
- 3 My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear ;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who lean'd God's word to hear !

Her angel face, I see it yet—
 What thronging memories come!
 Again that little group is met
 Within the halls of home.

- 4 Thou truest friend man ever knew,
 Thy constancy I've tried;
 When all were false I've found thee true,
 My counsellor and guide.
 The mines of earth no treasure give
 That could this volume buy;
 In teaching me the way to live.
 It taught me how to die. G. P. MORRIS.
-

79.

Faith.

C. M.

Institute Chorus Book, 123.

- 1 LORD, I believe; thy power I own,
 Thy word I would obey;
 I wander comfortless and lone,
 When from thy truth I stray.
 Lord, I believe; but gloomy fears
 Sometimes bedim my sight;
 I look to thee with prayers and tears,
 And cry for strength and light.
- 2 Lord, I believe; but thou dost know
 My faith is cold and weak;
 Pity my frailty, and bestow
 The confidence I seek.
 Yes, I believe; and only thou
 Canst give my soul relief;
 Lord! to thy truth my spirit bow,
 Help thou my unbelief.

80.

Children called to Christ.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 2, 3.

- 1 **L**IKE mist on the mountain,
Like ships on the sea,
So swiftly the years
Of our pilgrimage flee ;
In the grave of our fathers
How soon shall we lie !
Dear children, to-day
To the Saviour fly.
- 2 How sweet are the flow'rets
In April and May !
But often the frost makes
Them wither away.
Like flowers you may fade ;
Are you ready to die ?
While "yet there is room,"
To the Saviour fly.
- 3 When Samuel was young,
He first knew the Lord ;
He slept in his smile,
And rejoiced in his word ;
So most of God's children
Are early brought nigh :
Oh, seek him in youth—
To a Saviour fly.
- 4 Do you ask me for pleasure ?
Then lean on his breast,
For there the sin-laden
And weary find rest.
In the valley of death
You will triumphing cry,
"If this be call'd dying,
'Tis pleasant to die." R. M. M'CHEYNE.

81. *The Christian Soldier.* C. M.

Revival Melodies, 22.

- 1 YE valiant soldiers of the cross !
 Ye happy, praying band !
 Though in this world you suffer loss,
 Press on to Canaan's land.
 Let us never mind the scoffs nor the frowns
 of the world,
 For we've all got the cross to bear ;
 It will only make the crown the brighter
 to shine,
 When we have the crown to wear !
 - 2 All earthly pleasures we'll forsake,
 When Heaven appears in view ;
 In Jesus' strength we'll undertake
 To fight our passage through.
 - 3 Oh ! what a glorious shout there'll be
 When we arrive at home ;
 Our friends and Jesus we shall see,
 And God shall say, " Well done ! "
-

82. *Will you come ?* P. M.

- 1 JESUS ! dear name, how sweet the sound !
 Replete with balm for every wound ;
 His word declares his grace is free—
 Come, needy sinner, come and see ;
 Come, guilty sinner, come and see :
 Will you come ? Will you come ?
- 2 He left the shining courts on high,
 Came to our world to bleed and die ;

Jesus, your Lord, hung on the tree—
Come, helpless sinner, come and see ;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see :
Will you come ? Will you come ?

3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part ;
Yet his dear love still burns to thee—
Come, careless sinner, come and see ;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see :
Will you come ? Will you come ?

4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
And make the filthy leper clean ;
His blood at once avail'd for me—
Come, anxious sinner, come and see ;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see :
Will you come ? Will you come ?

83. *Judgment anticipated.* C. P. M.

American Vocalist, 279.

- 1 **W**HEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To bear thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand ?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand ?
- 2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all ;
But—can I bear the piercing thought ?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call ?

- 3 O Lord ! prevent it by thy grace—
 Be thou my only hiding-place,
 In this the accepted day !
 Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
 To still my unbelieving fear,
 Nor let me fall, I pray.
- 4 Among thy saints let me be found,
 Whene'er the archangel's trump shall sound,
 To see thy smiling face ;
 Then loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
 While heaven's resounding mansions ring
 With shouts of sovereign grace.
-

84.

Eternity at hand.

L. M.

- 1 ETERNITY is just at hand !
 And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
 And careless view departing day,
 And throw my inch of time away ?
- 2 But an eternity there is
 Of endless woe, or endless bliss ?
 And swift as time fulfils its round,
 We to eternity are bound.
- 3 What countless millions of mankind
 Have left this fleeting world behind !
 They're gone ! but where ?—ah, pause and see !
 Gone to a long eternity.
- 4 Sinner ! canst thou forever dwell
 In all the fiery deeps of hell ?
 Has death no warning sound for thee ?
 Oh, turn and to the Saviour flee !

85. *The Great Meeting.* P. M.

1 **W**HAT a meeting, what a meeting that will be,
What a meeting, what a meeting that will be,
What a meeting that will be,
When our Father's face we'll see,
And we all meet around God's bright throne !

2 The Apostles, the Apostles will be there,
Repeat.
Free from sorrow, toil, and care, &c.

3 All Christians, all Christians will be there,
Repeat.
And their crowns of glory wear, &c.

4 Our brethren, our brethren will be there,
Repeat.
Whom we here did meet in prayer, &c.

5 Our sisters, our sisters will be there, *Repeat.*
Who did all our labors share, &c.

6 And Jesus will be there, will be there, *Repeat.*
Who all our sins did bear, &c.

7 And I too, and I too will be there, *Repeat.*
If I'm only faithful here, &c.

86. *Come to Jesus.* P. M

1 **C**OME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus, just now ;
Just now, come to Jesus, just now !

- 2 He is able, he is able,
He is able, just now ;
Just now, he is able, just now !
- 3 He is willing, he is willing,
He is willing, just now ;
Just now, he is willing, just now !
- 4 Christ is knocking, Christ is knocking,
Christ is knocking, just now ;
Just now, Christ is knocking, just now !
- 5 God is waiting, God is waiting,
God is waiting, just now ;
Just now, God is waiting, just now !
-

87.

The Beatitudes.

L. M.

American Vocalist, 319.

- 1 **B**LEST are the humble souls who see
Their emptiness and poverty ;
Treasures of grace to them are given,
And crowns of joy laid up in heaven.
- 2 Blest are the men of broken heart,
Who mourn for sin with inward smart ;
The blood of Christ divinely flows,
A healing balm for all their woes.
- 3 Blest are the meek, 'who stand afar
From rage and passion, noise and war ;
God will secure their happy state,
And plead their cause against the great.

- 4 Blest are the souls who thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness ;
They shall be well supplied and fed
With living streams and living bread.
- 5 Blest are the men whose bowels move,
And melt with sympathy and love ;
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain
Like sympathy and love again.
- 6 Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean
From the defiling power of sin ;
With endless pleasure they shall see
A God of spotless purity.
- 7 Blest are the men of peaceful life,
Who quench the coals of growing strife ;
They shall be call'd the heirs of bliss,
The sons of God, the God of peace.
- 8 Blest are the sufferers who partake
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake ;
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord ;
Glory and joy are their reward.
-

88. *The Church's Welcome.* 11s & 12s.

American Vocalist, 967.

- 1 CHILDREN of Zion! what harp-notes are
stealing
So soft o'er our senses, so soothingly sweet?
'Tis the music of angels, their raptures revealing,
That you have been brought to the Holy One's
feet.
Children of Zion! we join in their welcome,
'Tis sweet to lie low in that blessed retreat.

- 2 Children of Zion! no longer in sadness,
 Refrain from the feast that your Saviour hath
 given :
 Come, taste of the cup of salvation with gladness,
 And think of the banquet still sweeter in
 heaven.
 Children of Zion! our hearts bid you welcome
 To the church of the ransom'd, the kingdom
 of heaven.
- 3 Children of Zion! we joyfully hail you
 Who've enter'd the fold through Jesus, the
 door ;
 While pilgrims on earth, though the foe may
 assail you,
 Press forward, and soon will the conflict be o'er.
 Children of Zion! oh, welcome, thrice welcome,
 Till we meet where the foe shall oppress you
 no more.
-

89.

The Farewell.

11s.

American Vocalist, 324.

- 1 FAREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at
 hand,
 That we must be parted from this social band ;
 Our several engagements now call us away,
 Our parting is needful and we must obey.
- 2 Farewell, faithful soldiers, you'll soon be dis-
 charged,
 The war will be ended, your treasures enlarged ;
 With shouting and singing, though Jordan may
 roar,
 We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

- 3 Farewell, weeping mourners, with sad, broken heart,
Oh, hasten to Jesus and choose the good part ;
He's full of compassion and mighty to save,
His arms are extended your souls to receive.
-

90.

The Garden Hymn. C. P. M.

American Vocalist, 322.

- 1 THE Lord into his garden comes ;
The spices yield a rich perfume ;
The lilies grow and thrive ;
Refreshing showers of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which make the dead revive.
- 2 Oh, that this dry and barren ground
In springs of water may abound,
A fruitful soil become ;
The desert blossoms as the rose,
When Jesus conquers all his foes,
And makes his people one.
- 3 The glorious time is rolling on,
The gracious work is now begun ;
My soul a witness is :
I taste and see the pardon free,
For all mankind as well as me,
Who come to Christ may live.
- 4 Amen, amen ! my soul replies,
I'm bound to meet you in the skies,
And claim my mansion there ;
Now here's my heart, now here's my hand,
To meet you in that heavenly land
Where we shall part no more.

91. *The Old Ship of Zion.* P. M.

American Vocalist, 338.

- 1 **O**H, what ship is this that comes sailing by?
 Oh, glory, hallelujah!
 'Tis the old ship of Zion, hallelujah!
 'Tis the old ship of Zion, hallelujah!
- 2 And will this ship be able to carry us safe through?
 Oh, glory, hallelujah!
 Yes, Jesus is her captain, hallelujah! &c.
- 3 All her passengers will land on the bright eternal shore,
 Oh, glory, hallelujah!
 And they'll shout their sufferings over, hallelujah! &c.
- 4 She has landed many thousands and will land as many more,
 Oh, glory, hallelujah!
 She will land them over Jordan, hallelujah! &c.

92. *Jesus calls you, will you come?* 11s.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 2, 8.

- 1 **O**H, there is a river whose fresh waters flow
 O'er earth's broadest surface, a cure for all
 woe;
 Its streams are all healing, there's life in each
 wave,
 Oh, try it and prove it, 'tis mighty to save.
 Jesus calls you, will you come?
 Jesus calls you, will you come?
 Come to Jesus—come to Jesus—
 Jesus calls you, will you come?

- 2 Oh, drink of this river, its full crystal flood
 Refreshes and lightens of sin's weary load ;
 Its ripples ne'er mix with the billows of strife ;
 This is the " Pure River of Water of Life."
 Jesus calls you, &c.
- 3 This beautiful river our boast well may be,
 'Tis fresh, overflowing—and better, 'tis free !
 The sin-sick rejoice in this " peace-speaking"
 tide—
 This river is Jesus, the " once crucified."
 Jesus calls you, &c.
-

93.

Come, my Brethren.

7s & 6s.

American Vocalist, 341.

- 1 COME, my brethren, let us try,
 For a little season,
 Every burden to lay by,
 Come and let us reason.
 What is this that casts you down ?
 What is this that grieves you ?
 Speak, and let the worst be known,
 Speaking may relieve you.
- 2 Think on what your Saviour bore,
 In the gloomy garden ;
 Sweating blood at every pore,
 To procure thy pardon.
 See him nail'd upon the tree,
 Bleeding, groaning, dying,
 See, he suffer'd this for thee,
 Therefore be believing.

94. *How precious is the name.* P. M.

American Vocalist, 341.

1 **H**OW precious is the name,
Brethren sing, brethren sing—
How precious is the name, brethren sing ;
How precious is the name
Of Christ our Paschal Lamb,
Who bore our sin and shame,
On the tree, on the tree—
Who bore our sin and shame on the tree.

2 I've given all for Christ,
He's my all, he's my all—
I've given all for Christ, he's my all ;
I've given all for Christ,
And my spirit cannot rest
Unless he's in my breast,
Reigning there, reigning there—
Unless he's in my breast, reigning there.

3 His easy yoke I'll bear,
With delight, with delight—
His easy yoke I'll bear with delight ;
His easy yoke I'll bear,
And his cross I will not fear ;
His name I will declare,
Evermore, evermore—
His name I will declare evermore.

95. *The Pilgrim Stranger.* 8s & 7s.

American Vocalist, 350.

1 **W**HITHER goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wandering through this gloomy vale?

Know'st thou it is full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?
No! I'm bound for the kingdom,
Will you go to glory with me?
Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

2 Pilgrim thou dost justly call me,
Travelling through this lonely road,
But no ill shall e'er befall me,
While I'm blest with such a Guide.
Oh, I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

3 Guide unseen—but still believe me,
Jesus does my steps attend;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He'll be with me to the end.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.

4 Jordan's stream has nothing frightful,
Though its waves look dark and drear;
Death itself will be delightful,
Jesus will be with me there.
For I'm bound for the kingdom, &c.



96.

The Happy Man.

6s & 7s

American Vocalist, 346.

1 **H**OW happy is the man who has chosen wisdom's ways,
And measured out his span to his God in prayer
and praise!
His God and his Bible are all that he desires,
To holiness of heart he continually aspires.

In poverty he's happy, for he knows he has a
Friend
Who never will forsake him till the world shall
have an end.

2 He rises in the morning, with the lark he tunes
his lays,
And offers up a tribute to his God in prayer and
praise ;
And then to his labor he cheerfully repairs,
In confidence believing that God will hear his
prayers.

Whatever he engages in at home or abroad,
His object is to honor and to glorify his God.

3 In sickness, pain, and sorrow, he never will re-
pine,
While he is drawing nourishment from Christ the
living vine :
When trouble presses heavily he leans on Jesus'
breast,
And in his precious promises he finds a quiet rest.
The yoke of Christ is easy, and his burden al-
ways light,
He lives, nor is he weary till Canaan heaves in
sight.

4 'Tis thus you have his history through life from
day to day,
Religion is no mystery, with him 'tis a beaten
way ;
And when upon his pillow he lies down to die,
In hope he rejoices, for he knows his God is nigh.
And when life's lamp is flickering, his soul on
wings of love
Away to realms of glory flies to reign with Christ
above.

97.

My Bible tells me so.

C. M.

Lee Avenue S. S. Casket, vol. i. 80.

- 1 **W**HEN faint and weary with the strife
Temptations to o'ercome,
I long to leave this toilsome life
And lay me down at home,
Then sweetly comes this thought to me,
Whate'er betides I know,
That as my day my strength shall be—
The Bible tells me so.
- 2 When sin brings clouds of doubt and fears
To spread before my eyes,
And faith grows weak, and scarce can pierce
Those clouds to reach the skies—
My heart cries out, in trembling tones,
Oh, whither shall I go?
“Come unto me, ye weary ones!”
My Saviour tells me so.
- 3 Yes, I will come, I'll trust the Lord
The needed strength to give;
Oh, let me never doubt thy word,
I'll trust thee while I live.
And when I lay me down to die,
I need not fear to go,
I have a home beyond the skies—
My Bible tells me so.
-

98.

Kind Words can never die.

P. M.

Lee Avenue S. S. Casket, vol. i. 96.

- 1 **K**IND words can never die!
Heaven gave them birth;
Wing'd with a smile they fly
All o'er the earth.

Kind words the angels brought,
Kind words our Saviour taught;
Sweet melodies of thought—
Who knows their worth?
Kind words can never die, &c.

2 Kind deeds can never die!
Though weak and small,
From his bright throne on high
God sees them all;
He doth reward with love,
All those who faithful prove;
Round them where'er they move,
Rich blessings fall.
Kind deeds can never die, &c.

3 God's word can never die!
Though fallen man
Oft dares its truth deny—
Dares it in vain.
God's word alone is pure;
His promises are sure;
Trust him, and rest secure,
Heaven you shall gain.
God's word can never die, &c.

4 Our souls can never die!
God's word we trust;
He to our *bodies* said,
"Dust unto dust."
Saviour, our souls prepare,
Thy happy home to share;
Us to thy mansions bear,
When life is past.
Our souls can never die, &c.

99.

We're happy now.

P. M.

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 21.

- 1 **O**H, we are happy now, dear mother,
Our home's amid the flowers,
And zephyrs from the throne of God
Are borne in fragrant showers.
Would we come back, dear mother,
And leave our glorious home?
Oh, though we love you dearly,
From heaven we would not roam.
No! no! no!
For though we love you dearly,
From heaven we would not roam.
- 2 We bask in glorious sunlight, mother,
Of a brighter world than thine,
And the soft perfume of the angel's voice
Is borne upon the wind.
Would we come back, dear mother,
And leave our glorious home?
Oh, though we love you dearly,
From heaven we would not roam.
No, no, no, &c.
- 3 Your world is very fair, dear mother,
With its sunny hills and dales;
But ours is fairer, fairer far,
Its beauty never pales.
Then why, oh why, dear mother,
Should we leave our glorious home?
Oh, though we love you dearly,
From heaven we would not roam.
No, no, no, &c.

100. *Oh! won't you love my Jesus? 7s & 6s.*

1 **O**H, won't you love my Jesus?
He's close beside me now—
And while the cold, cold death-drops
Are gath'ring on my brow,
His hand, so soft and gentle,
Will wipe them all away.
How will you die, dear uncle,
Without this only stay?

2 Then won't you love my Jesus,
Who died for love of you?
And can you slight such kindness,
Reject a friend so true?
I see him now all gleaming
With countless rays of light;
A crown upon his forehead,
Bedeck'd with gems so bright.

3 What! will you love my Jesus?
Speak! do I hear aright?
Mamma!—Papa!—blest Saviour!
How happy! oh, how bright!
I'll linger now no longer,
For all so dear are thine,
Come quickly—come, my Jesus—
Yes, mine—forever mine!

NOTE.—Little Bessie's uncle, who was a skeptic, sat watching at her bedside one evening, and just before she died, she raised herself up in bed and said, "Dear uncle, won't you love my Jesus? so when you come to die, he will love and take you to himself, as he now does me," and sank back asleep in Jesus' arms. The incident led to the conversion of her uncle.

101. *Nothing lost by giving.* 7s & 6s.

1 **W**HAT ever lost by giving ?
 The sky pours down its rain,
 Refreshing all things living,
 While mists rise up again.

2 Go rob the sparkling fountain,
 And drain its basin dry ;
 The barren-seeming mountain
 Will fill its chalice high.

3 Who ever lost by loving
 Though all our hearts we pour,
 Still other spirits moving,
 To pay our love with more.

4 And was there ever blessing
 That did not turn and rest,
 A double power possessing,
 The blesser being blest ?

102. *"Inasmuch as ye have done it
 unto one of the least of these, C. M.
 ye have done it unto me."*

Church Melodies, 146.

1 **W**HO is thy neighbor ? he whom thou
 Hast power to aid or bless ;
 Whose aching heart or burning brow
 Thy soothing hand may press .

2 Thy neighbor ? 'tis the fainting poor,
 Whose eye with want is dim ;
 Oh, enter thou his humble door,
 With aid and peace for him.

- 3 Thy neighbor ? he who drinks the cup
When sorrow drowns the brim ;
With words of high, sustaining hope,
Go thou, and comfort him.
- 4 Thy neighbor ? 'tis the weary slave
Fetter'd in mind and limb ;
He hath no hope this side the grave ;
Go thou, and ransom him.
- 5 Thy neighbor ? pass no mourner by ;
Perhaps thou canst redeem
A breaking heart from misery ;
Go, share thy lot with him. PEABODY.
-

103. *The Widow and the Fatherless.* P. M.

Bradbury's Jubilee, 21.

- 1 **W**HEN the cry of the fatherless child is heard
From his poor and lonely dwelling,
Let thy heart by his wailing complaint be stirr'd,
By his voice of sorrow telling.
- 2 Go and bind up the woes of the widow's breast,
Burst the clouds that gather round her ;
Go and show her that where she had hoped it least
Hath mercy's angel found her.
- 3 When she sits by the side of her fading coals,
And her babes are round her quaking,
Let her share in the bounty that o'er thee rolls,
And soothe thou her bosom's aching.
- 4 Oh, prepare thou a balm for the orphan's grief,
Go and cheer them in their sadness,
For the hungry and naked provide relief,
For the weeping, songs of gladness.

104. *Messiah, the Prince.* 10s, 11s, & 12s.

Continental Harmony, 242.

- 1 **Z**ION, the marvellous story be telling,
The Son of the Highest, how lowly his birth,
The brightest archangel in glory excelling,
He stoops to redeem thee, he reigns upon earth.
Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing;
Jerusalem triumphs, Messiah is King!
- 2 Tell how he cometh, from nation to nation;
The heart-cheering news let the earth echo
round;
How free to the faithful he offers salvation,
How his people with joy everlasting are
crown'd.
- 8 Mortals, your homage be gratefully bringing,
And sweet let the gladsome hosanna arise;
Ye angels, the full hallelujah be singing,
One chorus resound through the earth and
the skies.
-

105. *Behold, thy King cometh unto thee.* 11s.

Plymouth Collection, 230.

- 1 **D**AUGHTER of Zion, awake from thy sadness;
Awake, for thy foes shall oppress thee no
more;
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the Day-star of glad
ness;
Arise, for the night of thy sorrow is o'er.
- 2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that sub-
dued them,
And scatter'd their legions, was mightier far;

They fled like the chaff from the scourge that
pursued them ;

Vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

3 Daughter of Zion, the Power that hath saved thee,
Extoll'd with the harp and the timbrel should
be ;

Shout, for the foe is destroy'd that enslaved thee ;
The oppressor is vanquish'd. and Zion is free !

FITZGERALD'S COLL.

106. *Come, take my hand, give yours to me.*

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 61.

1 LET us all, both old and young,
Every day grow better ;
Happy let us go
Through our path below.

Come, take my hand, give yours to me,
And faithful we will try to be.
And then we'll all rejoice. rejoice,
And then we'll all rejoice.

2 We will love our parents dear,
Serve, obey, and honor :
Ne'er will them deceive,
Nor their bosoms grieve.

3 Let us one and all engage,
That like friends and brothers
We in peace will live,
And our foes forgive.

4 Let us ne'er do wilful wrong,
Howsoever tempted,
But in deed and word
Love and serve the Lord.

107.

Anniversary Hymn.

P. M.

- 1 **W**HAT means this youthful gathering?
Some stranger heart might say;
What mean these floating banners,
And all this bright array?
An echo answers from the throng—
“We’ve come to sing our festal song.”
- 2 We celebrate with gladness,
This day of happy cheer;
Each heart is free from sadness,
When its bright rays appear;
Oh! list the echo from the throng—
“We’ve come to sing our festal song.”
- 3 The Sabbath-school has taught us
That we should never spurn
The message Jesus brought us,
But to its precepts turn.
Still echo answers from the throng—
“We’ve come to sing our festal song.”
- 4 To-day we come with singing,
And holy anthems raise;
Our loud hosannas bringing,
In notes of sweetest praise:
United joy pervades the throng,
And heaven re-echoes back the song.
-

108.

Sunday-School Gathering.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 3, 14.

- 1 **T**HE Sunday-school army has gather'd once
more,
Its numbers are greater than ever before;

Its banners are spread and shall never be furl'd,
Till the Prince of Salvation has conquer'd the
world.

Sing, sing ! for the army is on its bright way
To the homes of the blest and the mansions
of day !

- 2 We fight against evil and battle with wrong ;
Our sword is the Bible, both trusty and strong ;
Our watchword is Prayer, and Faith is our shield,
And never, no, never, to our foes will we yield.
 - 3 In the midst of our conflicts, we'll think of our
Lord,
Who died on the cross, and from death was re-
stored,
To save us from sin, and to give us a place
With the angels who always behold his bright
face.
 - 4 To Jesus, our captain, hosannas we raise,
And join with our teachers in singing his praise :
His soldiers we are, and his soldiers we'll be,
Till we lay down our armor, and death sets us free.
E. S. PORTER, D. D.
-

109.

We meet again.

7s & 6s.

Juvenile Psalmist, 94.

- 1 **W**E meet again in gladness,
And thankful voices raise ;
To God, our heavenly Father,
We'll tune our grateful praise :
'Tis his kind hand that kept us
Through all the changing year ;
His love it is that brings us
Again to worship here.

2 We'll thank him for the Sabbath,
This day of holy rest ;
And for the blessed Bible,
The book that we love best ;
For Sabbath-schools and teachers,
To us so kindly given,
To guide us in the pathway
That leads to joys in heaven.

3 We'll thank him for our country,
The land our fathers trod ;
For liberty of conscience,
And right to worship God.
O Lord ! our heavenly Father,
Accept the praise we bring,
And tune our hearts and voices
Thy glorious name to sing.

4 Soon may thy gracious sceptre
Extend to every land,
And all as willing subjects
Submit to thy command.
Send forth the gospel tidings,
And hasten on the day
When every isle and nation
Shall own Messiah's sway.

110.

Anniversary Song.

P. M.

Mudge's S. S. Music Book, 18.

1 **D**AYS, and weeks, and months, returning,
Bear us gently down life's way ;
Still their lesson we are learning,
With each anniversary day.
We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by and by.

- 2 Glad our hearts, and glad our voices,
Joy controls the hasting hour ;
None so sad but he rejoices
'Neath to-day's controlling power.
 - 3 Glad for classmates, and for teachers
Guiding us with gentle rule ;
Glad for all the gifts that reach us,
Through our own loved Sabbath-school.
 - 4 Yet though glad, we'll still remember
What the moments always say ;
Life must have its cold December,
Just as surely as its May.
 - 5 Let us not forget the meaning
Days like thee forever wear ;
One more field has had its gleanings,
One more sheaf our arms should bear.
-

111. *Gladly, Brothers, gladly.* P. M.

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 58.

- 1 **G**LADLY, brothers, gladly
Wake the joyous strain ;
Sing the praise of Jesus,
Once for sinners slain.
Praise him, ever singing
Sweetest melody.
Saviour, own our offering,
Lead us unto thee :
And thus in youth's bright morning,
Our joy shall ever be,
Praising, ever singing
Sweetest melody.

- 2 Sweetly, sisters, sweetly
 'Tell the story o'er ;
How he suffer'd—languish'd—
 How the cross he bore.
- 3 Come, ye infant voices,
 Lisp the Saviour's praise,
Let the love of Jesus
 Prompt your earliest lays.
- 4 Sweet it is to praise him,
 Sweeter far to love ;
Be ye then in earnest,
 Seeking him above.
-

112. *We love to sing together.* P. M.

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 30.

- 1 **W**E love to sing together,
 Our hearts and voices one ;
To praise our heavenly Father
 And his eternal Son.
 We love, we love, we love, we love,
 We love to sing together ;
 We love, we love, we love, we love,
 We love to sing together.
- 2 We love to pray together
 To Jesus on his throne,
And ask that he will ever
 Accept us as his own.
- 3 We love to read together
 The word of saving truth,
Whose light is shining ever
 To guide our early youth.

4 We love to be together
 Upon the Sabbath-day,
 And strive to help each other
 Along the heavenly way.

5 We hope to be together
 Within that world of light,
 Where Jesus reigns forever,
 And all his friends unite.

6 Then let us sing together
 Our hearts and voices one;
 And pray to God our Father
 To save us through his Son.

E. S. PORTER, D. D:

113. *The Bells of Holy Sabbath.* P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 2.

1 **H**ARK! the bells of holy Sabbath!
 Hear their ringing soft and clear!
 While their solemn, sacred music
 Sounds so sweetly to the ear;
 Hear their sweet, persuasive summons,
 Recalling now God's high behest:
 Six days shalt thou have for labor,
 On the seventh thou shalt rest.

2 While the tools of weary workmen,
 Lying all unheeded now—
 Far from toil his arm is ceasing,
 Happy smiles play on his brow,
 As he hears the church-bells ringing,
 Blessing with tears the high behest:
 Six days shalt thou have for labor,
 On the seventh thou shalt rest.

- 3 Human hearts, ev'n if they're sinful,
 Now a purer impulse swells,
 As they feel the soothing cadence,
 Of those sweetly echoing bells ;
 For their music, calm, but earnest,
 Echo deep within the breast :
 Six days shalt thou have for labor,
 On the seventh thou shalt rest.
- 4 What a blessing is the Sabbath,
 With its sweetly chiming bells !
 Spirits pure, of deep devotion,
 In their calm vibration dwells.
 Then the weary one's reminded
 Of Jehovah's high behest :
Six days only shalt thou labor,
 On the seventh thou shalt rest.
-

114.

Dialogue Song.

7a.

Jubilee, 378.

Scholars.

- 1 **T**EACHERS, tell us why you toil,
 Why on us your hours bestow ?

Teachers.

Children, 'tis to us a joy,
 You the way of life to show.

- 2 Does no other cause induce—
 Is our good your only aim ?
 Children, for your souls we toil,
 And the blest Redeemer's name.
- 3 Little fruits your efforts crown,
 Yet, dear teachers, labor on.

God, dispensing showers around,
May refresh our barren ground.

- 4 May we all, our teachers dear,
Recompense your pious care.
Children, now for heaven prepare ;
May we reign together there.

Scholars and Teachers.

- 5 Taught and teachers would unite
Their warm tribute with delight,
For our Superintendent now
At the throne of grace we bow.
There our fervent prayer ascends
For rich blessings on our friends ;
Safe in God may all abide—
Sweet the refuge there to hide.

115. *Honor to our Sunday-School.* 7s & 6s.

Mudge's S. S. Music Book, 50.

- 1 ALL honor to our Sunday-school,
A Blest be its name for aye ;
It is our glory and our pride,
And shall be till we die.
It teaches us the way of life,
How death's broad road to shun,
And promises a crown of light
To every faithful one.
All honor to our Sunday-school, &c.
- 2 Its spacious doors stand open wide
To take each wanderer in,
And by kind words and loving hearts,
To win them back from sin.

And every friendless, homeless child,
 That to its portals comes,
 It welcomes with a brother's love,
 And finds for them a home.

3 It feeds the hungry, starving poor,
 That daily cry for food,
 And clothes the naked, shivering child,
 With garments warm and good.
 It soothes the restless couch of pain,
 With words of cheer and love ;
 And when all earthly comforts fail,
 Points to the Friend above.

4 It stands beside the bed of death,
 When other friend there's none,
 To dry the sorrowing orphan's tear,
 And calm the widow's moan.
 And when all earthly help is vain,
 When death has closed the scene,
 It gently bears the sleeping dust
 To rest in " Evergreens."

SARA HAMILTON.

116. *For Christ's sake impart
 thine alms.*

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 336.

1 SHE loved her Saviour, and to him
 D Her costliest present brought ;
 To crown his head, or grace his name,
 No gift too rare she thought.

2 So let the Saviour be adored,
 And not the poor despised,
 Give to the hungry from your hoard,
 But all, give all to Christ.

3 Go, clothe the naked, lead the blind,
Give to the weary rest ;
For sorrow's children comfort find,
And help for all distress'd.

4 But give to Christ alone thy heart,
Thy faith, thy love supreme ;
Then for his sake thine alms impart,
And so give all to him. CH. MIRROR.

117. *Labor on, wait in hope.* 8s & 5s.

Plymouth Collection, 339.

1 EVERY day hath toil and trouble,
Every heart hath care ;
Meekly bear thine own full measure,
And thy brother's share.
Fear not, shrink not, though the burden
Heavy to thee prove ;
God shall fill thy mouth with gladness,
And thy heart with love.

2 Patiently enduring, ever
Let thy spirit be
Bound, by links that cannot sever,
To humanity.
Labor, wait ! thy Master perish'd
Ere his task was done ;
Count not lost thy fleeting moments—
Life hath but begun.

3 Labor, wait ! though midnight shadows
Gather round thee here,
And the storm above thee lowering
Fill thy heart with fear—

Wait in hope ! the morning dawneth
When the night is gone,
And a peaceful rest awaits thee
When thy work is done.

BAILEY.

118. *The Accepted Offering.* 7s.

1 LORD, what off ring shall we bring,
L At thine altars when we bow ?
Hearts, the pure unsullied spring,
Whence the kind affections flow ;
Soft compassion's feeling soul,
By the melting eye express'd ;
Sympathy, at whose control
Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

2 Willing hands to lead the blind,
Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
Love, embracing all our kind ;
Charity, with liberal store :—
Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
Thus to show our grateful mind,
Thus the accepted offering bring,
Love to thee and all mankind.

J. TAYLOR.

119. "*Weep with them that weep.*" C. M.

1 LORD, may our sympathizing breasts
L The generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joys,
And weep for others' woe !

2 Where'er the helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

3 Thus may the sacred law of love
Through all our actions shine,
And force a scoffing world to own
The Christian name divine.

120. "*For ye have the poor always
with you.*" C. M.

1 LORD, lead the way the Saviour went,
L By lane and cell obscure,
And let our treasures still be spent,
Like his, upon the poor.

2 Like him, through scenes of deep distress,
Who bore the world's sad weight,
We, in their gloomy loneliness,
Would seek the desolate.

3 For thou hast placed us side by side
In this wide world of ill;
And that thy followers may be tried,
The poor are with us still.

4 Small are the offerings we can make;
Yet thou hast taught us, Lord,
If given for the Saviour's sake,
They lose not their reward. CROSWELL.

121.

"Go, labor on."

L. M.

1 GO, labor on ; spend and be spent—
G Thy joy to do the Father's will :
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?

2 Go, labor on ; 'tis not for naught ;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain :
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises,—what are men ?

3 Go, labor on ; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer :
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil comes rest, for exile home ;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal : " Behold, I come ! "

BONAR.

122.

"Go, labor on."

L. M.

1 GO, labor on ; your hands are weak,
G Your knees are faint, your soul cast down ;
Yet falter not ; the prize you seek
Is near—a kingdom and a crown !

2 Go, labor on, while it is day ;
The world's dark night is hastening on :
Speed, speed thy work—cast sloth away !
It is not thus that souls are won.

- 3 Men die in darkness at your side,
 Without a hope to cheer the tomb ;
 Take up the torch and wave it wide—
 The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.
- 4 Toil on—faint not—keep watch and pray !
 Be wise the erring soul to win ;
 Go forth into the world's highway ;
 Compel the wanderer to come in. **BONAR.**
-

123. *Think gently of the erring one.* C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 336.

- 1 **T**HINK gently of the erring one !
 Oh, let us not forget,
 However darkly stain'd by sin,
 He is our brother yet !
- 2 Heir of the same inheritance,
 Child of the self-same God,
 He hath but stumbled in the path
 We have in weakness trod.
- 3 Speak gently to the erring ones !
 We yet may lead them back,
 With holy words, and tones of love,
 From misery's thorny track.
- 4 Forget not, brother, thou hast sinn'd
 And sinful yet may'st be ;
 Deal gently with the erring heart,
 As God hath dealt with thee.

MISS FLETCHER.

124.

Speak gently.

C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 324.

- 1 **S**PEAK gently—it is better far
 To rule by love than fear ;
 Speak gently—let no harsh word mar
 The good we may do here.
 - 2 Speak gently to the young—for they
 Will have enough to bear ;
 Pass through the world as best they may,
 'Tis full of anxious care.
 - 3 Speak gently to the aged one,
 Grieve not the careworn heart ;
 The sands of life are nearly run,
 Let them in peace depart.
 - 4 Speak gently to the erring ones—
 They must have toil'd in vain ;
 Perchance unkindness made them so ;
 Oh, win them back again !
 - 5 Speak gently—'tis a little thing,
 Dropp'd in the heart's deep well ;
 The good, the joy, that it may bring,
 Eternity shall tell. BATES.
-

125.

Chide mildly the erring.

6s & 5s.

Plymouth Sabbath-School Collection, 17

- 1 **C**HIDE mildly the erring—
 Kind language endears ;
 Grief follows the sinful—
 Add not to their tears :

Avoid with reproaches
 Fresh pain to bestow ;
 The heart which is stricken
 Needs never a blow.

2 Chide mildly the erring ;
 Jeer not at their fall ;
 If strength were but human,
 How weakly were all !
 What marvel that footsteps
 Should wander astray,
 When tempests so shadow
 Life's wearisome way ?

3 Chide mildly the erring ;
 Entreat them with care ;
 Their natures are mortal—
 They need not despair :
 We all have some frailty,
 We all are unwise ;
 The grace which redeems us
 Must shine from the skies.

126. *Say a kind word when you can.* P. M.

Institute Chorus Book, 134.

1 **W**HAT were life without some one to cheer us,
 With a word or a smile in our way—
 A friend who is faithfully near us,
 And heeds not what others may say ?
 The bravest of spirits have often,
 Half fail'd in the race that they ran,
 For a kind word, life's hardships to soften ;
 So say a kind word when you can.

- 2 Each one of us owns to some failing,
Though some may have more than the rest ;
But there's no good in heedlessly railing
'Gainst those that are striving their best.
Remember, a word spoke complaining,
May blight every effort and plan,
Which a kind word would help in attaining ;
So say a kind word when you can.
- 3 Oh ! say a kind word, then, whenever
'Twill make the heart cheerful and glad ;
But chiefly—forget it, oh, never—
To the one that is hopeless and sad,
For there's no word so easy in saying :
So begin, if you have not began,
And never in life be delaying,
To say a kind word when you can.
-

127. “ *I press towards the* 10s, 11s, & 12s.
mark.”

- 1 **B**REAST the wave, Christian, when it is
strongest ;
Watch for day, Christian, when night is longest ;
Onward and onward still be thine endeavor ;
The rest that remaineth, endureth forever.
- 2 Fight the fight, Christian, Jesus is o'er thee ;
Run the race, Christian, heaven is before thee ;
He who hath promised faltereth never ;
Oh, trust in the love that endureth forever.
- 3 Lift the eye, Christian, just as it closeth ;
Raise the heart, Christian, ere it reposeth ;

Nothing thy soul from the Saviour shall sever ;
Soon shalt thou mount upward to praise him
forever.

128. *The Spirit of a little Child.* C. M.

- 1 FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portion'd out for me ;
The changes that will surely come
I do not fear to see ;
I ask thee for a present mind,
Intent on pleasing thee.
- 2 I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And wipe the weeping eyes ;
A heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.
- 3 I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
That seeks for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know ;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.
- 4 Wherever in the world I am,
In whatso'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
A work of lowly love to do
For him on whom I wait.
- 5 I ask thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,

A mind to blend with outward life,
 While keeping at thy side ;
 Content to fill a little space,
 If thou be glorified.

6 And if some things I do not ask,
 Among my blessings be,
 I'd have my spirit fill'd the more
 With grateful love to thee ;
 More careful—not to serve thee much,
 But please thee perfectly.

ANNA L. WARING.

129. *Soon and forever with Christ.* 11s & 12s.

1 SOON—soon and forever our union shall be
 Made perfect, our glorious Redeemer, in thee ;
 The sins and the sorrows of time shall be o'er,
 Its pangs and its partings remember'd no more :
 When life cannot fail, and when death cannot
 sever,
 Then Christians with Christ shall be—soon and
 forever.

2 Yes, soon and forever, we'll see as we've seen,
 And learn the deep meaning of things that have
 been ;
 Then droop not in sorrow, despond not in fear,—
 A glorious to-morrow is brightening and near ;
 When—blessed reward of each faithful endeav-
 or !—
 True Christians with Christ shall be—soon and
 forever !

J. B. MONSELL.

130. *"We walk by faith, not by sight."* L. M.

- 1 **W**E did not see thee lifted high,
When men thy sacred body slew,
Nor heard thy meek, imploring cry :
"Forgive, they know not what they do !"
Yet we believe the deed was done
Which shook the earth and veil'd the sun.
- 2 We stood not by the empty tomb
Where, Lord, thy sacred body lay,
Nor sat within that upper room,
Nor met thee in the open way :
But we believe that angels said,
"Why seek the living with the dead?"
- 3 We did not mark the chosen few,
When thou didst through the clouds ascend,
First lift to heaven their wondering view,
Then to the earth all prostrate bend :
Yet we believe that mortal eyes
Beheld that journey to the skies.
- 4 And now that thou dost reign on high,
And thence thy waiting people bless ;
No ray of glory from the sky
Doth shine upon our wilderness :
But we believe thy faithful word,
And trust in our redeeming Lord.

131.

The Eden above.

Revival Melodies, 12.

- 1 **W**E'RE bound for the land of the pure and the
holy,
The home of the happy, the kingdom of love,
Ye wanderers from God in the broad road of folly,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go, will you go,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 2 In that blessed land, neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified
rove :
Ye heart-burden'd ones who in misery languish,
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 3 Nor fraud, nor deceit, nor the hand of oppression,
Can injure the dwellers in that holy grove :
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgres-
sion ;
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 4 No poverty there—no, the saints are all wealthy,
The heirs of his glory whose nature is love ;
Nor sickness can reach them—that country is
healthy :
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?
- 5 Each saint has a mansion prepared and all fur-
nish'd,
Ere from this clay house he is summon'd to
move ;
Its gates and its towers with glory are burnish'd ;
Oh say, will you go to the Eden above?

- 6 March on, happy pilgrims! that land is before
 you,
 And soon its ten thousand delights we will
 prove:
 Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright
 glory,
 And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
- 7 And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake
 thee,
 We halt yet a moment as onward we move;
 Oh come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take
 thee,
 And bear thee along to the Eden above.
- 8 Methinks thou art now in thy wretchedness say-
 ing,
 Oh, who can this guilt from my conscience re-
 move?
 No other but Jesus: then come to him praying,
 Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above.
-

132.

We're going Home.

P. M.

Revival Melodies, 8.

- 1 **W**E'RE going home, we've had visions bright,
 Of that holy land, that world of light,
 Where the long dark night of time is past,
 And the morn of eternity dawns at last;
 Where the weary saint no more shall roam,
 But dwell in a happy, peaceful home;
 Where the brow with sparkling gems is crown'd,
 And the waves of bliss are flowing around.
- 2 We're going home, we soon shall be
 Where the sky is clear and all are free;

Where the victor's song floats o'er the plain,
 And the seraph's anthems blend with its strain ;
 Where the sun rolls down its brilliant flood,
 And beams on a world that is fair and good ;
 Where stars, once dimm'd at nature's doom,
 Will ever shine o'er the new earth bloom.

3 Where the tears and sighs which here were given,
 Are exchanged for the gladsome song of heaven ;
 Where the beauteous forms which sing and shine,
 Are guarded well by a hand divine ;
 Where the banner of love and friendship's wand
 Are waving above that princely band,
 And the glory of God, like a boundless sea,
 Will cheer that immortal company.

4 'Mid the ransom'd throng, 'mid the sea of bliss,
 'Mid the holy city's gorgeousness,
 'Mid the verdant plains, 'mid angel's cheer,
 'Mid the saints that around the throne appear ;
 Where the Conqueror's song, as it sounds afar,
 Is wafted on the ambrosial air ;
 Through endless years we then shall prove
 The depth of a Saviour's matchless love.

133.

A Home in Glory.

8s & 7s.

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 8.

1 **A** LITTLE longer here below,
 And we'll go home to glory,
 Where joy supreme we all shall know,
 In yon bright world of glory.
 Glory, halleluiah—
 A home we'll have in Paradise,
 Oh, glory, halleluiah !

2 We hope to meet our brethren there,
In heaven, our home of glory,
Who oft have join'd with us in prayer,
And praise of God, in glory.

3 Come, fellow-sinners, flee for life,
There's room for you in glory ;
Forsake your sins, and come to Christ,
And find a home in glory.

134.

I have a Father.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 2.

- 1 **I** HAVE a Father in the promised land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
I'll away, I'll away to the promised land,
My Father calls me, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land.
- 2 I have a Saviour in the promised land,
My Saviour calls, I must go,
To meet him in the promised land, &c.
- 3 I have a crown in the promised land,
When Jesus calls me, I must go,
To wear it in the promised land, &c.
- 4 I hope to meet you in the promised land,
At Jesus' feet a joyous band ;
We'll praise him in the promised land, &c.

135.

No Rest Here.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 16.

- 1 **H**ERE o'er the earth as a stranger I roam,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here as a pilgrim I wander alone,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
For I look forward to that glorious day
When sin and sorrow shall vanish away:
My heart doth leap while I hear Jesus say,
There, there is rest! there is rest!
- 2 Here are afflictions and trials severe,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Here I must part with the friends I hold dear,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
Sweet is the promise I read in his word:
Blessed are those who have died in the Lord,
They have been call'd to receive their reward,
There, there is rest! there is rest!
- 3 This world of cares is a wilderness state,
Here is no rest, here is no rest!
Hear I must bear from the world all its hate,
Yet I am blest, yet I am blest!
Soon shall I be from the wicked released,
Soon shall the weary forever be blest,
Soon shall I lean upon Jesus' own breast,
There, there is rest! there is rest!
-

136. "*Now is our Salvation nearer* S. M.
than when we believed."

- 1 **O**NE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,

Nearer my parting hour am I
Than e'er I was before.

2 Nearer my Father's house
Where many mansions be ;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,—
Nearer the crystal sea ;

3 Nearer my going home,
Laying my burden down,
Leaving my cross of heavy grief,
Wearing my starry crown.

4 Nearer that hidden stream
Winding through shades of night,
Rolling its cold dark waves between
Me and the world of light.

5 Jesus! to thee I cling :
Strengthen my arm of faith ;
Stay near me while my wayworn feet
Pass through the stream of death.

137.

Zion's Pilgrim.

P. M

1 **P**ILGRIMS we are, to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road ;
This wilderness we travel round,
To reach the city of our God.
O happy pilgrims, spotless fair,
What makes your robes so white appear ?
Our robes are wash'd in Jesus' blood,
And we are travelling home to God.

2 A few more days, or weeks, or years,
In this dark desert to complain ;
A few more sighs, a few more tears,
And we shall bid adieu to pain.

138.

Oh! who's like Jesus?

L. M.

Mudge's S. S. Music Book, 55.

- 1 JESUS, my all to heaven is gone :
He whom I fix my hopes upon ;
His track I see, and I'll pursue
The narrow way, till him I view.
Oh! who's like Jesus who died on the tree?
He died for you, he died for me,
He died to set poor sinners free.
Oh! who's like Jesus who died on the tree?
- 2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment ;
The King's highway of holiness
I'll go, for all his paths are peace.
- 3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourn'd because I found it not ;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
- 4 The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more ;
Till late I heard my Saviour say :
"Come hither, soul, I AM THE WAY!"
- 5 Lo! glad I come, and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, whose I am ;
Nothing but sin have I to give,
Nothing but love shall I receive.
- 6 Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour I have found ;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold, the way to God!"

CENNICK.

139.

Home at last.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 15.

- 1 **W**E live as pilgrims and strangers below,
We're homeward bound ;
Though often tempted, yet onward we go,
We're homeward bound.
Trials and crosses we cheerfully bear,
Toils and temptations expecting to share,
We hasten forward, content with the fare,
We're homeward bound.
- 2 Earth with its trifles we all have resign'd,
We're homeward bound ;
Heaven, with its glories, we shortly shall find,
We're homeward bound.
Sinful amusements no longer are dear,
Oh, how delusive and vain they appear,
While to our home we are drawing so near,
We're homeward bound.
- 3 We'll tell the world as we journey along,
We're homeward bound ;
Try to persuade them to enter our throng,
We're homeward bound.
Come, trembling sinner, forlorn and oppress'd,
Join in our number, oh, come and be blest ;
Journey with us to the mansions of rest,
We're homeward bound.
-

140.

The Promised Land.

C. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 9.

- 1 **W**E'RE marching to the promised land,
A land all fair and bright ;
Come join our happy, youthful band,
And seek the plains of light.

Oh, come and join our youthful band,
Our songs and triumphs share ;
We soon shall reach the promised land,
And rest forever there.

- 2 The Saviour feeds his little flock,
His grace is freely given ;
The living waters from the rock,
And daily bread from heaven.
- 3 In that bright land no sin is found,
But all are happy there ;
And youthful voices there shall join,
With the angelic choir.
- 4 Our teachers kind do point the way,
And guide our feet aright,
To those bright realms of endless day,
Where Jesus is the light.
-

141. *It won't be long.* C. M.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, to Pisgah's height,
And view the promised land,
And see by faith the glorious sight,
Our heritage at hand.
We'll stem the storm, it won't be long ;
The heavenly port is nigh :
We'll stem the storm, it won't be long ;
We'll anchor by and by.
- 2 There endless springs of pleasure flow
At my Redeemer's side,
For all who live by faith below,
And in their Lord confide.

- 3 Fair Salem's dazzling gates are seen,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
And fields adorn'd in living green,
The residence of God.
- 4 My conflicts here will soon be past,
Where wild destruction reigns ;
Through toil and death I'll reach at last
Fair Canaan's happy plains.
- 5 Oh, could I cross rough Jordan's wave,
No danger would I fear ;
My bark would every tempest brave,
For oh ! my Captain's near.
- 6 My lamp of life will soon grow pale,
The spark will soon decay ;
And then my happy soul will sing
To everlasting day.
-

142.

Homeward bound.

P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 3, 15.

- 1 **O**UT on an ocean all boundless we ride,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Toss'd on the waves of a rough, restless tide,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode,
Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
Promise of which on us each he bestow'd.
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
- 2 Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound ;
Look ! yonder lie the bright heavenly shores,
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the wheel,
Steady! we soon shall outweather the gale,
Oh! how we fly neath the loud-creaking sail!
We're homeward bound, homeward bound.

143.

Upward.

6s & 4s.

Plymouth Collection.

- 1 **N**EARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'll be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
Bethel I'll raise;

So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

- 5 Or if on joyful wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;
Still, all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee!
Nearer to thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

144. *Then would I fly away.* P. M.

- 1 OH, for a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft my soul away,
To that celestial place above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.
Come, my Saviour, O my Saviour,
Come and bless thy people now,
While at thy feet we humbly bow,
Oh, come and save us now ;
Then we will sing our sufferings o'er,
And praise thee evermore.
- 2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
Our pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where stormy winds do blow.
- 3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair—
Oh, guide us safe to Canaan's land,
Through every latent snare.

- 4 Anchor us in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.
-

145.

Harvest Hymn.

P. M.

- 1 NOW the golden ear
Waits the reaper's hand,—
Banish every fear,
Plenty fills the land.
Joyfully raise songs of praise ;
Goodness, goodness,
Crowns our days ;
Yet again swell the strain.
He who feeds the birds that fly,
Will our daily wants supply.
- 2 As the manna lay
On the desert ground—
So from day to day,
Mercies flow around.
- 3 As a father's love
Gives his children bread,—
So our God above,
Grants, and we are fed.
-

146. *He shall fly away as a dream.* P. M.

- 1 COME, let us anew our journey pursue.
Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear.
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
And our talents improve
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

- 2 Our life is a dream ; our time as a stream
 Glides swiftly away ;
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.
 The arrow is flown, the moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.
- 3 Oh, that each in the day of his coming may say,
 " I have fought my way through ;
 I have finish'd the work thou didst give me to
 do."
 Oh, that each from his Lord may receive the
 glad word,
 " Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."
 C. WESLEY.
-

147.

Happy Day.

P. M.

- 1 O HAPPY day ! when God's dear Son
 From heaven to earth came down ;
 Assumed our nature, bore our sin.
 To raise us to his throne.
 Happy, happy, happy day !
 Happy, happy, happy day !
 O happy day ! Hallelujah !
 Hallelujah ! Amen !
 Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen, Amen !
- 2 O happy day ! when first our feet
 To Sabbath-schools were led ;
 Where we such kind instructors meet,
 And feed on heavenly bread.
- 3 O happy day ! when by thy grace,
 Of sin convinced we stood ;

And pray'd for pardon and for peace,
'Through Jesus' precious blood.

- 4 O happy day ! the Sabbath day,
When we, thy people, meet
Within thy courts, to praise and pray,
And worship at thy feet.
- 5 O happy day ! when Christ shall see
The travail of his soul ;
When Jew and Gentile, bond and free,
Shall yield to his control.
- 6 O happy day ! O glorious day !
When, with the saints above,
We and our teachers join the lay,
To praise redeeming love.
-

148. *Christmas Morning.* P. M.

- 1 NOW, dear children, can you tell,
Do you know the story well,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
On the Christmas morning?
- 2 Yes, we know the story well ;
Listen now, and hear us tell,
Every girl and every boy,
Why the angels sang for joy
On the Christmas morning.
- 3 Shepherds sat upon the ground,
Fleecy flocks were scatter'd round,
When the brightness fill'd the sky,
And the song was heard on high
On the Christmas morning.

4 Joy and peace the angels sang,
And the pleasant echoes rang
Peace on earth, to men good-will;
Hark, the angels sing it still
On the Christmas morning!

5 For a little babe that day
Christ, the Lord of angels, lay—
Born on earth our Lord to be;
This the wondering angels see
On the Christmas morning.,

6 Let us sing the angels' song,
And our pleasant notes prolong;
This fair Babe of Bethlehem
Children loves, and blesses them
On the Christmas morning.

149.

Christmas Carol.

P. M.

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 58.

1 HARK, the angels. singing,
Wake the happy morn,
Joyful tidings bringing,
"Christ, the Lord, is born!
In a lowly manger
(This shall be the sign),
See the new-born stranger,
Hail the Babe divine!"

Glory, glory, glory, in the highest sing—
Glory, glory, glory, to our God and king!
Glory, glory, glory, peace to earth again!
Glory, glory, glory, and good-will to men!

- 2 Sisters dear and brothers,
Sing, sing away !
This, of all the others,
Is the children's day.
Hear its blessed story :
" Once, as young as we,
Christ, the Prince of Glory,
Slept on Mary's knee."
- 3 Where's a chorus meeter
For his advent here ?
Where a carol sweeter
To his gentle ear ?
None can come so near him,
The Holy, Undeiled,
None so love and fear him,
As a Christian child.
- 4 In the highest regions,
Now upon his throne,
All the blood-bought legions
Claim him Lord alone :
But of all who adore him
With triumphant song,
Children stand before him
In the greatest throng.
- 5 Let us then pursue him
To his throne of grace,
Let us pray unto him,
Looking in his face :
" Once in childhood's weakness,
Christ, like us wert thou ;
In love, truth, and meekness,
Make us like thee now !"

- 6 This, of all the others,
Is the children's day,
Sisters dear and brothers,
Sing, sing away.
Bless him for its story :
" Once as young as we,
Jesus, Lord of glory,
Slept on Mary's knee."

GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

150. *The Merry Christmas Bells.* P. M.

Cynthara.

- 1 **H**ARK! hark! to the merry Christmas bells,
How pleasantly they chime!
A tone of joy their music swells,
For the holy, hallow'd time.
They tell of the bright and glorious day
When a Saviour sprung to birth,
When Bethlehem's star of a silvery ray,
Lit the glad and smiling earth.
- 2 They tell of the manger's lowly bed,
Where the holy Babe was found,
Where the straw alone upheld his head
From the cold and hoof-trod ground.
Humble and mean was the shelter there,
For our God's anointed Son;
But bright as the regions of upper air
Was the glorious meed he won.
- 3 He came to give a world of gloom
A radiance forever bright,
Then sank to the dark and shrouding tomb,
That sinners might live in light.

Then loud let each young and grateful voice
In this Sabbath-school arise,
And every heart in his praise rejoice,
Till it reaches the vaulted skies.

- 4 Where he reigns in his eternal home,
The Redeemer softly said :
"Suffer these little children to come,
For of such is my kingdom made."
Where he reigns in his eternal home,
The Redeemer softly said .
"Suffer these little children to come,
For of such is my kingdom made.
-

151.

Christmas Hymn.

P. M.

- 1 IN the dying of the year,
Happy, happy shall we be ;
In the dying of the year,
Happy, happy shall we be ;
In the dying of the year,
The world is cold and drear,
But no gloom can reach us here,
And happy shall we be.
- 2 Ring out the Christmas rhyme,
Happy, happy shall we be, &c.
Ring out the Christmas rhyme,
For the year has no such time
In her fall, or bloom, or prime ;
And happy shall we be.
- 3 There is "Glory" from the sky,
Happy, happy shall we be, &c.
There is "Glory" from the sky,
"Glory, glory !" we reply,

"Glorious be to God on high!"
And happy shall we be.

4 Good news our bosoms thrill,
Happy, happy shall we be, &c.
Good news our bosoms thrill,
Peace all the earth shall fill,
God sends to men good-will,
And happy shall we be.

5 "Good news!" the angels say,
Happy, happy shall we be, &c.
"Good news!" the angels say,
For Christ was born to-day,
And in the manger lay,
And happy shall we be.

6 As we gather round our King,
Happy, happy shall we be, &c.
As we gather round our King,
No costly gifts we bring,
But he loves to hear us sing.
And happy shall we be.

7 O Babe of Bethlehem, thou—
Happy, happy shall we be, &c.
O Babe of Bethlehem, thou
To death for us didst bow,
But thou reign'st in glory now,
And happy shall we be.

8 Through life thy grace impart,
Happy, happy shall we be, &c.
Through life thy grace impart,
To every youthful heart,
Then take us where thou art,
And happy shall we be.

GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D.

152.

The Name of Jesus.

P. M.

- 1 **T**HERE is no name so sweet on earth,
No name so sweet in heaven,
The name, before his wondrous birth,
To Christ the Saviour given.
We love to sing around our King,
And hail him blessed Jesus ;
For there's no word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.
- 2 His human name they did proclaim,
When Abràm's son they seal'd him,
The name that still, by God's good-will,
Deliverer reveal'd him.
- 3 And when he hung upon the tree,
'They wrote *this* name above him,
That all might see the reason we
Forever more must love him.
- 4 So now upon his Father's throne,
Almighty to release us
From sin and pains, he gladly reigns,
The Prince and Saviour Jesus.
- 5 To Jesus every knee shall bow,
And every tongue confess him,
And we unite with saints in light,
Our only Lord to bless him.
- 6 O Jesus, by that matchless name,
Thy grace shall fail us never ;
To-day as yesterday the same,
Thou art the same forever.

Then let us sing around our King,
The faithful, precious Jesus ;
There's not a word ear ever heard,
So dear, so sweet as Jesus.

GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D.

153. *The happy morn we hail again.* P. M.

Sheet Music, D. P. Horton.

- 1 **T**HE happy morn we hail again,
When heaven seems smiling o'er us ;
And from the sky in joyful strain,
Breaks forth the angels' chorus.
Peace on earth, good-will to men ;
Glory in the highest.
- 2 And with the humble shepherd throng,
Around his cradle manger,
We gather now with prayer and praise,
To greet the infant stranger.
- 3 We bring no gems, nor rich perfume,
Nor wisdom's years before him ;
But come in childhood's early bloom,
In childhood's praise to adore him.
- 4 For thou who wert thyself a child,
In more than infant meekness,
Wilt never in thy mercy mild,
Despise our childhood's weakness.
- 5 Oh ! send thy Spirit, us to bless,
That in thy footsteps holy,
Our feet may turn to righteousness
From paths of sin and folly.

- 6 Then, led by thee, our souls shall rise,
Where thou hast gone before us ;
And bless thee ever in the skies
That earth has heard the chorus.
-

154. *The Issues of Life and Death.* S. M.

- 1 O H, where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul ?
'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole ;
The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh ;
'Tis not the *whole* of life to live,
Nor *all* of death to die.

- 2 Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years ;
And all that life is love ;—
There is a death, whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath ;
Oh, what eternal horrors hang
Around the “second death !”

- 3 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun,
Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
And evermore undone :
Here would we end our quest ;
Alone are found in thee,
The life of perfect love,—the rest
Of immortality. MONTGOMERY.

155. *The Christian Victor.* P. M.

Revival Melodies, 16.

- 1 **H**APPY the spirit released from its clay ;
Happy the soul that goes bounding away ;
Singing as upward it hastes to the skies,
Victory ! victory ! homeward I rise.
Many the toils it has pass'd through below,
Many the seasons of trial and woe ;
Many the doubtings it never should sing,
Victory ! victory ! thus on the wing.
- 2 How can we wish them recall'd from their home,
Longer in sorrowing exile to roam ?
Safely they pass'd from their troubles beneath,
Victory ! victory ! shouting in death.
Thus let them slumber, till Christ from the skies
Bids them in glorified body arise ;
Singing, as upward they spring from the tomb,
Victory ! victory ! Jesus hath come !
-

156. *They rest.* 8s & 7s.

- 1 **W**EEP not for a brother deceased ;
Our loss is his infinite gain ;
A soul out of prison released,
And freed from its bodily chain ;
With songs let us follow his flight,
And mount with his spirit above,
Escaped to the mansions of light,
And lodged in the Eden of love.
- 2 Our brother the haven hath gain'd,
Outflying the tempest and wind ;

His rest he hath sooner obtain'd,
And left his companions behind :
Still toss'd on a sea of distress,
Hard toiling to make the blest shore,
Where all is assurance and peace,
And sorrow and sin are no more.

- 3 There all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath ;
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death :
The voyage of life's at an end ;
The mortal affliction is past :
The age that in heaven they spend,
Forever and ever shall last.
-

157.

River of Death.

P. M.

- 1 **R**IVER of death, thy stream I see,
Between the bright city of rest and me ;
Fearless thy sable surge I'll brave,
For sweet is the prospect o'er thy wave.
Waft me, oh, waft me safely o'er,
And land me, dear Saviour, on Canaan's shore
- 2 Why should I fear to stem thy tide,
With him who has loved me, as guard and guide ?
Wisdom and power control thy flood,
While faith says my passage was paid with blood.
- 3 What is it gilds thy darksome foam ?
'Tis light shining forth from my happy home.
Music that thrills my soul to hear,
Seems floating me over thy surface drear.

- 4 Help me, I feel the waters rise,
 Yet visions of glory still glad my eyes.
 Saviour, I come—I soon shall be
 Among the blest purchase of Calvary.
-

158. *I know thou art gone!* P. M.

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 9.

- 1 **I** KNOW thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
 Then why should my soul be so sad?
 I know thou art gone where the weary are blest,
 And the mourner looks up and is glad.
 I never look up with a wish to the sky,
 But a light like thy beauty is there;
 And I hear a low murmur like thine in reply,
 When I pour out my spirit in prayer.
- 2 In thy far-a-way home, wherever it be,
 I know thou hast visions of mine;
 And my heart hath revealings of thine and of thee,
 In many a token and sigh.
- 3 In the hush of the night, on the waste of the sea,
 Or alone with the breeze on the hill,
 I have ever a presence that whispers of thee,
 And my spirit lies down and is still.
-

159. *Home at Last.* P. M.

Revival Melodies, 26.

- 1 **H**OME at last! home at last!
 From an earthly shore,
 For oh! I've join'd the ransom'd ones,
 Who pass'd on long before.

Here each tear is wiped away
By God, the Holy One ;
There's naught but songs of joy and praise
Round the Eternal throne.

2 The pure in heart ! the pure in heart !

Robed in spotless white,
Are here with starry crowns of joy,
All gloriously bright.

Some I loved so long ago,
Who left me sad and lone,
I meet among the heavenly host,
Within our Father's home.

3 Safe at home ! safe at home !

Oh, let the echo go,
To soothe the hearts that mourn me yet,
In that first home below.

His dear arms are round me now,
Who was for sinners slain ;
Through him I've won eternal life,
For me to die was gain.

Safe at home ! safe at home !

From an earthly shore ;
I'll bless and praise thee, O my God,
Forever, evermore. MRS. M'LEOD.

160.

Dust to Dust.

P. M.

1 **D**UST, receive thy kindred !
Earth, take now thine own !
To thee this trust is render'd ;
In thee this seed is sown.

2 Clasp it kindly, fondly,
To cherish, not destroy ;

Clasp it as the mother
Clasps her nestling joy.

3 Guard the precious treasure,
Ever-faithful tomb!
Keep it all unrifled,
Till the Master come.

BONAR.

161. *We miss thee in thy place at school.* C. M.

Plymouth Collection, 444.

- 1 WE miss thee in thy place at school,
And on thy homeward way,
Where violets by the reedy pool,
Peep out so shyly gay.
- 2 And many a tearful, longing look
In silence seeks thee yet,
Where, in its own familiar nook,
Thy fireside chair is set.
- 3 And oft, when little voices dim
Are feeling for the note
In chanted prayer, or psalm, or hymn,
And wav'ring wildly float—
- 4 Comes gushing o'er a sudden thought
Of her who led the strain,
How oft, such music home she brought,
But ne'er shall bring again.
- 5 Oh, say not so! the spring-tide air
Is fraught with whisperings sweet:
Who knows, but heavenly carols there
With ours may duly meet!

LYRA INNOCENTIUM.

162. *O death, where is thy sting?—* P. M.
1 Cor. xv. 55.

- 1 **V**ITAL spark of heavenly flame,
Quit, oh, quit this mortal frame;
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.
- 2 Hark, they whisper; angels say,
"Sister spirit, come away!"
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?
- 3 The world recedes, it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O grave, where is thy victory?
O death, where is thy sting? POPE.
-

163. *She died, yet is not dead.* P. M.
Plymouth S. S. Collection, 203.

- 1 **S**HE died, yet is not dead!
Ye saw a daisy on her tomb;
It bloom'd to die, she died to bloom;
Her summer hath not sped.
- 2 She died, yet is not dead!
Ye saw her jewels all unset,
But God then made a coronet,
And placed it on her head.

- 3 She died, yet is not dead !
Ye saw her gazing toward a sky,
Whose lights beam not on mortal eyes—
She linger'd, yearn'd, and fled.
- 4 She died, yet is not dead !
A messenger on noiseless wing
Bore a sweet summons from the King—
She follow'd where he led.
- 5 She died, yet is not dead !
By pearly gate and golden street
She took her way with shining feet :
Go ye and thither tread ! THEO. TILTON.
-

164. *The Last Lovely Morning.* P. M.

- 1 THE last lovely morning,
All blooming and fair,
Is fast onward fleeting,
And soon will appear.

While the mighty, mighty, mighty trump
Sounds come, come away !
Oh, let us be ready
To hail the glad day !

- 2 And when that bright morning
In splendor shall dawn,
Our tears will be ended,
Our sorrows all gone.

- 3 The Bridegroom from glory
To earth shall descend—
Ten thousand bright angels
Around him attend.

165. *Judgment Hymn.* P. M.

1 OH, there will be mourning, mourning, mourning,
ing, mourning,

Oh, there will be mourning at the judgment-seat of Christ!

Parents and children there will part,

Wives and husbands there will part,

Brothers and sisters there will part,

Will part to meet no more.

2 Oh, there will be mourning, &c.

Friends and neighbors there will part, &c.

3 Oh, there will be glory, &c.

Saints and angels there will meet, &c.

Will meet to part no more.

166. *Rest for the weary.* P. M.

Sheet Music.

1 IN the Christian's home in glory
There remains a land of rest,
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfil my soul's request.

There is rest for the weary,

There is rest for the weary,

There is rest for the weary,

There is rest for you ;

On the other side of Jordan,

In the sweet fields of Eden,

Where the tree of life is blooming,

There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand,
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.
- 3 Pain nor sickness ne'er shall enter,
Grief nor woe my lot shall share ;
But in that celestial centre,
I a crown of life shall wear.
- 4 Death itself shall then be vanquish'd,
And his sting shall be withdrawn ;
Shout for gladness, O ye ransom'd !
Hail with joy the rising morn !
- 5 Sing, oh sing, ye heirs of glory—
Shout your triumph as you go ;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.
-

167.

Heaven is my Home.

6s & 4s.

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 43.

- 1 I'M but a stranger here,
Heaven is my home ;
Earth is a desert drear,
Heaven is my home ;
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand,
Heaven is my fatherland,
Heaven is my home.
- 2 What though the tempest rage,
Heaven is my home ;
Short is my pilgrimage,
Heaven is my home ;

Time's cold and wintry blast
Soon will be overpast,
I shall reach home at last—
Heaven is my home.

- 3 There, at my Saviour's side,
Heaven is my home ;
I shall be glorified,
Heaven is my home ;
There are the good and blest,
Those I love most and best,
There, too, I soon shall rest—
Heaven is my home.
-

168.

The Land of Rest.

8s & 6s.

Linden Harp, 20.

- 1 **T**HERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given ;
There is a joy for souls distress'd,
A balm for every wounded breast,
'Tis found above in heaven.
- 2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sin and sorrow driven,
When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear but heaven.
- 3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
To brighter prospects given ;
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

- 4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given ;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom,
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.
-

169.

The Redeemed.

7s.

Anniversary Hymns, 63.

- 1 **W**HO are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar, night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song?
 "Worthy is the lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;
 New dominion every hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod !
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Seal'd with his almighty name,
 Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might,
 More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them, the Lamb amid the throne,
 Shall to living fountains lead ;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs ;
 Perfect love dispels all fears ;
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

MONTGOMERY.

170. *The Land which no Mortal
may know.*

P. M.

- 1 **T**HOUGH earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As the poet and painter might show,
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad
sight,
Is the land which no mortal may know.
- 2 There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from
the throne,
Flows on, and forever will flow ;
Its waves as they roll are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and
life,
In the land which no mortal may know.
- 3 And there on its margin, with leaves ever green,
With fruits, healing sickness and woe,
The fair tree of life, in its glory spread wide,
Is fed by the deep inexhaustible tide,
On the land which no mortal may know.
- 4 There, too, are the lost whom we loved on this
earth,
With whose memory our bosoms still glow ;
Their relics we gave to the place of the dead,
But their glorified spirits before us have fled
To the land which no mortal may know.
- 5 There the orb of night and the fountain of day,
Nor beauty nor splendor bestow ;
But the presence of Him, the unchanging I.A.M.
And the Holy, the Pure, the Immaculate Lamb.
Light the land which no mortal may know.

171.

Heavenly Home.

P. M.

Revival Melodies, 26.

- 1 **H** EAVENLY home! heavenly home! precious
name to me,
I love to think the time will come when I shall
rest in thee.
I've no abiding city here,
I seek for one to come;
And though my pilgrimage be drear,
I know there's rest at home,
Heavenly home! heavenly home! precious
name, &c.
- 2 Heavenly home! heavenly home! there no
clouds arise—
No tear-drops fall—no dark nights dim thy ever-
smiling skies.
This earthly home is fair and bright,
Yet clouds will often come:
And oh! I long to see the light
That gilds my heavenly home.
- 3 Heavenly home! heavenly home! ne'er shall
sorrow's gloom,
Nor doubts nor fears disturb me there, for all is
peace at home.
I know I ne'er shall worthy be
To dwell 'neath heaven's bright dome,
But Christ, my Saviour, died for me,
And now he calls me home.

172.

My Fatherland.

9s & 8s.

Revival Melodies, 26.

- 1 **T**HERE is a place where my hopes are stay'd,
 My heart and my treasure are there ;
 Where verdure and blossoms never fade,
 And fields are eternally fair.
 That blissful place is my fatherland,
 By faith its delights I explore.
 Come, favor my flight, angelic band,
 And waft me in peace to the shore.
- 2 There is a place where the angels dwell,
 A pure and a peaceful abode ;
 'The joys of that place no tongue can tell,
 But there is the palace of God.
- 3 There is a place where my friends are gone,
 Who suffer'd and worshipp'd with me ;
 Exalted with Christ high on his throne,
 The King in his beauty they see.
- 4 There is a place where I hope to live,
 When life and its labors are o'er ;
 A place which the Lord to me will give,
 And then I shall sorrow no more.
-

173.

*"His glory covered the
 heavens."*

C. H. M.

- 1 **S**INCE o'er thy footstool here below
 So Such radiant gems are strown,
 Oh, what magnificence must glow,
 Great God, about thy throne
 So brilliant here these drops of light !
 There the full ocean rolls, how bright !

- 2 If night's blue curtain of the sky,
With thousand stars inwrought,
Hung, like a royal canopy,
With glittering diamonds fraught,
Be, Lord, thy temple's outer veil,
What splendor at the shrine must dwell!
- 3 The dazzling sun, at noonday hour,
Forth from his flaming vase,
Flinging o'er earth the golden shower,
Till vale and mountain blaze,
But shows, O Lord, one beam of thine :
What, then, the day where thou dost shine !
- 4 Oh, how shall these dim eyes endure
That noon of living rays?
Or how our spirits, so impure,
Upon thy glory gaze?
Anoint, O Lord, anoint our sight,
And fit us for that world of light.
-

174. " *The street of the city was
pure gold.*"

8s.

- 1 WE speak of the realms of the bless'd,
That country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confess'd ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold ;
But what must it be to be there !
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,

From trials without and within ;
But what must it be to be there !

4 We speak of its service of love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The church of the first-born above ;
But what must it be to be there !

5 Do thou, Lord, 'mid sorrow and woe,
Still for heaven my spirit prepare,
And shortly I also shall know,
And feel, what it is to be there.

175.

Beautiful City.

L. M.

Anniversary Hymns, No. 4.

1 **B**EAUTIFUL Zion built above,
Beautiful city that I love,
Beautiful gates of pearly white,
Beautiful temple—God its light.
He who was slain on Calvary,
Opens those pearly gates to me.

2 Beautiful heaven, where all is light,
Beautiful angels clothed in white,
Beautiful strains that never tire,
Beautiful harps through all the choir.
There shall I join the chorus sweet,
Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.

3 Beautiful crowns on every brow,
Beautiful palms the conquerors show,
Beautiful robes the ransom'd wear,
Beautiful all who enter there.
Thither I press with eager feet,
There shall my rest be long and sweet.

- 4 Beautiful throne for Christ our King,
Beautiful songs the angels sing,
Beautiful rest, all wanderings cease,
Beautiful home of perfect peace.
There shall my eyes the Saviour see,
Haste to this heavenly home with me.
-

176. "*Forever with the Lord.*" S. M. Double.

Revival Melodies, 23.

- 1 "FOREVER with the Lord,"
Amen, so let it be ;
Life from the dead is in that word ;
'Tis immortality.
Here in the body pent,
Absent from him I roam ;
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home,
Nearer home, nearer home,
A day's march nearer home.
- 2 My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near,
At times, to faith's aspiring eye,
'Thy golden gates appear !
Ah, then my spirit faints,
To reach the land I love ;
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem above,
Home above, home above,
Jerusalem above.
- 3 Yet doubts still intervene,
And all my comfort flies ;
Like Noah's dove I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies ;

Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease,
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace,
Bow of peace, bow of peace,
Expands the bow of peace.

177. *No Night in Heaven.* P. M.
Sheet Music.

- 1 NO night shall be in heaven! no gathering
gloom
Shall o'er that glorious landscape ever come;
No tears shall fall in sadness o'er those flowers,
That breathe their fragrance through celestial
bowers.
- 2 No night shall be in heaven! no dreadful hour
Of mental darkness, or the tempter's power—
Across those skies no envious cloud shall roll,
'To dim the sunlight of the raptured soul.
- 3 No night shall be in heaven! forbid to sleep,
These eyes no more their mournful vigils keep;
Their fountains dried—their tears all wiped
away—
They gaze undazzled on eternal day.
- 4 No night shall be in heaven!—no sorrow's reign,
No secret anguish, no corporeal pain;
No shivering limbs, no burning fever there;
No soul's eclipse, no winter of despair.
- 5 No night shall be in heaven—but endless noon;
No fast declining sun nor waning moon;
But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light,
'Mid pastures green, and waters ever bright.

- 6 No night shall be in heaven—no darken'd room,
 No bed of death, nor silence of the tomb ;
 But breezes, ever fresh with love and truth,
 Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.
- 7 No night shall be in heaven ! but night is here,
 The night of sorrow, and the night of fear ;
 I mourn the ills that now my steps attend,
 And shrink from others that may yet impend.
- 8 No night shall be in heaven ! oh, had I faith
 To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
 That faith should make these hideous phantoms
 flee,
 And leave no night, henceforth, on earth to me !
-

178.

Gushing so bright.

P. M.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 108.

- 1 GUSHING so bright in the morning light,
 G Gleams the water in yon fountain ;
 As purely, too, as the early dew
 That gems the distant mountain.
 Then drink your fill of the grateful rill,
 And leave the cup of sorrow ;
 Though it shine to-night in its gleaming
 light,
 'Twill sting thee on the morrow.
- 2 Quietly glide in their silvery tide,
 The brooks from rocks to valley ;
 And the flashing streams, in the broad sunbeams,
 Like a banner'd army rally.

- 3 Touch not the wine, though brightly it shine,
When nature to man has given
A gift so sweet, his wants to meet,
A bev'rage that flows from heaven.
- 4 Not only here of the water clear
Is God the lavish giver ;
But when we rise to yonder skies,
We'll drink of life's bright river.
-

179. *Sign the Pledge.*

- 1 UNITED in a joyous band,
We'll sign the pledge with heart and hand,
The ruby wine we'll lay aside,
And be our country's hope and pride.
Yes, sign the pledge, each son and daughter,
And choose the clear and sparkling water.
- 2 'Twill keep the roses on your cheek,
Preserve your spirits mild and meek ;
Your eye will beam expression bright,
Your mind improve in wisdom's light.
- 3 It makes the home of labor sweet,
And happy faces there you'll greet ;
It leads the way to honest wealth,
And gives earth's choicest blessing, health.

180.

The Hidden Fiend.

Temperance Melodies, 193.

AIR—"Woodstock."

- 1 OH! touch it not, for deep within
That ruby-tinted bowl,
Lie hidden fiends of guilt and sin,
To seize your precious soul.
 - 2 That sparkling glass if you partake
Will prove your deadly foe,
And may, ere yet its bubbles break,
Have seal'd your endless woe.
 - 3 Then pause ere yet the cup you drain,
The hand that lifts it stay ;
Resolve forever to abstain,
And cast the bowl away.
-

181.

Seedtime and Harvest.

L. M.

- 1 AS o'er his furrow'd fields which lie
Beneath a coldly drooping sky,
Yet chill with winter's melted snow,
The husbandman goes forth to sow ;
- 2 Thus, Temperance,* on the bitter blast
The ventures of thy seed we cast,
And trust to warmer sun and rain,
To swell the germ and fill the grain.
- 3 Who calls thy glorious service hard ?
Who deems it not its own reward ?

* Substituted for "freedom" in the original.

Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

4 It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripening field ;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves ;

5 Yet where our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is will'd, is done !

6 And ours the grateful service, whence
Comes, day by day, the recompense :
The hope, the trust, the purpose stay'd,
The fountain and the noonday shade.

7 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these,
Than waking dream and slothful ease.

8 But life, though falling like our grain,
Like that revives and springs again ;
And, early call'd, how blest are they
Who wait in heaven their harvest day !

J. G. WHITTIER.

182. *Speed the Temperance Ship.* H. M.

Plymouth Collection, 89.

AIR—Lenox.

1 **S**PEED, speed the Temperance ship !
Ye winds, fill every sail ;
Behold her on the deep,
Outriding every gale :

The tempest's fury she outbraves,
And hosts of deathless drunkards saves.

2 Speed, speed the Temperance ship!

Who joins us in the cry?
Mothers and children, cease to weep,
Our ship is passing by:
We wish to take you all on board,
A freight of mercy to the Lord.

3 Speed, speed the Temperance ship!

For her we'll ever pray;
'Tis Israel's God alone can keep
In safety, night and day;
On him we'll evermore depend
Who is the contrite drunkard's friend.

4 Speed, speed the Temperance ship!

Ye young and aged shout;
Behold her sailing o'er the deep,
With all her streamers out,
Bound for the true tee-total shore,
Where streams of death are drank no more.

183.

The Pure Stream.

P. M.

Temperance Melodist, 102.

- 1 **I**N Eden's green retreats,
A water-brook that play'd
Between soft mossy seats,
Beneath a plane-tree's shade,
Whose rustling leaves
Danced o'er its brink,
Was Adam's drink,
And also Eve's.

- 2 Beside the parent spring
Of that young brook, the pair
Their morning chant would sing;
And Eve, to dress her hair,
Kneel on the grass
That fringed its side,
And make its tide
Her looking-glass.
- 3 And when the man of God
From Egypt led his flock,
They thirsted, and his rod
Smote the Arabian rock,
And forth a rill
Of water gush'd,
And on they rush'd
And drank their fill.
- 4 Would Eden thus have smiled,
Had wine to Eden come?
Would Horeb's parching wild
Have been refresh'd with rum?
And had Eve's hair
Been dress'd in gin,
Would she have been
Reflected fair?
- 5 Had Moses built a still,
And dealt out to that host
To every man his gill,
And pledged him in a toast—
Would cooler brains,
Or stronger hands,
Have braved the sands
Of those hot plains?

6 "Sweet fields beyond" death's flood
 "Stand dress'd in living green ;"
 For, from the throne of God,
 To freshen all the scene,
 A river rolls,
 Where all who will
 May come and fill
 Their crystal bowls.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

184.

Friends of Freedom.

P. M.

Temperance Melodist, 32.

- 1 **F**RRIENDS of freedom, swell the song !
 Young and old, the strain prolong,
 Make the temp'rance army strong,
 And on to victory !
 Lift your banners, let them wave,
 Onward march, the world to save ;
 Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
 And bear his infamy ?
- 2 Shrink not when the foe appears ;
 Spurn the coward's guilty fears :
 Hear the shrieks, behold the tears
 Of ruin'd families !
 Raise the cry in every spot—
 " *Touch not—Taste not—Handle not !*"
 Who would be a drunken sot,
 The worst of miseries ?
- 3 Give the aching bosom rest ;
 Carry joy to every breast ;
 Make the wretched drunkard blest,
 By living soberly.

Raise the glorious watchword high—

“*Touch not—taste not—till you die!*”

Let the echo reach the sky,

And earth keep jubilee.

- 4 God of mercy! hear us plead,
For thy help we intercede!
See how many bosoms bleed—
And heal them speedily!
Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When beneath thy gentle ray,
‘Temp’rance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.
-

185.

Invitation.

C. M.

Temperance Melodist, 12.

- 1 COME, friends and brethren, ere we part,
Join in a cheerful song;
With one united voice and heart,
The joyous sound prolong.
Oh, sing with hearty cheer, my friends,
Oh, sing with hearty cheer;
And send the chorus round and round,
In song of hearty cheer.
- 2 We’ll give one song of praise to those
Whom brothers now we call;
Then to our brethren, ere we close,
We sing a welcome all.
- 3 To sisters who have join’d our band,
We sing a song to-night;
We welcome you with heart and hand,
To aid us in the fight.

- 4 To all who kindly help us on,
 Glad songs of joy we raise ;
 But still we give to God alone
 Our loudest song of praise.
- 5 Now raise once more the cheerful song,
 Let every voice unite ;
 The loud and happy strain prolong,
 One joyous, sweet good-night.
-

186.

Our noble band.

P. M.

Temperance Molodist, 112.

AIR—"Harvest Glee."

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of water,
 Come, every son and daughter
 Of Freedom's happy land ;
 Of Freedom's happy land ;
 With such a theme before us,
 Who will not join the chorus
 Of this our noble band,
 Of this our noble band ?
 Tra la la la la tra la la,
 Of this our noble band.
- 2 Sweet is the light that quivers
 On water, brooks and rivers ;
 Fresh are the waving trees,
 Fresh are the waving trees ;
 And fresh the bloom that dresses
 These loose and fragrant tresses,
 For ev'ning's cooling breeze,
 For ev'ning's cooling breeze.

- 3 Grateful the cloud, that over
Wide fields of blooming clover
Swims, charged with gentle rain ;
Grateful the rill, that gushes
And down the hillside rushes
To bless the smiling plain,
To bless the smiling plain.
- 4 Streams of the wood-crown'd mountain,
Children of cloud and fountain,
Who gayly dance and sing,
Who gayly dance and sing,
O'er snow-beds iced and glossy,
Down paths all clean and mossy,
Your grateful tribute bring,
Your grateful tribute bring.
-

187.

Stay, Father, stay.

P. M.

Temperance Melodist, 132.

- 1 **S**TAY, father, stay, the night is wild,
Oh, leave not now your dying child !
I feel the icy hand of death,
And shorter, shorter grows my breath.
O father, leave me not, O father, leave me not.
- 2 Stay, father, stay, my mother's gone,
And thou and I are left alone ;
And from her star-lit home on high,
She'll weep, that I alone must die.
- 3 Stay, father, stay, oh, leave, this night,
The mad'ning bowl, whose withering blight
Has cast so dark a shade around
The home where joy alone was found.

4. Stay, father, stay, once more I ask,
 Oh, count it not a heavy task,
 To stay with me till life shall end,
 My last, my only earthly friend.
-

188. *Shall e'er Cold Water be forgot.*

Temperance Melodist, 48

AIR—Auld Lang Syne.

- 1 SHALL e'er cold water be forgot,
 O When we sit down to dine?
 Oh no, my friends, for is it not
 Pour'd out by hands divine?
 Pour'd out by hands divine, my friends,
 Pour'd out by hands divine;
 From springs and wells it gushes forth,
 Pour'd out by hands divine.
- 2 To Beauty's cheek, though strange it seems,
 'Tis not more strange than true,
 Cold water, though itself so *pale*,
 Imparts the rosiest hue;
 Imparts the rosiest hue, my friends,
 Imparts the rosiest hue;
 Yes, Beauty, in a water-pail
 Doth find her rosiest hue.
- 3 Cold water, too (though wonderful,
 'Tis not less true, again)—
 The weakest of all earthly drinks,
 Doth make the strongest men:—
 Doth make the strongest men, my friends,
 Doth make the strongest men;
 Then let us take that weakest drink,
 And grow the strongest men.

- 4 The sturdy oak full many a cup
Doth hold up to the sky,
To catch the rain; then drinks it up,
And thus the oak *gets high*;
'Tis thus the oak gets high, my friends,
'Tis thus the oak gets high;
By having water in its cups,
Then why not you and I?
- 5 Then let cold-water armies give
Their banners to the air;
So shall the boys like oaks be strong,
The girls like tulips fair;
The girls like tulips fair, my friends,
The girls-like tulips fair;
The boys shall grow like sturdy oaks,
The girls like tulips fair.

REV. JOHN PIERPONT.

189. *The Temperance Horn.* P. M.

Temperance Melodist, 56.

- 1 **M**ERRILY the temp'rance horn
Is sounding o'er the silver lake,
Cheerily at early dawn
Its swelling notes bid echo wake.
Temp'rance for thee, thee only
These sounds are ever sweet to me;
Each haunt of pleasure lonely
Is found, when 'tis unblest by thee.
Sound, sound the merry, merry temp'rance horn,
At close of eve and morning's early dawn.
- 2 Cheerfully my harp I bring,
And wake a wilder, sweeter strain,
Joyously my songs I sing,
And bid th' inebriate smile again.

- 3 Cheerily our footsteps stray
Nor wait to think of danger near ;
Merrily at close of day,
We breathe the sweetest music here.
-

190.

The Welcome.

C. M.

Temperance Melodist, 135.

- 1 **A** WELCOME, brothers, from each heart,
A welcome deep and strong,
We now in earnest faith impart
Through the true voice of song.
- 2 Our motto is " Humanity,
Progress, and Temperance,"
These, single and unitedly,
Our efforts must advance.
- 3 A welcome, then, to every heart
That makes our cause its own,
New efforts shall new strength impart,
And vic'try shall be won.

MRS. J. W. MANSFIELD.

191.

The Bubbling Spring.

C. M.

Temperance Melodist, 114.

- 1 **I**F one bright spot there is on earth
More lovely than the rest,
One which fond nature at her birth
With truest beauty blest—
It is the place where some cool fount
Its crystal waters fling.
'Mid rocks and flowers that hide the fount
Gushes the bubbling spring.

- 2 Tell me not of the sparkling bowl,
That glows with red'ning fire ;
Oh, tell not of the joy of soul
The wine-cup can inspire !
A brighter glass, a purer joy,
A healthier draught I sing ;
Pleasure that *reason* can enjoy—
Health from the bubbling spring.
- 3 Then fill the glass with water bright,
The nectar nature gave ;
Let faithful hearts round this unite,
A bleeding world to save ;
For naught can soothe the woeful wound,
And heal the viper's sting,
But pure and healthful water, found
Fresh in the bubbling spring.
-

192. *Temperance Life-Boat.* P. M.

Temperance Melodist, 34.

- 1 **P**LY the oar, brother, and speed the boat,
Swift over life's glittering water float ;
Then onward bound, and strive to save
Brothers from filling a drunkard's grave.
Then pull away, haul away, row, boys, row ;
A long pull and strong pull, and off we go.
- 2 Loudly the heart cheering temperance call
Sounds over the nations to welcome all ;
It sweetly swells from hill and grove,
Calling return unto all that rove.
- 3 Now o'er the ocean our good bark rides,
And safely in harbor she smoothly glides ;
But should the cry of help be heard,
Quickly to duty is our watchword.

193.

Golden Chain.

C. M.

Temperance Melodist, 130.

- 1 **I**NTEMPERANCE like a raging flood,
Is sweeping o'er the land ;
Its dire effects, in tears and blood,
Are traced on every hand.
It still flows on and bears away
Ten thousands to their doom :
Who shall the mighty torrent stay,
And disappoint the tomb ?
- 2 Almighty God ! no hand but thine
Can check this flowing tide ;
Stretch out thine arm of pow'r divine,
And bid the flood subside.
Dry up the source from whence it flows,
Destroy its fountain-head ;
That dire intemp'rance and its woes
No more the earth o'erspread.
-

194.

If for me the cup you fill.

L. M.

- 1 **O**H, if for me the cup you fill,
Then fill it from the gushing rill,
With water, water sparkling bright,
As clear as truth, and free as light.
Then if for me the cup you fill,
Then fill it from the gushing rill ;
Oh, if for me the cup you fill,
Then fill it from the gushing rill.
- 2 Kiss not to me the mantling brim,
Where dancing bubbles gayly swim,
For in each shining crystal round
A deadly lurking fiend is found.

- 3 Speak not to me of rosy wine,
Of nectar cups, and draughts divine ;
The taste of bitter tears is there,
Wrung from the hearts most true and dear.
-

195. *Song of the Tee-Totaller.* P. M.

- 1 LET others sing the ruby bright
L In the red wine's sparkling glow ;
Dearer to me is the diamond light
In the fountain's purer flow.
The feet of earthly men have trod
The juice from the bleeding vine—
But the stream comes pure from the hand of God
To fill this cup of mine.
Then give me the cup of cold water,
The pure, sweet cup of cold water ;
His arm is strong, though his toil be long,
Who drinks but the clear cold water.
- 2 The dew-drop lies in the flow'ret's cup,
How rich is its perfume now !
And the thirsty earth with joy looks up
When heav'n sheds rain on her brow.
The brook goes forth with a cheerful voice
To gladden the vale along ;
And the bending trees on her banks rejoice
To listen her quiet song.
Then give me the cup of cold water,
The pure, sweet cup of cold water ;
For bright is his eye and his spirits high
Who drinks but the clear cold water.
- 3 The lark springs up with a lighter strain,
When the wave has dash'd her wing ;

And the steed flings back his thundering mane
In the midst of the crystal spring.

This was the drink of Paradise,

Ere blight on its beauty fell ;

And the buried streams of its gladness rise
In every moss-grown well.

Then here's for the cup of cold water,

The pure sweet cup of cold water ;

Unto all that live will nature give

But a drink of clear cold water.

GEO. W. BETHUNE, D. D.

196. *Death the Cup contains.* L. M.

Plymouth Collection, 333.

- 1 SLAVERY and death the cup contains ;
Dash to the earth the poison'd bowl !
Softer than silk are iron chains,
Compared with those that chafe the soul.
- 2 Hosannas, Lord ! to thee we sing,
Whose power the giant fiend obeys ;
What countless thousands tribute bring,
For happier homes and brighter days !
- 3 Thou wilt not break the bruised reed,
Nor leave the broken heart unbound ;
The wife regains a husband freed,
The orphan clasps a father found.
- 4 Spare, Lord ! the thoughtless ; guide the blind ;
Till man no more shall deem it just
To live, by forging chains to bind
His weaker brother in the dust. SARGENT.

197. *Let the still air rejoice.* 6s & 4s.

Plymouth Collection, 238.

- 1 **L**ET the still air rejoice—
Be every youthful voice
Blended in one ;
While we renew our strain
To Him, with joy again,
Who sends the evening rain
And morning sun.
- 2 His hand in beauty gives
Each flower and plant that lives,
Each sunny rill ;
Springs ! which our footsteps meet—
Fountains ! our lips to greet—
Waters ! whose taste is sweet,
On rock and hill.
- 3 Each summer bird that sings
Drinks, from dear nature's springs,
Her early dew ;
And the refreshing shower
Falls on each herb and flower,
Giving it life and power,
Fragrant and new.
- 4 So let each faithful child
Drink of this fountain mild,
From early youth ;
Then shall the song we raise
Be heard in future days—
Ours be the pleasant ways
Of peace and truth.
- 5 Now let each heart and hand,
Of all this youthful band,
United, move !

Till on the mountain's brow,
And in the vale below,
Our land may ever glow
With peace and love.

PIERPONT.

198. *Mourn for the thousands slain.* S. M.

- 1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong ;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the tarnish'd gem—
For reason's light divine,
Quench'd from the soul's bright diadem,
Where God had bid it shine.
- 3 Mourn for the ruin'd soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turn'd to hopeless night.
- 4 Mourn for the lost—but call,
Call to the strong, the free ;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 5 Mourn for the lost—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

199.

The Sunday-School.

A Musical Dialogue.

Golden Harp, 156.

[*Opening Chorus.*]

1 **T**HE Sunday-school, how sweet the place,
When all are gather'd here !
Bright joys will come on angel-wings,
Our youthful hearts to cheer.
And well we love our Sunday-school ;
We strive to learn and mind each rule ;
While thanks we bring, and joyful sing,
Let heaven our offerings hear.
Glory ! glory ! let us sing,
While heav'n and earth with glory ring,
Hosanna, hosanna, hosanna to the Lamb of God.

[*ELLEN and FANNY sing.*]

Our youthful feet shall haste,
Upon this sacred day ;
Be early at the Sunday-school,
The gate to wisdom's way.

[*CHARLES and HENRY, in response to the two Girls.*]

We are young, the world's before us,
Pleasures spread on every hand ;
Haste we to the ark of safety,
Haste to join the happy band.

[*FANNY and LIZZIE sing.*]

Come with us ! come, let us hasten ;
Come, the joyous strain prolong ;
For these heav'nly blessings given,
Let us raise our grateful song.

[*The Girls sing.*]

Come with us, come let us hasten,
Come with us, no more delay!

[*CHARLES and HENRY sing.*]

We must go, for there is treasure,
And we seek its worth to know;
There 'tis given in full measure,
Let us go, oh, quickly go!

[*The three Girls sing.*]

Yes—come, come, come!

[*Boys and Girls, all together.*]

We come, we come! the door is wide—
A welcome we shall find;
Yes, all are here, in pleasant cheer,
Not one is left behind;
With eager feet this place we seek,
We'll gather here from week to week;
For here burns bright fair wisdom's light,
To guide each youthful mind.

[*Closing chorus, by the whole school.*]

Welcome, oh welcome! hand in hand,
We rise once more, a loving band,
Let joy and gladness thrill each frame—
Hail! hail! all hail our Saviour's name!
We bless this hour! may seraphs bright,
Its tidings bear to realms of light,
On angel-wings our souls shall rise—
Our voices echo to the skies.

200.

Wild-wood Flowers.

Young Choir.

1 **F**LOWERS, wild-wood flowers,
 In a shelter'd dell they grew ;
I hurried along, and I chanced to spy
This small star-flower with its golden eye ;
Then the bright daisy peep'd up its head :
Sweetly this purple orchis spread.

 I gather'd them all for you.
All these wild-wood flowers :
Sweet wild-wood flowers.

2 Flowers, lovely flowers,
 In the garden we may see ;
For there is the rose with her ruby lip,
And pinks that honey-bees love to sip—
'Tulips that splendid colors unfold—
Sunflowers array'd in hues of gold.

 But none are so fair to me
As these wild-wood flowers :
Sweet wild-wood flowers

All that the Church, the world, hath taught,
Is now unfolded to our view :
Lord ! for thy glory, guide and bless
The active pen—the wondrous press.

- 3 Thus each, in this fair spot of earth,
Whate'er his intellectual span—
Hail, happy age ! thanks Christian birth !—
May be a soul-exalted man ;
May win a higher, holier aim,—
A Bible-student's honor'd name.

- 4 Then, while our thousands crowd the brink
Of wisdom's life-inspiring flood,
Lord ! make us all athirst to drink
From the pure fount of heavenly good ;
That triple fount, from which above
Flow gospel faith, and hope, and love.

LONDON S. S. T. MAGAZINE.

203. *The Try Company.*

1 **T**HERE is a hopeful Company
We're just about to start,
And we invite you all, young friends,
To join us hand and heart.
So come and add your name at once,
Nor wait till by-and-by,
For 'tis a thing worth joining, this—
Our Company, "The Try."

TO ALL WHO TAKE A SHARE.

204.

Rub or Rust.

1 **I**DLER, why lie down to die?
Better rub than rust.
Hark! the lark sings in the sky—
“Die when die thou must!
Day is waking, leaves are shaking,
Better rub than rust.”

- 2 In the grave there's sleep enough—
 "Better rub than rust :
Death, perhaps, is hunger-proof,
 Die when die thou must ;
Men are mowing, breezes blowing,
 Better rub than rust."
- 3 He who will not work shall want ;
 Naught for naught is just—
Won't do, *must* do, when he *can't* ;
 "Better rub than rust.
Bees are flying, sloth is dying,
 Better rub than rust." ELLIOTT.
-

205. *God for our Native Land.*

School Vocalist, 354.

- 1 GOD'S blessing be upon
 G Our own, our native land !
The land our fathers won
 By the strong heart and hand,
 The keen axe and the brand ;
When they fell'd the forest's pride,
 And the tyrant foe defied,
 The free, the rich, the wide :
God for our native land !
- 2 To none upon a throne,
 But God, we bow the knee ;
No noble name we own
 But noble liberty !
Ours is a brother-band ;
 For the spirit of our sires
 Each patriot bosom fires,
 And the strong faith inspires :
God for our native land !

3 Up with the starry sign,
 'The red stripes and the white,
 Where'er its glories shine,
 In peace or in the fight,
 We own its high command;
 For the flag our fathers gave,
 O'er our children's heads shall wave,
 And their children's children's grave:
 God for our native land!

4 America, to thee,
 In one united vow,
 To keep thee strong and free,
 And glorious as now—
 We pledge each heart and hand!
 By the blood our fathers shed—
 By the ashes of the dead—
 By the sacred soil we tread—
 God for our native land!
 GEO. W. BETHUNE, D.D.

206.

*Railroad Song.**Conductor.*

PAY your fare, my little maid,
 We cannot long delay,
 I must rush the lightning train
 A thousand miles to-day!
 Ring the bell, blow the whistle,
 Shrilly, clear, and strong.
 Blow the whistle, ring the bell,
 Rush the train along.

Chorus of Passengers.

Ring the bell, blow the whistle,
Do not thus delay.
You must rush the lightning train
A thousand miles to-day!

Fiorella.

I cannot pay, I wish I could,
I've left my purse at home,
For I have come from fairy land,
Around the world to roam.

Conductor.

You cannot go, my pretty maid,
To carry you were wrong,
Blow the whistle, ring the bell,
Rush the train along.

Chorus of Passengers.—Ring the bell, &c.

Old Gentleman.

Pray don't refuse the little maid,
I'll pay her fare with pleasure.
Jump on, my dear, and when you're there,
Repay me at your leisure.
Now ring the bell and blow the whistle,
Shrilly, clear, and strong;
Blow the whistle, ring the bell,
Rush the train along.

Chorus of Passengers.—Ring the bell, &c.

207. *Make your Mark!*

Waters' Anniversary Book, 49.

- 1 **I**N the quarries should you toil,
 Make your mark, make your mark ;
 Do you delve upon the soil?
 Make your mark, make your mark.
 In whatever path you go,
 In whatever place you stand,
 Moving swift or moving slow,
 With the heart or with the hand,
 Make your mark, make your mark.
 We will make our mark,
 We will make our mark,
 We will make, we will make our mark.

- 2 Life is fleeting as a shade,
 Make your mark, make your mark ;
 Marks of some kind must be made,
 Make your mark, make your mark.
 Make it while the arm is strong,
 In the golden hours of youth ;
 Never, never, make it wrong,
 Make it with the stamp of truth.
 Make your mark, make your mark.

WORDS BY A CALIFORNIA FARMER.

208. *Brothers, will you meet us?* P. M.

Lee Avenue S. S. Casket, vol. i. 153.

1. **S**AY, brothers, will you meet us
 On Canaan's happy shore?
 By the grace of God we'll meet you
 Where parting is no more.

- 2 Jesus lives and reigns forever
On Canaan's happy shore?
Glory, glory, hallelujah,
Forever, evermore.
-

209. *Close of Worship.* L. M.

- 1 WHILE pilgrims, Lord, we yet remain,
To part, and meet, and part again,
Let prayer and praise our lives employ,
Thy presence still our highest joy;
And when our pilgrimage is o'er,
Oh, may we meet to part no more.

- 2 Present salvation let us prove,
In God the Father's boundless love,
In God the Son's redeeming grace,
In God the Spirit's heavenly peace;
Then, when our pilgrimage is o'er,
We all shall meet to part no more,
-

210. *On our journey home.* P. M.

Anniversary Hymns, 59.

- 1 IN this world of grief and pain,
Oft we meet to part again,
But when we reach the heavenly shore,
We'll meet to part no more.
Then let us onward move
To that bright world above;
Sing! oh, sing joyfully!
We're on our journey home.

2 In this world of sin and woe,
Oft with tears our eyes o'erflow,
But God will wipe all tears away,
In heaven we'll weep no more.

3 Here, with sin-beclouded sight,
Oft we wander from the right ;
In heaven, God's smile our light shall be
To all eternity.

211.

Closing Hymn.

8s & 7s.

1 **W**E must close this happy meeting,
From each other now depart ;
But the body now retreating,
Cannot bear away the heart !

2 We are all as one in pleasure,
One to share and soothe in grief,
One our hope of heavenly treasure,
And this parting will be brief.

3 Soon we'll have another meeting,
Nevermore again to part ;
Then no fear that time is fleeting
Will disturb or grieve the heart.

4 In one song our voices blending,
No *farewell* will lend discord ;
For our joy will be unending,
We forever with the Lord.

REV. H. L. DINSMORE

SELECTIONS FOR CHANTING.

1. *Psalm 121.*

Dulcimer, 296.

- 1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from
whence | cometh · · my | help.
My help cometh from the Lord, which | made
— | heaven and | earth.
- 2 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved ; he that
keepeth thee | will not | slumber.
Behold, he that keepeth Israel | shall not |
slumber · · nor | sleep.
- 3 The Lord is thy keeper ; the Lord is thy shade
upon thy | right— | hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day, | nor
the | moon by | night.
- 4 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil ; he
shall pre- | serve thy | soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and
thy coming in, from this time forth, and |
even · · for | ever- | more. Amen.

2. *Psalm 103.*

Dulcimer, 300.

- 1 BLESS the Lord, | O my | soul,
And all that is within me | bless his | holy |
name.

- 2 Bless the Lord, | O my | soul,
And for- | get not | all his | benefits.
- 3 Who forgiveth | all · · thine in- | iquities,
Who | healeth | all · · thy dis- | eases ;
- 4 Who redeemeth thy | life · · from de- | struction ;
Who crowneth thee with loving | kindness · ·
and | tender | mercies ;
- 5 Who satisfieth thy | mouth · · with good | things,
So that thy | youth · · is re- | newed · · like the
| eagle's.
- 6 The Lord executeth | righteousness' · · and | judg-
ment
For | all that | are op- | pressed.
- 7 He made known his | ways · · unto | Moses,
His acts | unto · · the | children · · of | Israel.
Amen.
-

3.

Psalm 84.

Dulcimer, 298.

- 1 **H**OW amiable are thy tabernacles, O | Lord of
| hosts ;
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the
courts of the Lord ; my heart and my
flesh crieth | out · · for the | living | God.
- 2 Blessed are they that | dwell · · in thy | house ;
They will be | still— | praising | thee.
- 3 They go from | strength to | strength ;
Every one of them in Zion ap- | peareth be- |
fore— | God.
- 4 O Lord God of hosts, hear our prayer ; give ear,
O | God of | Jacob ;

Behold, O Lord, our shield, and look upon
the | face of | thine an- | ointed.

5 For a day in thy courts is | better ·· than a |
thousand ;

I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of
my God, than to | dwell ·· in the | tents
of | wickedness.

6 For the Lord is a sun and a shield ; the Lord
will give | grace and | glory ;

No good thing will he withhold from | them
that | walk up- | rightly. Amen.

4.

Psalm 23.

Dulcimer, 296.

1 **T**HE Lord is my shepherd ; I | shall not |
want ;

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ;
he leadeth me be- | side the | still— |
waters.

2 He restoreth my soul ; he leadeth me in the
paths of righteousness for his | name's—
| sake ;

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the
shadow of death, I will fear no evil ; for
thou art with me ; thy | rod ·· and thy |
staff they | comfort me.

3 Thou preparest a table before me, in the | pres-
ence ·· of mine | enemies :

Thou anointest my head with oil ; | my cup |
runneth | over.

- 4 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all
the | days · · of my | life ;
And I shall dwell in the | house · · of the | Lord
for | ever. Amen.
-

5.

Psalm 8.

Primary School Vocalist, 179.

- 1 **O** LORD, our God, how excellent is thy name
in | all the | earth :
Who hast set thy | glory · · a- | bove the |
heavens.
- 2 When I consider thy heavens, the | work of · ·
thy | fingers ;
The moon and | stars which | thou · · hast or-
| dained,
- 3 What is man that thou art | mindful · · of | him ;
And the son of | man · · that thou | visitest |
him.
- 4 For thou hast made him a little | lower · · than
the | angels ;
And hast crowned | him with | glory · · and |
honor.
- 5 Thou madest him to have dominion over the |
works of · · thy | hands ;
Thou hast put | all things | under · · his | feet.
- 6 O Lord, our God, how excellent is thy name
in | all the | earth :
Who hast set thy | glory · · a- | bove the |
heavens. Amen.

6.

Psalm 86.

Primary School Vocalist, 179.

1 **B**OW down thine ear, O | Lord, and | hear me :
For | I am | poor and | needy.

2 For thou, Lord, art good, and | ready . . to for- |
give ;
And plenteous in mercy unto | all . . them
that | call . . upon | thee.

3 Teach me thy way, O Lord : I will | walk . . in
thy | truth :
Unite my | heart to | fear thy | name.

4 I will praise thee, O Lord my God, with | all
my | heart :
And I will glorify thy | name for- | ever |
more. Amen.

7.

Psalm 67.

Primary School Vocalist, 179.

1 **G**OD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us :
And show us the light of his countenance,
and be | merci-ful | unto | us.

2 That thy way be | known up-on | earth ;
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.

3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God ;
Yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.

4 O let the nations re- | joice . . and be | glad ;
For thou shalt govern the folk righteously,
and govern the | na- . . tions up- | on— |
earth.

- 5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God ;
 Yea, let | all the | people | praise thee.
- 6 Then shall the earth bring | forth her | increase ;
 And God, even our own | God, shall | give us
 his | blessing.
- 7 God shall | bless— | us ;
 And all the ends of the | world shall | fear— |
 him.
-

8.

There is a river.

Mason's Book of Chants.

- 1 **T**HERE is a river of immortal peace,
 Clear springing from the high e- | ternal |
 throne,
 Which flows in blissful streams through | all the
 | groves
 Of | paradise ;
- 2 from this eternal spring
 Some little rivulets descend, to cheer
 The | city of our | God,—
 the sacred place
 Of | his a- | bode on | earth ;
- 3 though all around
 Be | discord and com- | motion,—
 she shall dwell
 Unmoved, serene, and | safe, for | God is | there :
- 4 His arm omnipotent is | ever | near,
 Her present | help, her | all-suf- | ficient | guard
- 5 The Lord of | hosts is | with us ;
 Israel's God
 Is our defence, our | ever- | lasting | refuge.

9.

Matthew, xi. 28.

Sabbath School, 52.

- 1 COME unto me all ye that labor and are |
heavy | laden,
And | I will | give you | rest.
- 2 Take my yoke upon you, and | learn of | me,
For I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye
shall find | rest un- | to your | souls.
- 3 For my yoke is easy, and my | burden · · is | light,
For my yoke is | easy · · and my | burden · · is |
light.
-

10.

If I were a voice.

- 1 IF I were a voice, a persuasive voice,
That could travel the | wide world | through,
I would fly on the beams of the morning light,
And speak to men with a gentle might,
And | tell them | to be | true.
- 2 I would fly, I would fly over land and sea,
Wherever a human | heart might | be,
Telling a tale or singing a song,
In praise of the | right, in | blame · · of the |
wrong.
- 3 If I were a voice, a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the | wings · · of the | air :
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To | save them | from de- | spair.
- 4 I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop, like the happy | sunlight | down,

Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them | to look | up a- | gain.

- 5 If I were a voice, an immortal voice,
I would fly the | earth a- | round ;
And wherever man unto error bow'd,
I'd publish in notes both long and loud,
The | Truth's most | joyful | sound.
- 6 I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my | world-wide | way.
Bidding the sadden'd ones rejoice—
If I were a | voice, 'an im- | mortal | voice.
-

11.

Psalm 51.

Sabbath School, 53.

- 1 **H**AVE mercy upon me, O God, according to
thy | loving | kindness ;
According to the multitude of thy tender mer-
cies, | blot out | my trans- | gressions.
- 2 Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity, and |
cleanse me from my | sin ;
For I acknowledge my transgression ; and
my | sin is | ever be- | fore me.
- 3 Against thee, thee only have I sinned, and done
this evil in | thy— | sight ;
That thou mayest be justified when thou
speakest, and be | clear when | thou— |
judgest.
- 4 Create in me a clean heart, O God, and renew a
right | spirit with- | in me.
Cast me not away from thy presence, and take
not thy | Holy | Spirit | from me.

- 5 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation, and
 uphold me with | thy free | spirit ;
 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways, and
 sinners shall be con- | verted | unto | thee.
-

12.

Come to me.

Waters' S. S. Music Book, 68.

- 1 WITH tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and | stormy | sea ;
 Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound,
 A heavenly | whisper, | "Come to | me."
- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
 It tells me where my | soul may | flee ;
 Oh ! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
 How sweet the | bidding, | "Come to | me."
- 3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, en- | joy, and | see ;
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
 A sweet voice | utters, | "Come to | me."
- 4 Come, for all else must fail and die,
 Earth is no resting- | place for | thee,
 Heavenward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy | portion, | "Come to | me."
- 5 O voice of mercy ! voice of love !
 In conflict, grief, and | ago- | ny,
 Support me, cheer me from above !
 And gently | whisper, | "Come to | me."

13.

Psalm 67.

- 1 GOD be merciful unto | us, and | bless us ;
G And cause his | face to | shine upon us.
 - 2 That thy way may be | known up-on | earth,
Thy saving | health a- | mong all | nations.
 - 3 Let the people praise | thee, O | God ;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.
 - 4 O let the nations be glad and | sing for | joy :
For thou shalt judge the people righteously,
and govern the | nations | upon | earth.
 - 5 Let the people praise | thee, O | God ;
Let | all the | people | praise thee.
 - 6 Then shall the earth | yield her | increase ;
And God, even | our own | God, shall | bless
us.
 - 7 God | shall— | bless us ;
And all the ends of the | earth shall | fear— |
him.
-

14.

Psalm 95.

- 1 O COME, let us sing un- | to the | Lord :
Let us make a joyful noise to the | Rock of
| our sal- | vation.
- 2 Let us come before his presence | with thanks- |
giving,
And make a joyful noise | unto | him with |
psalms.
- 3 For the Lord is a | great— | God,
And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.

- 4 In his hand are the deep places | of the | earth :
The strength of the | hills is | his— | also.
- 5 The sea is his. | and he | made it :
And his hands | formed | the dry | land.
- 6 O come, let us worship and | bow— | down :
Let us kneel be- | fore the | Lord our | Maker.
- 7 For he | is our | God ;
And we are the people of his pasture, and the
| sheep of | his— | hand.
- 8 To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden | not
your | heart,
As in the provocation, and as in the day of
temp- | tation | in the | wilderness.
- 9 When your fathers | tempted | me,
Proved | me, and | saw my | work.
- 10 Forty years long was I grieved with | this
gener- | ation,
And said, It is a people that do err in their
heart, and they | have not | known my |
ways :
- 11 Unto whom I swear | in my | wrath
That they should not | enter | into my | rest.
-

15.

Psalm 136.

- 1 **O**H, give thanks unto the Lord ; for | he is |
good :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 2 Oh, give thanks unto the | God of | gods :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.

3. Oh, give thanks to the | Lord of | lords :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 4 To him who alone | doeth · · great | wonders :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 5 To him that by wisdom | made the | heavens :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 6 To him that stretched out the earth a- | bove
the | waters :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 7 To him that | made great | lights :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 8 The sun to | rule by | day :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 9 The moon and stars to | rule by | night :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 10 Who remembered us in our | low es- | tate :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 11 And hath redeemed us | from our | enemies :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 12 Who giveth food to | all— | flesh :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.
- 13 Oh, give thanks unto the | God of | heaven :
For his | mercy · · en- | dureth · · for- | ever.

16.

Isaiah, lii. 7-9.

- 1 **H**OW beautiful up- | on the | mountains
Are the feet of him that bringeth good | ti-
dings, · · that | publish-eth | peace ;

- 2 That bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth | sal— | vation :
That saith unto | Zion, · · Thy | God— | reign-
eth !
- 3 Thy watchmen shall lift | up the | voice ;
With the voice to- | gether | shall they | sing :
- 4 For they shall see | eye to | eye,
When the Lord shall | bring a- | gain— | Zion.
- 5 Break | forth · · into | joy,
Sing together, ye waste places | of Je- | rusa-
| lem :
- 6 For the Lord hath | comforted · · his | people,
He hath re- | deemed · · Je- | rusa- | lem.
- 7 The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the
eyes of | all the | nations ;
And all the ends of the earth shall see the
sal- | vation | of our | God.
-

17. *Te Deum Laudamus.*

- 1 **W**E praise | thee, O | God ;
We acknowledge | thee to | be the | Lord.
- 2 All the earth doth | worship | thee,
The | Father | ever- | lasting.
- 3 To thee all angels | cry a- | loud,
The heavens, and | all the | powers there- | in.
- 4 To thee | cherubim, · · and | seraphim,
Con- | tinu-al- | ly do | cry,
- 5 Holy, | holy, | holy,
Lord | God of | Saba- | oth ;

- 6 Heaven and | earth are | full
Of the | majes-ty | of thy | glory.
- 7 The glorious company of the apostles | praise—
| thee.
The goodly fellowship of the | prophets |
praise— | thee.
- 8 The noble army of martyrs | praise— | thee.
The holy church throughout all the world |
doth ac- | knowledge | thee,
- 9 The Father, of an | infi-nite | majesty ;
Thine adorable, | true, and | only | Son ;
- 10 Also the | Holy | Ghost,
The | Com- — | fort- — | er.
- 11 Thou art the King of | glory, O | Christ,
Thou art the everlasting | Son · of the | Fa-
— | ther.
- 12 When thou tookest upon thee to de- | liver |
man,
Thou didst humble thyself to be | born— |
of a | virgin.
- 13 When thou hadst overcome the | sharpness · of
| death,
Thou didst open the kingdom of | heaven to
| all be- | lievers.
- 14 Thou sittest at the right hand of God, in the
glory | of the | Father.
We believe that thou shalt | come to | be our
| judge.
- 15 We therefore pray thee, | help thy | servants,
Whom thou hast redeemed | with thy | pre-
cious | blood.

- 16 Make them to be numbered | with thy | saints,
In | glory | ever- | lasting.
- 17 O Lord, save thy people, and | bless thine |
heritage ;
Govern them and | lift them | up for | ever.
- 18 Day by day we | magni-fy | thee ;
And we worship thy name ever, | world with-
out— | end.
- 19 Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day | with-
out | sin ;
O Lord, have mercy upon us, have | mer-cy
up- | on— | us.
- 20 O Lord, let thy mercy be up- | on— | us,
As our | trust— | is in | thee.
- 21 O Lord, in thee | have I | trusted ;
Let me | never | be con- | founded.
-

18.

Gloria Patri.

- 1 GLORY be to the Father, and | to the | Son,
G And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
- 2 As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever . .
shall | be,
World | without | end. A- | men.
-

19.

The Lord's Prayer.—Matt. vi. 9-13.

- 1 OUR Father who | art in | heaven,
O Hallowed | be— | thy— | name ;

2 Thy | kingdom | come.

Thy will be done in earth | as it | is in | heav-
en.

3 Give us this day our | daily | bread ;

And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give
our | debtors ;

4 And lead us not | into · · temp- | tation,

But de- | liv-er | us from | evil ;

5 For thine is the kingdom, and the | power, and
the | glory,

For- | ever. | A- — | men.

20.

I will arise.

1 I WILL arise and go unto my father, and will
| say · · unto | him,

2 Father, I have sinned against heaven and be- |
fore— | thee,

3 And am no more worthy to be called | thy-- |
son. Amen.

21.

From the recesses of a lowly spirit.

Dulcimer, 306.

1 FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit, our hum-
ble prayer ascends, O | Father, | hear it ;
Borne on the trembling wings of fear and |
meekness ; · · for- | give its | weakness.

2 We know—we feel, how mean, and how unwor-
thy the lowly sacrifice we | pour be- | fore
thee ;

What can we offer thee, O thou most | holy !
 ..but | sin and | folly ?

3 We see thy hand—it leads us—it supports us ;
 we hear thy voice—it | counsels, ..and it
 | courts us ;
 And then we turn away ; yet still thy | kind-
 ness ..for | gives our | blindness.

4 Who can resist thy gentle call, appealing to ev-
 ery generous thought and | grateful | feel-
 ing ?
 Oh, who can hear the accents of thy | mercy,
 ..and | never | love thee ?

5 Kind Benefactor ! plant within this bosom the |
 seeds of | holiness,
 And let them blossom in fragrance, and in
 beauty bright and | vernal, ..and | spring
 e- | ternal.

6 Then place them in those everlasting gardens
 where angels walk, and | seraphs ..are the
 | wardens ;
 Where every flower, brought safe through
 death's dark | portal, ..be- | comes im- |
 mortal. Amen.

22.

For the Poor.

Dulcimer, 296.

1 BLESSED is he that con- | sidereth ..the | poor ;
 The Lord will de- | liver ..him in | time of
 | trouble.

2 The Lord will preserve him. and | keep ..him a-
 | live ;
 And he shall be | blessed ..up- | on the | earth.

- 3 The Lord will strengthen him upon the | bed of
 | languishing;
 Thou wilt make | all his | bed · in his | sick-
 ness. Amen.
-

23.

If a man die.

Plymouth Collection, 356.

- 1 **I** F a man die, shall he | live a- | gain?
 All the days of my appointed | time will I |
 wait
 Till | my change | come.
- 2 For there is hope of a tree, if it | be cut | down,
 That it will | sprout a- | gain,
 And that the tender branch thereof | will not |
 cease.
- 3 Though the root thereof wax | old in the | earth,
 Yet through the scent of | water it will | bud,
 And bring forth | boughs like a | plant.
- 4 But man dieth and | wasteth a- | way;
 Yea, man giveth | up the | ghost,
 And | where is | he?
- 5 As the waters | fall from the | sea,
 So man lieth down, and | riseth | not
 Till the | heavens be no | more.
- 6 Oh, that thou wouldst | hide me in the | grave,
 That thou wouldst keep me in secret, till thy |
 wrath be | past,
 That thou wouldst appoint me a set time, and
 re- | member | me.
- 7 For I know that my Re- | deemer | liveth,
 And that he shall stand in the latter day up- |
 on the | earth,

And though worms destroy this body, yet in my
flesh shall I | see— | God.

24.

Burial Service.

Dulcimer, 300.

1 OUR days on earth are as a shadow, and there
is | none a- | biding ;
We are but of yesterday, there is but a | step
between | us and | death.

2 Man's days are as grass ; as a flower of the field
| so he | flourisheth ;
He appeareth for a little time, and then | van-
ish- | eth a- | way.

3 Watch, for ye know not what hour your | Lord
doth | come ;
Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye
think not, the | Son of | man— | cometh.

4 It is the Lord ; let him do what | seemeth..him
| good :
The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken
away, and blessed be the | name— | of
the | Lord. Amen.

25.

So fades the flower.

Dulcimer, 300.

1 SO fades the lovely, blooming flower, frail,
smiling solace | of an | hour ;
So soon our transient comforts fly, and pleas-
ure | only | blooms to | die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art, to soothe the
anguish | of the | heart ?

Spirit of grace, be ever nigh : thy comforts |
are not | made to | die.

- 3 Let gentle patience smile on pain, till dying
hope re- | vives a | gain ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye, and
faith points | upward | to the | sky.
Amen.
-

26. *Deathless spirit, now arise.*

Dulcimer, 300.

- 1 **D**EATHLESS spirit, now arise ; spar. thou na-
tive | of the | skies ;
Pearl of price by Jesus bought, to his | glori-
ous | likeness | wrought.
- 2 Go to shine before the throne ; deck the Medi-
| ator's | crown ;
Go, his triumphs to adorn ; made for | God, to
| God re- | turn. Amen.
-

27. *Burial Service.*

- 1 **B**LESSED are the dead, who die in the | Lord
from | henceforth :
Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from
their labors, | and their | works do | fol-
low them.
- 2 Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first
resurrection ; on such the second death |
hath no | power ;
But they shall be priests of God, and of Christ,
and shall reign with | him a | thousand |
years.

3 Unto him that loved us, and washed us from our
sins in his own blood, and hath made us
kings and priests to God | and his | Fa-
ther :

To him be glory and do- | minion · · for | ever
· · and | ever.

4 Blessed are the dead, who die in the | Lord from
| henceforth :

Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from
their labors, | and their | works do | fol-
low them. Amen.

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PART III.

CONSISTING PRINCIPALLY OF

SECULAR PIECES,

SUITABLE FOR

ANNIVERSARIES, CONCERTS, EXCURSIONS &c.



1.

Aspirations of Youth.

School Slinger, 67.

- 1 **H**IGHER, higher will we climb,
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time,
In our country's story ;
Happy when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.
Happy he, &c.

- 2 Deeper, deeper let us toil,
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.
Delve we there, &c.
- 3 Onward, onward will we press,
In the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
Excellence true beauty;
Minds are of celestial birth—
Let us make a heaven of earth.
Minds, &c.
- 4 Closer, closer let us knit
Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
In the wildest weather;
Oh! they wander wide, to roam,
For the joys of life, from home.
Oh! they wander, &c.
- 5 Nearer, dearer bands of love
Draw our souls in union
To our Father's house above,
To the saints' communion;
Thither every hope ascend,
There may all our labors end.
Thither, &c.

2.

Sing! Gayly Sing!

Young Melodist, 83,

- 1 SING! gayly sing!
Let gladness round us ring!
This little, simple, cheerful lay
Shall be our happy song to-day,
Sing! gayly sing!
- 2 Sing! sweetly sing!
What joy from school does spring!
The happy faces there we meet,
The kindly smiles we always greet!
Sing! sweetly sing!
- 3 Sing! loudly sing!
What sports will evening bring!
We'll jump and race, we'll skip and hop,
We'll play at ball, at hoop or top,
Sing! loudly sing!
- 4 Sing! softly sing!
When dusky night doth fling
Its shadows o'er our drowsy heads,
In peace we then will seek our beds.
Sing! softly sing!
- 5 Sing! early sing!
When morn the light shall wing
We then will rise, and cheerful, too,
Resolved our lessons well to do;
Sing! early sing!

3.

The Excursion.

Normal Singer, 152.

- 1 **M**ERRILY every heart is bounding,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 Joyfully now the news is sounding,
 Joyfully oh! joyfully oh!
 To the woods we go,
 Where the violets grow,
 Where the violets grow,
 To the woods we go.
 Merrily every heart is bounding,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 Merrily, merrily, merrily oh!
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!

- 2 **C**heerily every face is beaming,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 Playfully every eye is gleaming,
 Playfully oh! playfully oh!
 In the fields away
 We will rove to day;
 We will rove to-day
 In the fields away.
 Merrily every heart, &c.

4.

To the Grove Away.

Normal Singer, 77.

- 1 **W**ITH hundred thousand voices cry,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Let our rejoicing fill the sky,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
 Come from your gloomy dwellings forth,
 Come one and all, from south and north,
 Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!

- 2 And is your bosom full of glee?
Then sing and shout aloud with me;
We'll quickly to the woods away,
Where birds on every twig are gay.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
- 3 We see the flowers on every side,
And nature's beauties far and wide;
Oh! let them move our hearts to song,
To swell the chorus loud and long,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
-

5.

Festal Day.

Sunday-School Harmonist, 18.

- 1 SEE the rising generation,
Come with joyous exultation,
And with shouts of acclamation,
This glad day to celebrate.
What a happy meeting,
While each other greeting,
And sweet songs repeating,
While our hearts with joy dilate.
- 2 In our school we are united,
With instruction we're delighted,
To the Saviour we're invited,
And the Bible is our rule.
In our hearts we bless it,
To our bosoms press it,
And our lips caress it,
'Tis our guide in Sabbath-school.

3 We are children of the nation,
 Fair Columbia is our station,
 And the Bible's our foundation,
 In this free and happy land ;
 We're from Pilgrim fathers,
 And of Christian mothers ;
 Like a band of brothers,
 We're united heart and hand.

4 We behold with admiration
 Our glorious Declaration,
 And we fear no usurpation
 We're a firm, united band ;
 And there's none shall sever
 Native hearts, no never !
 We are one forever,
 And on freedom's rock we stand.

6. There's a Good Time Coming.

Robin Red Breast, 144.

1 **T**HERE'S a good time coming, boys,
 A good time coming ;
 There's a good time coming, boys—
 Wait a little longer.
 We may not live to see the day ;
 But earth shall glisten in the ray,
 Of the good time coming,
 Cannon balls may aid the truth,
 But thought's a weapon stronger ;
 We'll win our battles by its aid—
 Wait a little longer.

There's a good time coming, boys,
A good time coming;
There's a good time coming, boys—
Wait a little longer.

2 There's a good time coming, &c.
The pen shall supersede the sword,
And Right—not Might—shall be the lord,
In the good time coming;
Worth—not birth—shall rule mankind,
And be acknowledged stronger;
The proper impulse has been given—
Wait a little longer.
There's a good time coming, &c.

3 There's a good time coming, &c.
Hateful rivalries of creed
Shall not make their martyrs bleed,
In the good time coming;
Religion shall be shorn of pride,
And flourish all the stronger:
And Charity shall trim her lamp—
Wait a little longer.
There's a good time coming, &c.

4 There's a good time coming, &c.
War in all men's eyes shall be
A monster of iniquity,
In the good time coming.
Nations shall not quarrel then,
To prove which is the stronger;
Nor slaughter men for glory's sake—
Wait a little longer.
There's a good time coming, &c.

7.

Wake and Sing

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 24

- 1 WAKE and sing! brother, sing!

Let it never grieve you,
Though the world go wrong;
Let not courage leave you,
Night can not be long.

Wake and sing! brother, sing!
He who does his best endeavor,
Peace may fill his soul forever.

- 2 Wake and sing! brother, sing!

Birds are sweetly singing
On the leafy spray,
Joy around is ringing,
Nature all is gay.

Wake and sing! brother, sing!
Grief and fear by earth are given,
Good alone is sent from heaven.

- 3 Wake and sing! brother, sing!

Let us ever cherish
Friendship, love, and truth;
Then when time shall perish,
Bright shall be our youth.

Wake and sing! brother, sing!
Heavenly care is watching o'er us,
Sing aloud in joyful chorus.

8.

"How Pleasant here."

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 21.

1 HOW pleasant here each week to meet,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

Our loved companions here to greet—
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

With joyful hearts and cheerful sound,
In wisdom's ways we'll e'er be found.

Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah, hurrah,
Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!

2 No angry passions here shall dwell,
Hurrah, &c.

But kindness, friendship, and good will;
Hurrah, &c.

Here learning bright, and science pure,
Our health and comfort shall insure.

Hurrah, &c.

3 We'll never trifle time away,
Oh no! oh no! oh no!

Nor slight the blessings of the day,
Oh no! oh no! oh no!

But we'll improve each fleeting hour,
And treasures of the mind secure.

Hurrah, &c.

9.

Echo Song for Holidays.

Young Choir, 100.

- 1 UP the hills on a bright sunny morn,
Voices clear as the bugle horn,
List to the echoes as they flow,
Here we go, we go—we go!
Come, follow, follow me;
We'll come, we'll come with glee,
Hurrah! hurrah! we're free,
We'll follow, follow thee.
- 2 Now by streamlets pearly, pure,
Here we wander, free, secure,
See how the rippling waters flow,
On they go, they go—they go!
Come, follow, &c.
- 3 Now through shady vale and grove,
Joyous, happy, here we rove;
List to the songster's cheerful lay—
Happy day, happy day, happy day!
Come, follow, &c.
- 4 Happy school-boy, cease to roam,
Turn thee to thy joyful home;
Smiles shall cheer the close of day,
Home away—away, away!
Come follow, &c.

11. The Flag of our Union.

Bradbury's Seasons, Part 2, 86.

1 "A SONG for our banner!" The watchword
recall,

Which gave the Republic her station;

"United we stand, divided we fall,"

It made and preserves us a nation.

The union of lakes—the union of lands—

The union of States none can sever!

The union of hearts—the union of hands—

And the flag of our Union forever!

2 What God in his infinite wisdom designed,
And armed with his weapons of thunder,
Not all the earth's despots and factions combined,
Have the power to conquer or sunder.
The union of lakes, &c.

12. "The Banner of the Free."

Bradbury's Seasons, Part 2, 92.

1 THE bright flag of America,
How gallantly it waves
Above the freeman's dwelling place,
Above the foeman's grave;
By noble streams and forests deep,
And on the bounding sea,
A thousand hearts are welcoming
The banner of the free.

2 Where'er a peaceful hamlet lies,
Its sheltering hills between,
The starry beacon floats above,
As guardian of the scene;

Where'er the north pine forests bind
 The tempest's sweeping blast ;
 And every stone a record keeps
 Of struggles of the past.

- 3 Where prairie's spreading plains are seen,
 And wild war-whoops ring by ;
 Or, by the distant water course,
 Beneath a southern sky—
 The stars and stripes wave proudly out,
 And from far wood to sea,
 From heart and voice breaks forth the shout,
 " The banner of the free."

13 .

"The Stars on our Banner."

Musical Bouquet, 229.

- 1 **A**RE the stars on our banner less brilliant to-day
 Than when in the hour of their trial and gloom,
 The heroes we honor they led to the fray,
 To conquer for freedom, or hallow her tomb !
 Do we love them the less, as they glitter afar,
 Our herald in peace and our standard in war ?
 By the deeds of the valiant,
 The blood of the slain,
 By the cause that we cherish,
 The rights we maintain ;
 We'll ever defend, by the souls of the brave,
 Their honor, wherever that banner shall wave.
- 2 Let faction assail, or oppression invade,
 Let treachery weaken, or intrigue divide,
 'Neath that banner will freemen draw swiftly the
 blade,
 And sweep back the foe as weeds swept by the
 tide :

Wherever those stars shall bespangle the sky,
There will freemen be bound to defend them
or die!

Shine, stars of the Union!

Wave, flag of the free!

The hope of the nations

Is centred in thee!

We'll ever defend, &c.

14.

My Own Native Land.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 16.

1 I'VE roamed over mountain, I've crossed over
flood,

I've traversed the wave-rolling sand;

Though the fields were as green, and the moon
shone as bright,

Yet it was not my own native land.

No, no, no, no, no, no.

Though the fields were as green, and the moon
shone as bright,

Yet it was not my own native land.

2 The right hand of friendship how oft have I
grasped,

And bright eyes have smiled, and looked bland;

Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.

Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes.

Yet happier far were the hours that I passed
In the West—in my own native land.

- 3 Then hail, dear Columbia, the land that we love,
 Where flourishes Liberty's tree;
 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native
 home;
 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!
 Yes, yes, yes, yes, yes, yes,
 'Tis the birth-place of Freedom, our own native
 home;
 'Tis the land, 'tis the land of the free!
-

15.

Song of Liberty.

Robin Red Breast, 34.

- 1 **M**ERRILY every bosom boundeth,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 Where the song of freedom soundeth,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
 There the gath'ring smiles of peace are beaming,
 Where the starry flag is gayly streaming,
 Every joy the land surroundeth,
 Merrily oh! merrily oh!
- 2 **W**earily every bosom sigheth,
 Wearily oh! wearily oh!
 When the dove of peace it flyeth,
 Wearily oh! wearily oh!
- There no cheerful songs of freedom greeting,
 Childhood's happy smile is quickly fleeting,
 Every flower of love then dieth
 Wearily oh! wearily oh!
- 3 **C**heerily then from hill and valley,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!
 Like your native fountains sally,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!

While the children shout their loud hosanna,
 Where they wave the nation's starry banner,
 Round the flag of freedom rally,
 Cheerily oh! cheerily oh!

16.

Ode for Fourth of July.

Anniversary Hymns, 19.

- 1 OH! blessed be the day that saw to life unfold-
 ing,
 Our starry banner first arise,
 Oh! bless, bless the day!
 Bright, bright in freedom's native skies,
 That peerless banner gayly flies,
 May we its honor prize,
 And bless, bless the day.
- 2 The morning with chimes awakes the world re-
 joicing,
 And every heart from slumber starts,
 To bless, bless the day;
 Then happy crowds from every door,
 To greet their brother freemen pour,
 While hearts swell more and more,
 To bless, bless the day.
- 3 With sweet native song the children too are join-
 ing,
 The nation's young with joyous tongue,
 To bless, bless the day.
 Their patriot songs of liberty,
 They blend with yours in sympathy,
 On this great jubilee!
 To bless, bless the day.

- 4 Oh! joy for the day when first the world saw
 beaming,
 Upon the air, our banner fair,
 Oh! bless, bless the day;
And long as morning suns shall rise,
May that proud banner flout the skies,
While join the good and wise,
 To bless, bless the day.
-

17.

Our Father Land.

Boys' and Girls Singing Book, 72.

- 1 COME one and all, around me stand;
 Come join in swelling chorus,
And praise our goodly native land—
 Our father-land that bore us.
Old Ocean bore from Mammon's marts
 The plant of freedom hither;
It blossoms yet, and glads our hearts,
 And we'll not let it wither.
- 2 Where now we stand our fathers stood;
 Firm men were they—true-hearted.
Say, lives there now a race so good,
 Or have they all departed?
From zeal for freedom and for God,
 No charm of wealth could win them;
O'er ocean tossed these wilds they trod—
 They carried home within them.
- 3 They cared not to be here renowned,
 Cared not for fame and glory;
But persecution on them frowned,
 And made them great in story.

Then join in heart, and join in hand,
To raise a swelling chorus ;
And praise our goodly native land—
Our father-land that bore us.

18.

The Pilgrim Fathers.

Kingsley's Social Choir, Vol. 2, 10.

THE breaking waves dashed high,
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against the stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;
And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er ;
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New-England shore.
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of stirring drum,
Or the trumpet that sings of fame—
Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.
Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free :
The ocean eagle soared
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared ;
This was this welcome home.
What sought they thus afar ?
Bright jewels, bright jewels, bright jewels of the
mine,

The wealth of the seas, the spoils of war ?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.
Ay, call it holy ground—
The spot where first they trod ;
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God.

19. We Come with Hearts of Gladness.

Florn's Festival, 80.

- 1 **WE** come with hearts of gladness,
 To breathe our songs of praise,
Let not a note of sadness
 Be blended in our lays;
For 'tis a hallowed story,
 The theme of freedom's birth :
Our fathers' deeds of glory
 Are echoed round the earth.
- 2 The sound is waxing stronger,
 And thrones and nations hear,
Kings may oppress no longer,
 For freedom's reign is near,
Her reign will crush oppression,
 And raise the humble mind,
And give the earth's possession
 Among the good and kind.
- 3 And thou shalt sink the mountain,
 Where pride and power were crowned,
And peace like gentle fountains,
 Shall shed its pureness round ;
And then the world will hear us,
 And join our glorious lay,
And songs of millions cheer us,
 On this our nation's day,

- 4 Soon freedom's loud hosannas
 Shall burst from every voice,
 Till mountains and savannas
 Roll back the sound—rejoice ;
 Then raise the song of freedom,
 The loudest, sweetest lay,
 The captive's chains are riven,
 And Liberty shall reign.
-

20.

“All Hail, Happy Day.”

Bradbury's Seasons, Part 2, 74.

- 1 **A**LL hail, happy day, that speak'st our nation's
 glory !
 A voice with thee
 Proclaims, “ We're free !”
 Thrice hail, happy day !
 Our hills and plains no more are trod
 By those who wield oppression's rod,
 We know no tyrant's nod,
 Hail, hail, happy day !
- 2 The graves of our fathers, laurels brightly crown
 them,
 They fought and died,
 That we in pride,
 Might hail freedom's day !
 Then come, ye sons of freedom's throng,
 And shout their deeds in joyful song.
 May memory cherish long
 This bright, happy day.

- 3 That beams so bright,
 With freedom's light,
 On this happy day;
That's ever sought and ever loved,
By all her free-born sons approved.
And guarded from above,
 Then hail, happy day!
- 4 Come, join in our song, O all ye sons of freedom,
 And wide proclaim
 Our nation's name,
 On this happy day;
Break forth in joy, my native land,
For 'midst thee stands a noble band—
Thy towers shall ever stand—
 Then hail, happy day!
- 5 Thrice hail, happy day, that speak'st our nation's
 glory,
 A voice with thee
 Proclaims, "we're free!"
 Thrice hail, happy day!
To God our grateful songs we'll bring,
And bow to him as sovereign King,
His boundless goodness sing,
 On this happy day.



21.

Hail Columbia.

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 130

- 1 HAIL Columbia, happy land,
Hail ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone,
Enjoy the peace your valor won;
Let independence be your boast,
Ever mindful what it cost;
Ever grateful for your prize,
Let its altar reach the skies.
Firm, united let us be,
Rallying round our liberty;
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find.

- 2 Immortal patriots rise once more !
Defend your rights, defend your shore ;
Let no rude foe with impious hand,
Invade the shrine where sacred lies,
Of toil and blood, the well-earned prize ;
While offering peace, sincere and just
In heaven we place a manly trust,
That truth and justice may prevail,
And every scheme of bondage fail.
Firm, united, &c.
- 3 Sound, sound the trump of fame !
Let WASHINGTON's great name
Ring through the world with loud applause—
Let every clime to Freedom dear,
Listen with a joyful ear ;
With equal skill, with steady power,
He governs in the fearful hour
Of horrid war, or guides with ease,
The happier times of honest peace.
Firm, united, &c.
- 4 Behold the chief, who now commands,
Once more to serve his country, stands,
The rock on which the storm will beat—
But armed in virtue, firm and true,
His hopes are fixed on heaven and you :
When Hope was sinking in dismay,
When gloom obscured Columbia's day,
His steady mind, from changes free,
Resolved on DEATH or LIBERTY !
Firm, united, &c.

22.

Land of our Fathers.

Bradbury's Young Shawn, 53.

- 1 **L**AND of our fathers, wherever we roam,
 Land of our birth, to us thou still art home!
 Peace and prosperity on thy sons attend,
 Down to posterity their influence descend!
 All, then, uniting,
 Hearts and voices joining,
 Sing we in harmony our native land, our native land,
 our native land, our native land, our native land.
- 2 Though other climes may brighter hopes fulfill,
 Land of our birth, we ever love thee still.
 Heaven shield our happy home from each hostile band!
 Freedom and plenty ever crown our native land!
 All, then, uniting,
 Hearts and voices joining,
 Sing we in harmony our native land, &c.
-

23.

There is No Home like my Own.

Boston Melodeon, 138.

- 1 **I**N the wild chamois track, at the breaking of
 morn,
 With a hunter's pride,
 O'er the mountain side,
 We are led by the sound of the Alpine horn,
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 Oh! that voice to me
 Is a voice of glee,
 Wherever my footsteps roam;

And I long to bound,
 When I hear that sound,
 Again to my mountain home.
 In the wild chamois track, &c.

2 I have crossed the proud Alps, I have sailed
 down the Rhône,
 And there is no spot
 Like the simple cot,
 And the hill and the valley I call my own ;
 Tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.
 There the skies are bright,
 And our hearts are light,
 Our bosoms without a fear ;
 For our toil is play,
 And our sport the fray
 With the mountain rose or deer.
 In the wild chamois track, &c.

24.

Independence Day!

Bradbury's Young Shawm, 131.

1 THIS day to greet,
 With joy we meet ;
 Then banish care away :
 With festive cheer,
 Come hasten here :
 'Tis Independence Day !

2 Joined heart and hand,
 A happy band,
 We Freedom's flag display :
 With music's sound
 We gather round :
 'Tis Independence Day !

- 3 We shout and sing,
 And flowers bring :
Youth's joyful emblems they :
 The laurel twine
 With fadeless pine :
'Tis Independence Day !
- 4 From morn to night, •
 With love unite,
To celebrate this day :
 Let peace and joy
 Our hearts employ :
'Tis Independence Day !
- 5 Our fathers brave,
 The land to save,
Did Freedom's call obey ;
 By young and old
 Their deeds be told :
'Tis Independence Day !
- 6 Let banners wave
 For deeds so brave !
The stripes and stars display !
 The eagle bold
 Our shield shall hold :
'Tis Independence Day !
- 7 Huzza again !
 Another strain,
And then for home away !
 This day was won
 By Washington !
'Tis Independence Day !

25.

My Native Hills.

Bradbury's Young Shawn, 149.

- 1 OH! give me back my native hills,
Rough, rugged, though they be,
No other clime, no other land
Is half so dear to me.
The sun is bright, the world looks fair,
And friends surround me here;
But memory, brooding o'er the past,
Gives home its tribute tear.
- 2 Though far from home, the heart may still
Reflect surrounding light,
Where stranger smiles enkindle love,
And stranger hearts delight;
Yet oh! they call the memory back,
As meteor-like they glide,
To tell how kind our early friends,
How sweet our own fireside.
- 3 My native hills, still dear to me,
Wherever I may roam,
With lofty pride, with cherished love,
I'll think on thee, my home.
For rooted in thy rock-bound shore,
The noblest virtues grow;
And beauty's choicest flowers are culled
From out thy highland snow.
- 4 Then give me back my native hills,
Rough, rugged, though they be,
No other clime, no other land
Is half so dear to me.

Affection's ties around my home
Like ivy tendrils twine :
My love, my blessings, and my prayers,
My native hills, are thine.

26.

Thanksgiving Hymn.

7s & 6a.

- 1 'TIS praise and adoration,
Dear Jesus, that we bring,
A grateful heart's thanksgiving,
To thee, our Heavenly King.
Our many sins forgiving,
Accept our youthful lays ;
Oh ! tune our hearts and voices
Aright to sing thy praise.
- 2 Thy watchful care has led us
Through many a dangerous way :
'Tis thy kind hand has fed us
On each returning day.
In every earthly pleasure,
We would thy goodness see ;
For every earthly treasure,
We render thanks to thee.
- 3 But, more than all, we bless thee,
For Him who has come down,
And mortal sorrow tasted,
To purchase us a crown.
He left a home celestial,
A realm of light and bliss,

To live a homeless stranger
In such a world as this.

- 4 Reveal thy loving spirit
To every waiting heart ;
That we may grace inherit,
And choose the better part.
And when our days are ended,
And time shall be no more ;
We'll join the choir of heaven,
And praise thee evermore.
-

27.

Coasting.

Normal Singer, 134.

- 1 COME out, come out, this wintry day,
To sport and play with me ;
Our books and slates put far away,
From study now be free ;
While sliding down the hill,
Over the clear, white snow.
- 2 Oh ! who's afraid of winter's day,
Its cold, its ice, or snow ?
What though we miss the sun's warm ray,
What though the winds do blow,
While sliding down the hill,
Over the clear, white snow ?
- 3 Then haste, companions, haste away,
The day is cold and still ;

We'll have some noble sport to-day,
A-sliding down the hill,
A-sliding down the hill,
Over the clear, white snow.

28.

Boat Song.

Normal Singer, 146.

1 LIGHTLY row !
Lightly row !
O'er the glassy waves we go ;
Smoothly glide !
Smoothly glide !
On the silent tide ;
Let the winds and waters be
Mingled with our melody.
Sing and float !
Sing and float !
In our little boat.

2 Far away !
Far away !
Echo in the rocks at play,
Calleth not,
Calleth not
To this lonely spot ;
Only with the sea-bird's note
Shall our dying music float ;
Lightly row !
Lightly row !
Echo's voice is low !

- 3 Lightly row!
 Lightly row!
 O'er the glassy waves we go;
 Smoothly glide!
 Smoothly glide!
 On the silent tide;
 Let the winds and waters be
 Mingled with our melody;
 Sing and float!
 Sing and float!
 In our little boat.
-

29.

Fisher's Song.

Normal Singer, 143.

- 1 UP and down all day long,
 Life is gliding like our song;
 Up and down all day long,
 Gliding like our song;
 On the restless sea we float,
 In our little fisher-boat;
 Up and down all day long,
 Glide we like our song.
- 2 Far from care, far from pain,
 Far from thought of greedy gain;
 Far from care, far from pain,
 Far from thought of gain;
 Over life's tempestuous tide,
 Calmly, cheerfully we ride;
 Up and down all day long
 Glide we, like our song.

30.

Charming Little Valley.

Normal Singer, 42.

- 1 CHARMING little valley,
Smiling all so gayly,
Like an angel's brow,
Spreading out thy treasures,
Calling us to pleasures
Innocent as thou
- 2 Skies are bright above thee,
Peace and quiet love thee,
Tranquil little dell;
In thy fragrant bowers,
Twining wreaths of flowers,
Love and friendship dwell.
- 3 May our spirits daily
Be like thee, sweet valley
Tranquil and serene—
Emblems to us given
Of the vales of heaven,
Ever bright and green.
-

31.

The Meadow-Spring.

Normal Singer, 37.

- 1 LITTLE cooling meadow-spring,
Bright and sparkling, full and free,
Hear us while our song we sing,
For it is a song to thee.

- 2 Oft we wander to thy brink,
Faint and thirsty, from our play;
And we gather, as we drink,
Strength and vigor for the day.
- 3 Often on thy border green,
Plucking flowers, we sit and rest;
When we rise, ourselves are seen,
Pictured on thy glassy breast.
- 4 Many joys to thee we owe,
Silver fountain, cool and clear;
In thy cheerful stream we throw
Every care and every fear.
- 5 Haste thee on, and never stay,
Bright and sparkling, full and free;
We will follow in thy way,
Singing still our song to thee.
-

32.

Celebration.

Anniversary Hymns, 85.

- 1 COME, join our celebration,
With hallowed songs of joy,
And on this bright occasion,
Your sweetest notes employ;
Parents and friends invited,
And teachers now are here,
In purpose all united,
Our youthful hearts to cheer.
Come, join, &c.

- 2 Thanks to the God of heaven,
Kind guardian of our race,
For all the favors given
Beneath his smiling face—
For health, and strength, and reason
And friendship unalloyed,
And every pleasant season
In Sunday-schools enjoyed.
Come, join, &c.
- 3 Thanks for the kind protection
God's arm has thrown around,
And for that sweet affection
He causes to abound
In those who're watching o'er us,
With many an anxious sigh,
And seeking to restore us
To peace and heavenly joy.
Come, join, &c.
- 4 May God with many a blessing
Reward their toil and care,
And hear them while addressing
His throne in fervent prayer;
And may his love constraining,
Our youthful spirits bow,
And grace forever reigning,
Our inmost souls endow.
Come, join, &c.

33.

The Brave Old Oak.

Young Melodist, 36.

1 A SONG of the oak—the brave old oak
Who hath ruled in this land so long!
Here's health and renown to his broad green
crown,
And his fifty arms so strong.
There is fear in his frown when the sun goes
down,
And the fire in the west fades out,
And he showeth his might on a wild midnight,
When the storms through his branches shout.
Then sing to the oak, the brave old oak,
Who hath ruled in this land so long,
And still flourish he, a hale green tree,
When a hundred years are gone.

2 He saw the rare times when the Christmas
chimes
Were a merry sound to hear,
And the squire's wide hall, and the cottage small,
Were full of good English cheer.
And all the day to the rebeck gay
They frolicked with lovesome swains.
They are gone! they are dead!
In the church-yard laid—
But the tree, he still remains.
Then sing to the oak, &c.



34.

May Shout.

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 72.

- 1 OH! the lovely, lovely May!
Ever welcome, ever gay!
When by vale and mountain,
When by brook and fountain,
Flow'rets bloom and insects play,
In the lovely, lovely May;
Oh! the lovely, lovely May!
Ever welcome, ever gay!
Charming, charming, charming, charm-
ing, charming, lovely May.

2 Oh! how fresh the morning air!
 Oh! how lovely all things are!
 Birds so gayly singing,
 Woods and meadows ringing,
 Buds and blossoms fresh and bright,
 Leaves so green, enchanting sight—
 Oh! the lovely, &c.

3 Hark! the universal shout!
 Nature's fairest forms are out!
 Lambs are bleating, skipping,
 Bees are buzzing, sipping,
 Walk or ride, or row the boat,
 Stand or fall, or sink or float—
 Oh! the lovely, &c.

35. May Comes Laughing o'er the Plain.

School Singer, 23.

1 [A, la, la! la, la, la!
 May comes laughing o'er the plain,
 La, la, la! la, la, la!
 Herald of young Summer's reign,
 La, la, la! la, la, la!
 Breathing sweetness through the bowers,
 Tinting with bright hues the flowers.
 See! she waves her magic hand,
 See! she waves her magic hand;
 Life and beauty round her play;
 'Tis the joyous month of May.
 Laughing May, joyous May,
 Lovely May, smiling May,
 Happy May, laughing May,
 Comes laughing o'er the plain.

- 2 La, la, la! la, la, la!
Winter's cold and leafless bough,
La, la, la! la, la, la!
Blushes at her presence now,
La, la, la! la, la, la!
On the bush the linnet sings,
In the brake the wild flower springs;
Sporting nymphs and happy swains
Roam the fresh enamelled plains;
Every living thing doth say,
'Tis the joyous month of May.
Laughing May, &c.
-

36.

The Bright Rosy Morning.*Musical Bouquet, 133.*

- 1 **T**HE bright, rosy morning
Peeps over the hills,
With blushes adorning
The meadows and fields;
While the merry, merry, merry horn
Calls come, come away,
Awake from your slumbers,
And hail the new day.
- 2 The deer, roused before us,
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the chorus
Of hounds in full cry;
While the merry, &c.

37.

The Cheerful School Song.

Musical Bouquet, 192.

- 1 OH! 'tis sweet to sing a cheerful song,
 It makes one happy, happy all day long.
 And when at eve, our school we leave,
 The melody still cheers us home.
 We love our home, we love our friends,
 Our parents' smile, what joy it sends
 To hearts like ours, so full of song.
 We're happy, happy all day long.
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la! &c.

- 2 Oh! we love to learn of teachers kind,
 To cultivate our hearts and store our minds.
 Our knowledge thus shall bless us here,
 And make us useful everywhere.
 And when our slates and books put by,
 Our *music books* their place supply!
 Oh! then 'tis sweet to join the lay,
 And sing the happy hours away.
 La, la, la, la, la, la, la! &c.
-

38.

Morning Song.

Normal Singer, 2'

- 1 AWAY with your slumbers, the bright morning
 skies
 Proclaim the glad sun now is ready to rise,
 The birds are all singing, and this is their song,
 "Awake, you are sleeping, you are sleeping too
 long."
 The birds, &c.

- 2 Oh! who can be sad when the dew-drops so
 bright,
Are sparkling with pleasure to welcome the light;
The willows bend low with their leaves to the
 ground,
And flowers are all offering their incense around.
 The birds, &c.
- 3 The sun looks with smiles on the loving and
 bright,
Who wander together, enjoying his light;
In pleasure they shout, and in harmony join,
And sing of the care of the Father Divine.
 The birds, &c.
-

39. Winter and Spring.

- 1 "ADIEU, adieu," father Winter said
 To the world, when about to quit it,
With his old white wig half off his head,
 As if never made to fit it.
- 2 "Adieu! I'm off to the rocks and caves,
 To leave all here behind me;
Or perhaps I'll sink in the northern waves,
 So deep that none can find me.
- 3 "Good luck! good luck to your hoary locks,"
 Said the gay young Spring, advancing;
"Go take your nap 'mid the caves and rocks,
 While I o'er the earth am dancing.

- 4 "There's not a spot where your foot has trod,
You hard, old clumsy fellow,
Not a hill or vale or single sod,
But what I have got to mellow.
- 5 "And I shall spread them o'er with grass,
That will look so fresh and cheering ;
None will regret that they let you pass
Far out of sight and hearing.
- 6 "The fountains you lock up so tight,
When I shall give a sunning, .
Will sparkle in my gladdening light,
And the brooks will set a running.
- 7 "The boughs you've caked all o'er with ice,
'Tis chilling to behold them,
I stick them round with buds so nice,
My breath alone can unfold them.
- 8 "And when the tree is in blossoms dressed,
The bird with her songs so merry,
Will come on its limb to build her nest,
By the sign of the future cherry.
- 9 "The air and earth by their joyfulness,
Shall show the good I'm doing,
And the skies beam down with smiles to bless,
The course that I'm pursuing."
- 10 Said Winter, then : "I would have you learn,
By me, my gay new-comer,
To push off too when it comes your turn,
And yield your place to Summer."

40.

Song of Gladness.

Anniversary Hymns, 44.

- 1 SING, oh! sing the song of gladness;
Joy becomes this happy scene:
See the earth her wintry sadness
Wears no more, but robes of green;
Brightly now our waving banners
Float upon the gentle breeze,
While the tide of glad hosannas
Pours its choral melodies.
Sing, oh! sing, his praises bringing
While the ringing skies resound;
Rocks and hills, and tower and dwell-
ing,
Send the swelling chorus round.
- 2 Sing his mercy that doth keep us
While our years are flitting by;
Pouring all its richest treasures,
Guarding with a father's eye.
Countless as the stars of heaven,
Richer far than golden store,
Are the blessings he has given,
Freely as the summer's shower.
Sing, oh! sing, &c.
- 3 Sing his love, all love surpassing!
How his only Son he gave
On the cruel cross to suffer,
From its doom the soul to save.
Children, will you hear the story,
And refuse his pardoning love?
Come, oh! come, and share his glory
In the worlds of light above.
Sing, oh! sing, &c.

41. Awake the Song of Merry Greeting.

Normal Singer, 64.

- 1 **A**WAKE the song of merry greeting,
 Sing tra la, la la, la la la;
 The notes inspiring, joy repeating,
 Sing la la, la la, la la la;
 Let mirth to wisdom tribute pay,
 But yet be merry when we may.
 Sing la la, la la, la la la,
 Sing la la, la la, la la la,
 Sing la la, la la, la la la.
- 2 Though care will come, and tribulation,
 We'll sigh not in th' anticipation;
 For joy will soon each grief dispel
 From hearts where love and friendship dwell.

42.

Roaming.

Musical Bouquet, 184.

- 1 **U**P and down, o'er hills and meads,
 Riding, walking, quick, or slow,
 On wherever fancy leads,
 O'er the fair, bright world I'll go,
 Yes, yes, yes, yes,
 O'er the fair, bright world I'll go.
- 2 Light of heart, with courage high,
 Merrily I take my way;
 What I this time come not nigh,
 I may find some other day.
 Yes, yes, yes, &c.
- 3 People good, and free, and kind,
 Meet my eye in every place;

Near the cheerful hearth and board
 Still the wanderer finds a place.
 Yes, yes, yes, &c.

4 Ne'er in loneliness I pine,
 For I march to music free;
 Friend, if thou the song can join,
 Take thy staff and come with me.
 Yes, yes, yes, &c.

43.

The Woodland Call.

Flora's Festival, 61.

- 1 COME, come to the woodland, come away;
 Come away;
 Ye maids and youths, 'tis holiday,
 Come away;
 The air is sunny, but not so sweet,
 As under the shade where the fairies meet.
 Ye lads and lasses, so blithe and say,
 Haste to the wildwood, oh! haste away.
- 2 Haste, haste, while the noontide sun rides high,
 Haste away;
 On the green sward where the stream runs by,
 Haste away;
 We'll trip it merrily o'er the green,
 The goodliest company e'er was seen.
 Ye lads and lasses, &c.
- 3 And when tired, we will rest beneath the oak,
 Haste away;
 Or pluck wild flowers that kiss the brook,
 Haste away;
 Or pipe the reed, or the song we'll sing,
 For those who dance in the elfin ring.
 Ye lads and lasses, &c.

- 4 And at eve, when the sun's last ray departs,
Come away ;
We'll homeward wend with joyful hearts,
Come away ;
We'll smiling part in the moon's soft light,
And bid each other a kind good night.
Ye lads and lasses, &c.
-

44. "Brightly Gleam the Sparkling Rills."

Flora's Festival, 42.

- 1 **B**RIGHTLY, brightly gleam the sparkling rills,
Summer, summer, sleeps on verdant hills ;
Amid the shades we rambling stray
Where cooling fountains sportive play ;
Pealing, pealing come the laugh and shout ;
While gayly we sing till the old forests ring
With the joy of our merry rout,
With the joy of our merry rout.
- 2 Odors, odors load the summer air,
Music, music sweetly echoes there ;
And brightest maids, with softest glance,
There join the song, and lead the dance ;
Pealing, pealing, come the laugh and shout,
While gayly we sing, till the old forests ring
With the joy of our merry rout, &c.
- 3 Faintly, faintly, sounds the distant fall ;
Lightly, lightly, woodland echoes call,
And in their voice we deem we hear
The tones of friends once gay and dear,
Pealing, pealing join the laugh and shout,
While gayly we sing, till the old forests ring
With the joy of our merry rout, &c.

45.

Child's "Happy New Year."

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 86.

- 1 A SWEET little maiden awoke from her slumbers,
When first the bright morning began to appear;
And when in his glory the sun rose upon her,
She sprang up and wished him a *happy New Year*.
"I thank you, my darling," the sun gayly said,
As on her bright ringlets his blushes he shed;
"I *must* give you something, pray, what shall it be,
As a token for all your kind wishes to me?"
- 2 "I'll give you, sweet maiden, the light of my shining,
To greet you and guide you wherever you stray;
And when clouds of sorrow your path overshadow,
The gleam of my arrows shall drive them away.
Come now in life's morning, when all things are thine,
And give *thy* young heart to thy Maker and *mine*;
And then when thy sun in the west goeth down,
He'll set thee forever a gem in his crown."
- 3 The child was delighted to hear the sun talking,
As upward in glory he went on his way;
And she said to herself, When comes the still evening,
I'll *wish* the stars also, and see what they'll say.
She did; and found out that they too had a tongue.
And hymned their Creator in triumphant song;
And not only they, but there broke on her ear,
From all things around her a *happy New Year*.

46.

I Covet not the Miser's Wealth.

Normal Singer, 102.

- 1 I COVET not the miser's wealth,
I would not be a slave ;
If God will only grant me health,
No higher boon I crave ;
But sing with thankful, tuneful tongue,
My morning and my evening song.
- 2 How many a one in plenty swims,
'Mid palace, court, and hall,
And yet is full of wants and whims,
And finds no joy in all ;
The more he has, the more he'll crave,
His cares end only in the grave.
- 3 They call this world a vale of gloom ;
To me, it seems so bright,
A garden gay, where roses bloom,
And fragrant flowers invite.
Where every living, breathing thing
May share the golden green of spring.
- 4 So now I'll praise and thank my God,
And bear a cheerful breast ;
I'll love his ways, I'll love his word,
Who does for me the best ;
And ever grateful may I be,
To Him who daily blesses me.

47.

Clasp Hand in Hand.

Normal Singer, 199.

- 1 CLASP hand in hand, like brothers,
Let heart with heart unite,
To pledge our faith and honor,
To hold and guard the right.
Each voice and heart obeying,
Bursts forth in glowing song,
Through all the land resounding
In echoes loud and long.
 - 2 The sacred bond and compact
No distance shall undo ;
But rolling time shall twine it,
More binding, firm, and true.
Then hand in hand, like brothers,
Let heart with heart unite,
To pledge our faith and honor,
To hold and guard the right.
-

48.

New Year.

Normal Singer, 163.

- 1 SING, one and all, with grateful hearts,
To welcome in the gay new year !
Let every care and trouble cease,
And meet with heart and mind at peace
The happy new year.
- 2 Sing, one and all, with grateful hearts,
To welcome in the gay new year !
Fair Hope stands beck'ning, bright and sweet,
And seems to say, "Come now, and meet
The happy new year."

3 Sing, one and all, with grateful hearts,
 To welcome in the gay new year!
 May ancient friendships never end,
 But step by step our path attend
 This happy new year.

4 Sing, one and all, with grateful hearts,
 To welcome in this gay new year!
 And let our songs arise to heaven,
 To thank the Father who has given
 This happy new year.

49.

Sing this Song with Me.

Normal Singer, 92.

- 1 OH! sing ye the merry, merry song with me!
 And let our hearts be free,
 As the wavings of ocean, that ceaseless swell,
 And the wandering breezes, that ever tell
 The music of all we see.
- 2 Oh! sing ye the merry, merry song, so bold!
 And sing of days of old;
 When the stars of the night sparkled bright as
 now,
 And we pledged to continue forever true,
 As when first our chorus rolled.
- 3 Oh! sing ye the merry, merry song to-night!
 And sing the hour's swift flight!
 Sing of Him who together has brought us here,
 Sing of Him who has made us to each so dear;
 Oh! sing the glad song to-night.



50.

Lovely Rose.

Young Choir, 100.

- 1 OF late so brightly glowing,
 Lovely Rose,
 We here beheld thee glowing,
 Lovely Rose;
Thou seem'dst some angel's care,
Summer's breath was warm around thee,
Summer's beam with beauty crowned thee,
 So sweetly fair.
- 2 The blast too rudely blowing,
 Lovely Rose;
Thy tender form o'erthrowing,
 Lovely Rose;
Alas! hath laid thee low.
Now amid thy native bed,
Envious weeds, with branches spread,
 Unkindly grow.

- 3 No fresh'ning dew of morning,
 Lovely Rose ;
 Thy infant buds adorning,
 Lovely Rose ;
 To thee shall day restore.
 Zephyrs soft, that late caressed thee,
 Evening smiles, that parting blessed thee,
 Return no more.
-

51.

The Rose that all are Praising.

Young Choir, 96.

- 1 THE rose that all are praising,
 Is not the rose for me ;
 Too many eyes are gazing
 Upon the costly tree :
 But there's a rose in yonder glen,
 That shuns the gaze of other men,
 For me its blossoms raising :
 Oh ! that's the rose for me.
- 2 The gem a king might covet,
 Is not the gem-for me ;
 From darkness who would move it,
 Save that the world may see !
 But I've a gem that shuns display,
 And next my heart worn every day,
 So dearly do I love it :
 Oh ! that's the gem for me.
- 3 Gay birds in cages pining,
 Are not the birds for me ;
 Those plumes so brightly shining,
 Would fain fly off from thee :

But I've a bird that gayly sings ;
Though free to rove, she folds her wings,
For me her flight resigning :
Oh ! that's the bird for me,

52.

Faith in God.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 12.

- 1 I KNEW a widow very poor,
Who four small children had :
The oldest was but six years old,
A gentle, modest lad.
- 2 And very hard this widow toiled
To feed her children four ;
A noble heart the mother had,
Though she was very poor.
- 3 To labor, she would leave her home,
For children must be fed ;
And glad was she when she could buy
A shilling's worth of bread.
- 4 And this was all the children had
On any day to eat :
They drank their water, ate their bread,
But never tasted meat.
- 5 One day when snow was falling fast,
And piercing was the air,
I thought that I would go and see
How these poor children were.

- 6 Ere long I reached their cheerless home :
 'Twas searched by every breeze ;
When going in, the eldest child
 I saw upon his knees.
- 7 I paused, and listened to the boy :
 He never raised his head,
But still went on, and said, "*Give us
 This day our daily bread.*"
- 8 I waited till the child was done,
 Still listening as he prayed ;
And when he rose, I asked him why
 The Lord's prayer he had said.
- 9 "Why, sir," said he, "this morning, when
 My mother went away,
She wept, she said, because she had
 No bread for us to-day.
- 10 "She said we children now must starve,
 Our father being dead ;
And then I told her not to cry,
 For I could get some bread.
- 11 "'Our Father,' sir, the prayer begins,
 Which makes me think that he,
As we have got no father here,
 Would our kind father be.
- 12 "And then you know, sir, that the prayer
 Asks God for bread each day ;
So in the corner, sir, I went,
 And that's what made me pray."

- 13 I quickly left that wretched room,
And went with fleeting feet,
And very soon was back again
With food enough to eat.
- 14 "I *thought* God heard me," said the boy.
I answered with a nod;
I could not speak, but much I thought
Of that boy's faith in God.
-

53.

"Far, far at Sea."

Songs of Zion, 209

- 1 STAR of peace! to wanderers weary,
Bright the beams that smile on me;
Cheer the pilot's vision dreary,
Far, far at sea.
- 2 Star of hope! gleam on the billow,
Bless the soul that sighs for thee;
Bless the sailor's lonely pillow,
Far, far at sea.
- 3 Star of faith! when winds are mocking
All his toil, he flies to thee;
Save him, on the billows rocking,
Far, far at sea.
- 4 Star Divine! oh! safely guide him;
Bring the wanderer home to thee:
Sore temptations long have tried him,
Far, far at sea.

54.

The Child and the Flower.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 41.

- 1 **A**S in the open field I strayed,
Among the grass I found
A lovely little violet,
Just peeping from the ground ;
It looked right up into my face,
With such a modest smile,
That I sat down close by its side,
To talk to it awhile.
- 2 I asked the little blushing flower,
Not thinking that she knew,
If she would tell me whence she came,
And she replied : " I grew."
" Be sure, you did ; but still, I ask,
Who made you ? will you tell ?"
She opened wide her deep blue eyes,
And said : " Dear child, I will.
- 3 " Come, put your ear close to my mouth,
Now, there's no noise abroad ;"
I did, and listened a good while ;
At last, she whispered : " GOD."
Mother, I love the violet ;
She told the truth, I know ;
For, surely, none but HE could make
So sweet a flower to grow.
-

55.

The Child and the Flower.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 41.

- 1 **M**OTHER, I've been to see the flower,
Which in the field, I found,

And, would you think it? there it lay,
All withered on the ground.
I kneeled, and put my ear close down
Beside its lowly bed,
And asked what ailed my drooping flower,
And something whispered—"Dead!"

- 2 The chill winds stirred its withered leaves,
And thus they seemed to say:
"Sweet flower, it makes us sad that thou
So soon hast passed away."
When, o'er my poor dead violet,
My tears fell like the rain;
It whispered to me: "Child, weep not,
For I shall live again."

- 3 Say, talked the flower, or did the winds
Utter their passing knell?
Or was it my own soul that spoke?
I'm sure I can not tell.
It was the spirit's voice—and if
The dead flower shall revive;
Our flesh we may yield up in hope,
Some other day to live.
-

56.

The Silently Falling Snow.

Normal Singer, 101

- 1 **I**N flakes of a feathery white,
'Tis falling so gently and slow;
Oh! pleasant to me is the sight,
When silently falling the snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
When silently falling the snow.

- 2 The earth is all covered to-day
With mantle of radiant show,
It sparkles and shines in the ray,
In crystals of glittering snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
In crystals of glittering snow.
- 3 Oh! happy the snow-birds I see,
While hopping and flittering they go
They tell of a lesson to me,
While feeding in beautiful snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
While feeding in beautiful snow.
- 4 The trees have a burden of white,
It covers their branches, I know,
It never forsakes them by night,
All day they are playing with snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
All day they are playing with snow.
- 5 How spotless it seems, and how pure,
I would that my spirit were so!
Then, long as the soul shall endure,
More brightly I'd shine than the snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
More brightly I'd shine than the snow.
- 6 But soon with the breath of the spring,
Down streamlets and rivers 'twill flow;
The season of summer will bring
Bright flowers for silvery snow,
Snow, snow, snow,
Bright flowers for silvery snow.

57.

The Sabbath-School Hall.

Air, "Old Arm-chair."

1 WE love it, we love it, and who shall dare
To chide us for lingering with tenderness
there?

We'll cherish it long as a holy spot,
And memory will whisper: "Forget it not!"
'Tis bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break—not a link will start.
Would ye learn the spell? 'tis the dearest of all,
And a sacred thing is the Sabbath-School Hall.

2 We've trodden its portals full many a day,
When our spirits were light, and our hearts
were gay;
Months rolled away, while we labored there,
Secluded from sorrow and worldly care.
Say it is folly, and deem us weak,
While the scalding tears steal down our cheek;
Still we love it, we love it, the dearest of all,
And we'll ever remember the Sabbath-School Hall.

58.

The Fourth of July.

Sunday-School Anniversary Book, 94.

1 A SONG for the day beaming o'er us!
An anthem of juvenile joy!
A rapturous, soul-stirring chorus!
For this is the Fourth of July!
Then send up the soul-stirring chorus,
For this is the Fourth of July!
Yes, this is the Fourth of July!
The glorious Fourth of July!

- 2 Long since, on this day of defial,
Our fathers fought kings with their per
Their children, if put to the trial,
Would sign that bold paper again.
Would sign that bold paper again, &c.
- 3 The patriot band was assembled,
The tyrants of earth to defy;
And tyrants have ever since trembled
To hear of the Fourth of July.
To hear of the Fourth of July, &c.
- 4 They wish that old Time would absorb it,
Or let it unnumbered go by;
But Time rolls around in his orbit,
And brings a new Fourth of July.
He brings a new Fourth of July, &c.
- 5 With very benevolent reason
God gives us the bright summer sky;
And just in the height of the season
He sends us the Fourth of July.
He sends us the Fourth of July, &c.
- 6 Our fathers, in warlike employment,
Determined to conquer or die;
But ours is a peaceful enjoyment,
The fruit of their Fourth of July.
The fruit of their Fourth of July, &c.
- 7 Our States in fraternal communion,
All traitors and foes shall defy,
So long as we cling to the "UNION,"
And honor the Fourth of July.
And honor the Fourth of July, &c.

- 8 Be withered the hand that would sever
Our hallowed confederate tie ;
Our "UNION" be cherished forever,
And honored our Fourth of July,
And honored our Fourth of July, &c.
- 9 Now, up with the voice of thanksgiving
To God, the great Giver on high ;
And while in the land of the living,
Still honor the Fourth of July.
Still honor the Fourth of July, &c.
-

59.

The Declaration.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 63.

- 1 WE come, we come, a little band,
As children of the nation ;
We're joined in heart, we're joined in hand,
To keep the Declaration.
- 2 We come, we come, with joyful eyes,
We fear no usurpation ;
Our fathers fought to win the prize,
And keep the Declaration.
- 3 We come, we come—'tis freedom's cause
Excites our admiration ;
Columbia's sons maintain her laws,
And keep the Declaration.
- 4 We come, we come, with garlands bright,
To crown with approbation
Our land, which marches in her might,
To keep the Declaration.

- 5 We come, we come—to God be praise,
 For our exalted station;
 We thank him for such happy days,
 And keep the Declaration.
- 6 We come, we come—we soon must die,
 And so must all our nation:
 We'll not forget the prize on high,
 Yet keep the Declaration.
-

60.

My Native Land.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 2.

- 1 I LOVE thy fair and verdant hills;
 I love thy vales which plenty fills;
 I love thy mountains rude and steep,
 And all the storms which o'er them sweep.
 Oh! well I love my native land—
 The land of freedom—happy land!
- 2 I love thy waters, white with sails—
 Thy soil, whose harvest never fails—
 Thy towns, and villages, and farms,
 And cities—free from foreign arms;
 Oh! well I love, &c.
- 3 I love thy shrewd and hardy sons,
 For they are brave and noble ones;
 And in their bosoms glow those fires
 That warmed of old their pilgrim sires:
 Oh! well I love, &c.
- 4 I love thy daughters—kind as fair—
 With mother's heart and sister's care—
 With love intent to soothe and save—
 Protect the weak, and cheer the brave:
 Oh! well I love, &c.

- 5 I love thy laws that guard us round
Thy sacred courts, and Gospel sound;
I bless the HAND that made thee mine,
And hail the ties that make me thine :
Oh ! well I love, &c.
-

61.

Freedom's Natal Day.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 72.

- 1 **L**OUD raise the peal of gladness !
'Tis freedom's natal day !
Our land that once in sadness
Be-moaned the tyrant's sway,
In liberty rejoices,
And heeds no monarch's rod :
Lift high your joyous voices ;
Ay, lift them up to God.
- 2 'Twas he, whose wisdom guided
The counsels of our sires ;
He o'er our arms presided—
And he the praise requires—
That gild our country's story,
That make our country blessed :
To him be all the glory,
For all those gifts possessed.
- 3 How rich the thought in pleasure,
No despot can control !
But richer far the treasure
The freedom of the soul !
The yoke of bondage broken,
To worship God we're free—
To read what he hath spoken,
Or, reverent, bow the knee.

62.

Our Anniversary.

Tune, Away the Bowl.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 91.

- 1 **A**SSEMBLED in our school once more,
On freedom's natal day,
Our father's God we here adore,
And bless the happy day;
The day that saw our nation's birth
And freedom found a home on earth—
We hail the day, the happy day;
Our Anniversary.
- 2 We meet not now 'mid boding fears
Which clouded once this day,
Nor where the helpless vassal's tears
Still falling are to-day.
No cruel despot's power we own,
And slavery's curse is here unknown;
We're *free* to-day! O happy day!
Our Anniversary
- 3 To thee, great God, the praise belongs
That we are blessed to-day—
To thee ascend our cheerful songs
Of gratitude to-day.
'Twas thy great arm, and thine alone,
Could shake the haughty tyrant's throne,
And bring this day, this happy day,
Our Anniversary.
- 4 Still be thine arm of power displayed
In glorious majesty,
Until the nations long enslaved
Rejoice among the free.

Till freedom's banner wide unfurled,
Shall float in triumph o'er the world.
And bring to all a happy day,
Like this, Our Anniversary.

63.

Come and Worship.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 94.

- 1 ANGELS, from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.
- 2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the heavenly light.
Come and worship, &c.
- 3 Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear;
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear.
Come and worship, &c.
- 4 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains.
Come and worship, &c.

64.

The Notes of Joy.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 92.

- 1 HARK! hark! the notes of joy
Roll o'er the heavenly plains,
And seraphs find employ
For their sublimest strains:
Some new delight in heav'n is known,
Loud ring the harps around the throne.
- 2 Hark! hark! the sounds draw nigh,
The joyful hosts descend;
Jesus forsakes the sky,
To earth his footsteps bend:
He comes to bless our fallen race,
He comes with messages of grace.
- 3 Bear, bear the tidings round,
Let every mortal know
What love in God is found,
What pity he can show;
Ye winds that blow—ye waves that roll—
Bear the glad news from pole to pole!
- 4 Strike, strike the harps again,
To great Immanuel's name!
Arise, ye sons of men,
And loud his grace proclaim:
Angels and men, wake every string,
'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing!



65. A Man's a Man for all that. .

Normal Singer, 23.

1 **WE** will not blush for poverty,
 Or hang our heads, and all that;
 Though wealthy folks may pass us by,
 A man's a man for all that;

For all that and all that,
 Our toils obscure, and all that,
 Their rank is but the guinea's stamp—
 A man's a man for all that.

2 The king may make a knight or lord,
 A marquis, duke, and all that,
 But honesty needs no reward,
 And kings can never buy that;
 For all that and all that,
 The pride of birth, and all that,
 Good sense and worth, o'er all the earth
 Are better things than all that.

3 Then let us pray that come it may,
 As come it will for all that,
 When with the might shall be the right,
 And truth shall reign, and all that;
 For all that and all that,
 'Tis coming still, for all that,
 When man with man, the wide world o'er,
 Shall brothers be, and all that.

66.

Be Happy and Good.

Normal Singer, 112.

1 **B**E happy and good!
 Be happy and good!
 Let knowledge and wisdom incite thee,
 Let virtue and truth e'er delight thee;
 Be happy and good!
 Be happy and good!
 Be happy and good!

2 Be happy and good !
So smiling the day will fly by thee,
And naught of true pleasure deny thee ;
Be happy and good.

3 Be happy and good !
The moon and the stars in their beauty
Will teach thee thy way and thy duty ;
Be happy and good !

4 Be happy and good !
A little will serve to delight thee,
And nothing shall ever affright thee ;
Be happy and good !

67.

A Good Name.

Musical Bouquet, 12.

1 EVER choose it,
Ne'er refuse it—
'Tis a precious diadem ;
Highly prize it,
Ne'er despise it,
You will need it when you're men.

2 Love and cherish,
Keep and nourish—
'Tis more precious, far, than gold ;
Watch and guard it,
Don't discard it,
You will need it when you're old.

68.

The Good and the Kind.

Normal Singer, 21.

- 1 **T**HE good and the kind
Find flowers in their path ever springing.
And angels around ever singing;
The good and the kind.
 - 2 The good and the kind
In simplest of blessings find pleasure,
And ever enjoy a rich treasure;
The good and the kind.
 - 3 The good and the kind
Rejoice in the sunlight of heaven,
And peacefully welcome the even;
The good and the kind.
 - 4 The good and the kind
Are useful, and shrink not from labor,
To serve brother, kindred, or neighbor;
The good and the kind.
 - 5 The good and the kind,
By kindness their piety proving,
Will dwell with the pure and the loving.
The good and the kind.
-

69.

Be Careful of Your Money, Boys.

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 100.

- 1 **W**HEN life is full of health and glee,
Work thou as busy as a bee,
And take this gentle hint from me—
Be careful of your money;

Be careful of your money, boys,
 Be careful of your money;
 You'll find it true that friends are few,
 When you are short of money.

- 2 But do not shut sweet mercy's door,
 Nor coldly turn away the poor;
 To help the needy from your store,
 Be careful of your money;
 Be careful of your money, boys,
 Be careful of your money;
 To help the poor that seek your door,
 Be careful of your money.

70.

Idlers.

Musical Gems, 174.

- 1 SO goes it with idlers; they're laughed at by all;
 They lounge all the summer and sleep all the
 fall.

So goes it with idlers, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
 ha, ha!

- 2 When winter o'ertakes them they're hungry and
 cold,
 And then they complain of hard times and no
 gold.

So goes it, &c.

- 3 At school they learn nothing but mischievous
 play,
 And when they are older, have nothing to say.
 So goes it, &c.

- 4 They're shunned by the learned; they're lazy and poor,
And soon they're compelled to beg bread at your door.

So goes it, &c.

- 5 So goes it with idlers; they're laughed at by all;
They lounge all the summer and sleep all the fall.
So goes it, &c.
-

'71. A Long Pull, and a Strong Pull.

Normal Singer, 139.

- 1 **N**OW hearts and hands, their strength uniting,
Boldly brave life's waves and winds;
Fresh courage every foe exciting,
Naught should hinder willing minds—
With a long pull, and a strong pull,
And a pull altogether,
Hard work or hard weather,
Your duty fulfill.
- 2 When duty calls through toil and danger
Firmly by each other stand;
To friend, to foe, to brother, stranger,
Ever lend a helping hand—
With a long pull, &c.
- 3 Now hearts and hands, their strength uniting,
Boldly brave life's waves and winds;
Fresh courage every foe exciting,
Naught should hinder willing minds—
With a long pull, &c.

72.

Christmas Jubilee.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 92.

- 1 JOYFUL hail the jubilee of earth ;
Children's voices high ascending,
With cherubic strains are blending,
Joyful hail the jubilee of earth.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour's love inspires the song,
Changing every note of sadness,
Filling every heart with gladness ;
'Tis the Saviour's love inspires the song.
- 3 See the Day-spring dawning from on high ;
Through the night of death, 'tis gleaming—
Doubt and sorrow flee its beaming ;
See the Day-spring dawning from on high.
- 4 Peace on earth, and joy, are now complete :
Oh ! that all might hear the story ;
All behold the Gospel-glory ;
Peace on earth, and joy, are now complete.
- 5 Hallelujah ! to the new-born King ;
In each heart his throne be seated,
By each tongue his praise repeated ;
Hallelujah ! to the new-born King.
- 6 Loud, and yet more loud hosannas raise !
Hear them, distant isles of ocean,
Heathen, catch the glad emotion ;
Loud, and yet more loud hosannas raise !

73.

With Songs of Rejoicing.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 99.

- 1 **W**ITH songs of rejoicing, hosanna, and praise,
To Jesus our off'rings we bring;
Though humble our tribute, and feeble our lays,
Yet he will attend when we sing.
 - 2 He is the good Shepherd whose bounty and grace
The sheep of his pasture may share;
The wants of the least in his bosom have place,
But the lambs are his tenderest care.
 - 3 He loves to watch o'er them, to bear them along,
And safe in his arms they shall rest;
For while he protects them, what danger can
wrong
Or pluck from his sheltering breast?
 - 4 O Saviour in heaven! we pray thee attend,
And grant in compassion our prayer!
Be thou our good Shepherd, our Father, and Friend,
And we, the dear lambs of thy care!
-

74.

A Christmas Hymn.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 106.

- 1 **O** HAPPY day! O happy day! when mercy,
mercy smiled,
And beamed from heaven in cloudless ray,
On Bethle'm's lovely child;

Then angel's sang in holy mirth, in holy mirth, in
holy mirth,

"Good will to man and peace on earth."

They all sang joyfully ;

O happy day! O happy day! when mercy, mercy
smiled,

O happy day! O happy day! thus joyfully sing
we.

2 That Saviour came from heaven to earth,

To raise earth up to heaven ;

Let old and young extol his worth,

While praise to him is given.

Children shall praise his blessed name, his blessed
name, his blessed name ;

Their hearts shall feel love's hallowed flame,

While of their Lord they sing ;

O happy day! O happy day, when mercy, mercy
smiled ;

When mercy smiled and gave to man a Saviour
in their King.



75.

Sabbath-School Band.

Sunday-School Harmonist, 13.

1 TO the Sunday-school we're going,
And God's love our hearts o'erflowing,
And to whom all favors owing,
In the blest Sabbath-school.

We're a band of children,

We're a band of children,

We're a band of children,

Of the Sabbath-school.

- 2 Here the truths of inspiration,
Being read with admiration,
And with souls of adoration,
In the blest Sabbath-school.
We're a band, &c.
- 3 Here the words of life are learning,
And our youthful hearts are burning
With Christ's love, to whom we're turning,
In the blest Sabbath-school.
We're a band, &c.
- 4 Here the plan of true salvation
Is enjoyed with admiration,
And with souls of adoration,
In the blest Sabbath-school.
We're a band, &c.
- 5 Yea, the prospect is most cheering,
And the children most endearing,
When we see them heavenward steering,
In the blest Sabbath-school.
With our band of teachers,
With our band of teachers,
With our band of teachers,
And with parents at their side
- 6 When our days on earth are ended,
May our hearts, by love cemented,
And in Christ die all contented,
In the same Sabbath-school.
With our band of teachers,
With our band of teachers,
With our band of teachers,
And our parents there the same.

76.

The Opening Year.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 140.

- 1 TO own his gracious care,
Whose goodness crowns the year,
We seek the house of prayer,
And worship in his fear;
With humble hearts our sins confess,
And ask his still-continued grace.
- 2 Here throng the precious youth,
In heavenly wisdom taught,
Who search the word of truth,
With precious counsels fraught;
To join their faithful teachers here,
And welcome in this opening year.
- 3 Oh! bless the rising race!
Hereafter may they stand,
Adorned with heavenly grace,
As pillars in the land;
And may the care on them bestowed
Conduct them safe to thine abode.
- 4 On all who here unite,
Shed down celestial rays,
To guide our paths aright,
In all our future days;
And let this precious season prove
A hallowed hour of peace and love.

77.

Jesus our Refuge.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 150.

- 1 WE children gathered here
Were but as yesterday
Untaught our God to fear—
Were never heard to pray ;
But heedless sought the downward road,
And wandered far from heaven and God.
- 2 Our heavenly Father's love
Hath hastened to our aid,
And we his goodness prove,
And see his power displayed ;
We feel his sweet reviving grace,
And seek, with willing hearts, his face.
- 3 O Father ! hear the prayer
Our youthful hearts would raise,
And let thy guardian care
Protect our future days ;
Our souls with daily goodness bless,
Establish us in righteousness.
- 4 From Satan's wily arts,
Save in temptation's hour,
And change our evil hearts,
By soul-renewing power ;
In life, in death our refuge be,
Our portion through eternity.

78.

Good Night.

S. S. Anniversary Book, 156.

1 WE rise, dear friends, with true delight,
The eldest of the throng,
To wish you all a kind good night,
In this our parting song;
Our hearty thanks we now bestow,
While joys within our bosoms glow;
Good night, good night, good night, good night.

2 We next in turn, though younger still,
Would chant our parting song
We boast indeed but little skill,
Nor shall our strains be long;
Our hearty thanks we now bestow,
For every smile you deigned to show;
Good night, &c.

3 Though younger still, yet do not blame
The passion in our breast;
Our gratitude you well may claim
Ere we retire to rest;
Our hearty thanks we now bestow,
The time has come for us to go.
Good night, &c.

4 We, least and last of all the train,
Our infant voices try—
Salute you all a parting strain,
And bid you all good-by;
Our hearty thanks we now bestow,
Our mothers want us—we must go.
Good night, &c



79.

The Ramble.

Alpine Glee Singer, 244.

- 1 I'VE been sitting by the hill-side,
Little birds flew gayly round,
What a singing, what a springing
From the nestlings to the ground.
La, la, la, &c.
- 2 I've been standing in the garden,
Where the buzzing bees flew round,
What a humming, going, coming,
As their honey cells they found.
La, la, la, &c.
- 3 I've been walking in the meadow,
Little swallows skim the brook,
What a dipping, what a dripping,
It was droll enough to look.
La, la, la &c.

- 4 Cheerful comrades soon will join us,
With the sun's last parting ray,
Then with singing, voices ringing,
We will close this happy day.
La, la, la, &c.
-

80.

I Love the Merry Ringing.

Alpine Glee Singer, 279.

- 1 I LOVE the merry ringing,
The full and gladsome cheer
Of voices gayly singing,
When pleasure's sky is clear;
Our hearts are ever, ever free,
And quick to bound with lively glee,
Oh! yes, oh! yes, to song
Our happy days belong.
- 2 When May-day's morn is smiling,
And tuneful choirs awake;
Our hearts of grief beguiling,
With notes that gayly break;
How happy then do we unite,
And sing along our way of light!
Oh! yes, &c.
- 3 When fortune's gifts have crowned us,
When life flows smoothly on,
When social friends surround us,
And all unite as one,
Then happy, joyous still are we,
As loud we raise the tuneful glee.
Oh yes, &c.

81.

America.

Alpine Glee Singer, 212.

- 1 **F**REEDOM'S sons, come join in chorus,
 Praise this favored spot of earth ;
 Praise the skies now smiling o'er us,
 Praise the land which gave us birth !
 Though our sky is often frowning,
 Though our land is rough and sear ;
 Health and peace our labors crowning
 Bless the cheerful spirits here !
- 2 Here are equal rights defended,
 Riches fill the busy hands ;
 Then be welcome kind extended
 To th' oppressed from other lands !
 Let them come and join the chorus,
 Let them praise this spot of earth ;
 Praise the sky now smiling o'er us,
 Praise the land which gave us birth.
- 3 Freedom's sons, of every nation,
 Here a hearty welcome greet,
 While no haughty tyrant frowning,
 E'er invades your calm retreat.
 Come and help us swell the chorus,
 Praise this hallowed spot of earth ;
 Praise the skies now smiling o'er us,
 Praise the land which gave us birth.

82.

The Sleigh Ride.

Alpine Glee Singer, 214.

- 1 **O**H! swift we go o'er the fleecy snow,
 When moon-beams sparkle round !
 When hoofs keep time to music's chime,
 As merrily on we bound !
 As merrily on we bound !
 La, la, la, &c.

- 2 On winter's night, when our hearts are light,
And breath is on the wind,
We loose the rein, and sweep the plain,
And leave our cares behind ;
As merrily, &c.
- 3 With laugh and song, thus we glide along,
Across the fleeting snow,
With friends beside, how swift we ride
The beautiful track below !
As merrily, &c.
- 4 The raging sea has true joys for me,
When gale and tempest roar,
But give the speed of the foaming steed,
And I'll ask for waves no more !
As merrily, &c.
-

83.

Our Stern Forefathers.

Alpine Glee Singer, 202.

- 1 OUR stern forefathers were not like
The pliant sons of earth ;
But lions in the battle,
And lambs around the hearth.
In caves and forests hiding,
With spirits strong and high,
They pledged to God their fealty,
To suffer or to die.
- 2 And will you not disown your sons,
Ye heroes good and great ?
Sprung from such noble fathers,
Should we degenerate ?

We wear the rose and lily,
 And not the martyr's crown;
 We hide not in the forest,
 But rest on beds of down.

- 3 Ye sons of freedom, now arise,
 And wash away the stain!
 Th' oppressed are loudly calling,
 No longer hear in vain!
 Go forth and meet the tempest,
 Alone, if need there be!
 Fear not, for God is with you,
 Be dauntless, firm, and free!
-

84.

We Sons of the Mountains.

Alpine Glee Singer, 156.

- 1 WE sons of the mountains are happy and free,
 No bird of the air is more cheerful than we;
 Come here, all ye townsmen be honest and tell
 If men in the cities more happily dwell!
 La, la, la, &c.
- 2 At morn, while the hamlet is shrouded in night,
 We bask on the mountains in heaven's own light;
 At night when our kine are all safe and at peace,
 We seek our own fern beds, and rest at our ease.
 La, la, la, &c.
- 3 We look on the heavens, with sunshine so bright,
 The stars and the moon, in their glory at night;
 We lift up our hearts and like children we pray
 To Him who thus blesses our night and our day.
 La, la, la, &c.

- 4 To sickness and trouble each mortal must bow,
The prince in his palace, the boor at his plough;
But here with our cattle sick fancies we lose—
The air of the mountains cures vapors and blues.
La, la, la, &c.
-

85.

The Alpine Singer's Song.

Alpine Glee Singer, 99.

- 1 ON Alpine heights the love of God is shed,
He paints the morning red,
The flowerets white and blue,
And feeds them with his dew.
On Alpine heights a loving Father
dwells!
- 2 On Alpine heights, o'er many a fragrant heath,
The loveliest breezes breathe;
So free and pure the air,
His breath seems floating there.
On Alpine heights, &c.
- 3 On Alpine heights, beneath his mild blue eye,
Still vales and meadows lie;
The soaring glacier's ice
Gleams like a paradise.
On Alpine heights, &c.
- 4 Down Alpine heights the silvery streamlets flow,
There the bold chamois go;
On giddy crags they stand,
And drink from his own hand.
On Alpine heights, &c.

5 On Alpine heights, in troops all white as snow,
 The sheep and wild goats go ;
 There in the solitude,
 He fills their heart with food.
 On Alpine heights, &c.

6 On Alpine heights the herdsmen tends his herds :
 His Shepherd is the Lord ;
 For he who feeds his sheep,
 Will sure his offspring keep !
 On Alpine heights, &c.

86.

I Love the Merry Sunshine.

Alpine Glee Singer, 72.

1 I LOVE the merry, merry sunshine,
 It makes the heart so gay.
 To hear the sweet birds singing
 On their summer holiday.
 With their wild-wood notes of duty,
 From hawthorn bush and tree.
 Oh ! the sunshine is all beauty !
 Oh ! the merry, merry sun for me !
 La, la, la, &c.

2 I love the merry, merry sunshine,
 Through the dewy morning shower
 With its rosy smiles advancing,
 Like a beauty from her bower ;
 It charms the soul in sadness,
 It sets the spirit free !
 Oh ! the sunshine, &c.



87

I Love the West.

Robin Red Breast, 116.

- 1 I LOVE the west, the gallant west,
With its bright and sunny streams ;
The land of the brave. the land of the free,
The land of my childhood's dreams.
- 2 I love the west, the mighty west,
With its wild and shady glens,
'Tis there the dashing waterfall
Majestic beauty lends.
- 3 I love the west, the glorious west,
With its rivers old and grand—
Its silvery lakes which proudly bear
The freight of many a land.
- 4 I love the west, the beauteous west,
With its prairies broad and free ;
The heart with purest rapture dwells,
As we gaze on the flowery sea.

- 5 I love the west, the sunny west,
With its green hills and its flowers,
Its verdant plains and smiling groves,
Where the wild vine weaves its bowers.
- 6 I love the west the far-off west ;
For my home and heart are there ;
May heaven's blessings on us rest,
Is my humble, ardent prayer.
-

88.

The Woods.

Alpine Glee Singer, 46.

- 1 **H**OW charming are the woods,
The verdant, shady woods ;
The trees with their leaves all in motion,
Hum sweet as the murmuring ocean,
They're murmuring in the woods,
The verdant, shady woods !
Hallo ! hal-lo ! hal-lo ! hal-lo,
- 2 How charming are the woods,
The verdant, shady woods !
The tree-tops bow down with a greeting,
As if to rejoice in the meeting,
The meeting in airy woods,
In verdant, shady woods.
Hallo ! &c.
- 3 How clear our voices swell,
In verdant, shady woods !

And hark ! how the echoes are ringing
They give back the words we are singing,
Are singing in airy woods,
In verdant, shady woods.
Hallo ! &c.

89.

We are Brothers.

Robin Red Breast, .87.

- 1 **WE** are brothers, we are brothers,
To one goal our footsteps tend ;
Then as through life's paths we wander,
Let us be each other's friend.
What though tempests dark assail us ?
What though thorns infest our path ?
Our brave hearts will never fail us,
Heedless of the tempest's wrath.
- 2 We are brothers, we are brothers,
Wanderers in this world of care,
Many, many are our sorrows,
Yet we never will despair.
We will hope, and hope forever,
For a brighter, sunnier day,
When the clouds which round us gather
All will melt and pass away,
- 3 We are brothers, we are brothers,
Pilgrim wanderers are we here ;
Let us then with words of gladness
Strive our pathway lone to cheer.

One bright star is ever shining
 In the fair, or cheerless sky,
 And that star knows no declining—
 Hope's bright star will never die.

90.

Joy is Sounding.

Metropolitan Glee Book, 149.

- 1 JOY is sounding, lightly bounding,
 Through the free air far and near ;
 Now in fragrant meadows wand'ring,
 View we nature ever fair.
 Mild and clear the fair blue heaven
 Spreads above the painted field ;
 Gently ripple, limpid waters,
 Once with blast of winter chilled.
 - 2 Humming, busy, honey-laden,
 Roams the bee from flower to flower,
 When bright petals ope inviting,
 Sweeter from the summer shower.
 Yes, 'tis fair, this earth, and smiling,
 Fresh as from its Maker's hand ;
 Favored man, to whom 'tis given,
 Let your grateful songs ascend.
-

91.

"Home, Sweet Home."

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 10.

- 1 'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
 home.

A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which seek through the world, is ne'er met with
elsewhere.

Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like
home.

- 2 An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain ;
Oh! give me my lowly thatched cottage again—
The birds singing gayly, that came at my call ;
Oh! give me that peace of mind, dearer than all.
Home, home, sweet, sweet home, &c.
-

92.

The Singers.

Metropolitan Glee Book, 192.

- 1 A JOYOUS, gay, and happy band,
United fast and long,
Th' emotions of our blithesome hearts,
Break forth in joyous song ;
Then join us, comrades, while we sing,
Swell out the choral throng,
Let friendship true, and peace and love,
Burst forth in joyous song.
- 2 Whatever thoughts our bosoms swell,
Of sorrow or delight,
Burst forth in warm spontaneous song,
That swell to heaven's height.
Then join, &c.

3 On lofty mountain peaks we sing,
In rocky vales profound
The aged pines in forests shades,
Shake at the echoing sound.
Then join, &c.

4 And when the sun goes slowly down,
And stars peep forth at even,
Then full and high our voices swell,
In songs addressed to heaven.
Then join, &c.

93.

The Patriotic Band.

Metropolitan Glee Book, 194.

- 1 **B**EAT high, ye hearts of gen'rous mould,
Ye hearts that love your nation's glory,
And prize her honor more than gold,
And burn with pride whene'er is told,
Sweet freedom's gladd'ning story.
- 2 Ye are your country's noble boast,
The sons she loves to cherish ;
Her tower of strength, her mighty host,
Whom coming time shall honor most,
When others' fame shall perish.
- 3 Break forth in songs, my native band,
And tell what smiles attend thee ;
Thy glorious tower shall firmly stand,
For 'midst thee dwells a noble band,
Who'll ever well defend thee.

94.

Hurrah for Holiday.

Bradbury's Singing Bird, 141.

- 1 **HURRAH!** hurrah! for holiday;
And if we have wisely spent
All the hours for study meant,
We can gayly, gayly play,
And no bird will be more gay,
And no bird will be more gay.
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for holiday,
Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah! for holiday.

- 2 Hurrah! hurrah! for holiday;
Such as always idly range,
Find a holiday no change;
Hating work, and tired of play,
What are such men fit for, say?
Brother, this is holiday.
Hurrah! &c.

- 3 Hurrah! hurrah! for holiday;
Let us then together sing,
Till the woods and valleys ring.
We have studied day by day,
Now let's have a holiday,
Now let's have a holiday.
Hurrah! &c.



95.

The Mariner's Return.

Metropolitan Glee Book, 181.

1 PULL away, boys! steer for the cove!
Yonder lie dreaming the hearts that we love;
Let us now banish all trouble and sorrow,
We shall have cause to be joyful to-morrow;
Glittering moonbeams bespangle the deep,
O'er the wide ocean the winds are asleep;
Yonder lie dreaming the hearts that we love,
Glittering moonbeams bespangle the deep,
O'er the wild ocean the winds are asleep;
Pull away, boys! &c.

- 2 Storms are o'er, and land is in sight,
 Calmly we glide through the waters to-night;
 To-morrow how many a heart will be leaping,
 Now in its bosom so quietly sleeping;
 Rowing and singing we near our loved shore,
 Joys it has plenty, for seamen in store;
 Calmly we glide through the waters to-night,
 Rowing and singing we near our loved shore,
 Joys it has plenty for seamen in store;
 Pull away, boys! &c.
-

96.

Joys of Western Life.

Metropolitan Glee Book, 34.

- 1 I LOVE to be roaming through regions of life,
 Where enterprise frolics around;
 Where emulous spirits, with masterly strife,
 Teach Labor his merriest bound;
 Where laughing Contentment with sunburnt face,
 Is dallying, sporting with Toil,
 And mocking old Care with his frowning grimace,
 Draws teeming wealth from the soil.
 My music at night, when milking is done,
 The spinning-wheel's boom, the children's gay fun,
 The swoop of the night-hawk,
 The clack of the mill, and "whip-poor-will,
 whip-poor-will."
- 2 I'll hie to the land where such spirits reside,
 I'll haste to the lively and free;
 Leave fraud and suspicion to prowl round the tide,
 And fight for the wrecks of the sea;

I'll hie to the land where in newness of life,
 Blythe Vigor runs lightly along,
 And laughingly taking the venom from Strife,
 Exults and grows ruddy and strong.
 My music at night, &c.

3 They babble of freedom in opulent marts,
 They prate of their splendor in wealth;
 But sensitive Liberty always departs,
 With Modesty, Temperance, and Health;
 Give me then a cottage where Nature is young,
 And honest Industry resides,
 I'll laugh at each glory that ever was sung,
 And all that fools covet besides.
 My music at night, &c.



97.

Canadian Boat-Song.

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 190.

1 **F**AINTLY as tolls the evening chime,
 Our voices keep tune, and our oars keep time,
 Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
 We'll cheerfully sing our parting hymn.
 Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast.
 The rapids are near, and the daylight's past.

2 Why should we yet our sails unfurl?
 There's not a breath the blue wave to curl.
 But when the wind blows off the shore,
 Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
 Row, brothers, row, &c.

98.

Oft in the Stilly Night.

Robin Redbreast, 82.

- 1 **O**FT in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
 Fond memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
 The smiles, the tears, of youthful years,
 The words of love then spoken ;
 The eyes that shone, now dimmed and gone,
 The cheerful hearts now broken.
 Thus, in the stilly night,
 Ere slumber's chain hath bound me,
 Sad memory brings the light
 Of other days around me.
- 2 When I remember all,
 The friends so linked together,
 I've seen around me fall,
 Like leaves in wintry weather ,
 I feel like one, who treads alone,
 Some banquet-hall deserted ;
 Whose lights are fled, whose garlands dead,
 And all but he departed.
 Thus, in the stilly night, &c.
-

99.

Softly Fades the Twilight Ray.

Shawm, 212.

- 1 **S**OFTLY fades the twilight ray
 Of the holy Sabbath day ;
 Gently as life's setting sun,
 When the Christian's course is run

- 2 Night her solemn mantle spreads
 O'er the earth, as daylight fades;
 All things tell of calm repose,
 At the holy Sabbath's close.
- 3 Peace is on the world abroad;
 'Tis the holy peace of God,
 Symbol of the peace within,
 When the spirit rests from sin.
-

10.

Happy Land.

Robin Redbreast, 48.

- 1 **H**APPY land! happy land!
 Whate'er my fate in life may be,
 Still again, still again
 My thoughts will cling to thee.
 Land of love and sunny skies,
 Rich in joy and beauty,
 Merry hearts and laughing eyes
 Still make affection duty.
 Happy land! happy land!
 Ne'er from thee my heart can
 stray;
 I would fain hear again
 Thy merry mountain lay.
 Tra, la, la, &c.
- 2 Happy land! happy land!
 Whate'er my fate in life may be,
 Still again, still again,
 My thoughts will cling to thee.
 Like that bird of love and song,
 Far from its loved dwelling,
 When into the wild air flung,
 What joy its note is telling!
 Happy land! happy land! &c.

101.

Oh! Merry Goes the Time.

Bradbury's Singing Bird, 169.

- 1 OH! merry goes the time
When the heart is young,
There is naught too hard to climb
When the heart is young;
A spirit of delight
Scatters roses in its flight,
And there's magic in the night,
When the heart is young.
- 2 But weary go the feet
When the heart is old;
Time cometh not so sweet
When the heart is old;
From all that smiled and shone
There is something lost and gone,
And our friends are few or none,
When the heart is old.
- 3 Oh! sparkling are the skies,
When the heart is young;
There is bliss in beauty's eyes
When the heart is young;
The golden break of day,
Bringeth gladness in its ray,
And every month is May,
When the heart is young.
- 4 But the sun is setting fast,
When the heart is old;
And the sky is overcast,
When the heart is old;
Life's worn and weary bark
Lies tossing wild and dark,
And the star hath left hope's ark,
When the heart is old.



102. My Drink shall be the Flowing Fountain.

Anniversary Hymns, 2.

- 1 **M**Y drink shall be the flowing fountain,
 Transparent, sparkling, cool, and pure,
 Fresh from the cleft of rocky mountain,
 For fevered heat and thirst a cure.
 Ye maddening drinks, begone from me,
 Wine, whiskey, and crambambuli,
 Crambam, crambambuli, crambambuli.
- 2 I saw a sight most melancholy,
 A drunkard in the public way;
 His face was fire, his voice was folly;
 There, wallowing like a swine, he lay.
 Ye drinks of fools, begone from me,
 Gin, porter, and crambambuli.
 Crambam, &c.

- 3 Long as I live, the thought I'll cherish,
If Heaven vouchsafe to keep me free,
Strong drink is but the way to perish,
Cold water is the drink for me,
Ye murderous drinks, begone from me,
Beer, brandy, and crambambuli.
Crambam, &c.
-

103.

Hear the Temperance Call.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 43.

- 1 **H**EAR the temperance call,
Freemen, one and all;
Hear your country's earnest cry;
See your native land
Lift its beck'ning hand;
Sons of freedom, come ye nigh,
Chase the monster from our shore,
Let his cruel reign be o'er.
- 2 Leave the shop and farm,
Leave your bright hearths, warm;
To the polls the land to save;
Let your leaders be
True and noble, free,
Fearless, temperate, good, and brave;
Chase the monster, &c.
- 3 Hail! our father-land;
Here thy children stand,
All resolved, united, *true*;
In the temperance cause
Ne'er to faint or pause,
This our purpose is and vow,
Chase the monster. &c.

104.

Temperance Call.

Anniversary Hymn, 15.

- 1 CHILDREN all, both great and small,
Answer to the temperance call;
Mary, Margaret, Jane and Sue
Charlotte, Ann, and Fanny too,
Cheerily, heartily come along,
Sign our pledge and sing our song.
- 2 No strong drink shall pass our lips,
He's in danger who but sips.
Come then, children, one and all,
Answer to the temperance call,
Cheerily, readily come along, &c.
- 3 Where's the boy that would not shrink
From the bondage of strong drink?
Come then, Joseph, Charles and Tom,
Henry, Samuel, James and John;
Cheerily, eagerly come along, &c.
- 4 Who have misery, want, and woe?
All who to the bottle go.
We resolve their road to shun,
And in temperance paths to run.
Cheerfully, manfully come along, &c.
- 5 Good cold water does for us;
Costs no money; makes none worse;
Gives no bruises; steals no brains;
Breeds no quarrels, woes, nor pains.
Readily, joyfully come along, &c.
- 6 Who wou'd life and health prolong?
Who'd be happy, wise, and strong?

Let alone the drunkard's bane,
Half-way pledges are in vain.
Cheerfully, joyfully, you and you,
Sign the pledge and keep it too.

105.

Pure Water for Me.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 100.

- 1 SOME love to drink from the foamy brink,
Where the wine-drop's dance they see ;
But the water bright, in its silver light,
And a crystal cup for me.
O water! bright water!
Pure, precious, free!
Yes, 'tis water bright in its silver light,
And a crystal cup for me.
- 2 Oh! a goodly thing is the cooling spring,
'Mong the rocks where the moss doth grow ;
There's health in the tide, and there's music beside,
In the brooklet's bounding flow.
O water! &c.
- 3 As pure as heaven is the water given,
'Tis forever fresh and new ;
Distilled in the sky, it comes from on high,
In the shower and the gentle dew.
O water! &c.
- 4 Let them say 'tis weak, yet its strength I'll seek,
For the worn rock owns its sway ;
And we're borne swift along by its wing so strong,
When it riseth to fly away.
O water! &c.

- 5 There is strength in the glee of the mighty sea,
When the loud, stormy wind doth blow ;
And a fearful sight is the cataract's might,
As it leaps to the depths below.
O water ! &c.
-

106.

Temperance Song.

7s & 4a.

Boys' and Girls' Singing Book, 38.

- 1 COME now, every girl and boy,
Try, try, again ;
All your energies employ,
Try, try, again ;
Total abstinence proclaim,
Sign the pledge, then spread the same,
Let each try to get a name ;
Try, try again.
- 2 Put on courage—never tire ;
Try, try again ;
Let the cause your heart inspire,
Try, try again ;
Raise your banner, raise it high,
For recruits then loudly cry ;
They will rally by and by ;
Try, try again.
- 3 Don't despair, my little lad !
Try, try again ;
Oft at first one's luck is bad—
Try, try again ;
What if a repulse you get—
Persevere, you'll prosper yet,
Then your toil you'll not regret ;
Try, try again.

- 4 List as many as you can—
Try, try again—
On the safe "teetotal" plan;
Try, try again;
Soon our army will embrace
All the lovers of our race,
And vacant be the drunkard's place;
Try, try again.
-

107.

The Waterfall.

Air, Blue Juniatta.

S. S. Concert Hymns, 95.

- 1 **H**ASTE to the mountain side,
When the woods are green;
Look on the waterfall,
In the morning's sheen;
Quit the flowing bowl and come,
No more the sparkling wine to taste.
Up, from all your bacchanals,
To the mountain haste.
Come then, unto the fount,
Come ye all! come ye all!
And listen while ye drink,
To the merry waterfall.
- 2 "Drink, for my sparkling tide
Cools the fevered brain;
The wrinkled brow I lave,
And 'tis smooth again;
Beauty's fading cheek I touch,
And on it blooms the rose ere long;
Weak and palsied wash in me,
And again are strong."
Come then, &c.

108.

The Bird's Song.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 79.

- 1 I ASKED a sweet robin, one morning in May,
Who sung in the apple tree over the way,
What 'twas she was singing so sweetly about;
For I'd tried a long time, but I could not find out;
"Why, I'm sure," she replied, "you can not guess
wrong,
Don't you know I am singing a temperance song?"
- 2 "Teetotal! oh! that's the first word of my lay,
And then, don't you see how I rattled away?
'Twas just because I dipped my beak in the spring,
And brushed the fair face of the lake with my
wing;
Cold water! cold water! yes, that is my song,
And I love to keep singing it all the day long.
- 3 "And now, my sweet Miss, won't you give me
a crumb,
For the dear little nestlings remaining at home;
And one thing beside, since my story you've
heard—
I hope you'll remember the lay of the bird,
And never forget, while you list to my song,
All the birds to the cold water army belong."
-

109.

Crystal Spring.

Juvenile Songs, 114.

- 1 GIVE me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the burning sun is high,
Where the rocks and the woods their shadows
fling,
And the pearls and the pebbles lie.

- 2 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the cooling breezes blow,
When the leaves of the trees are withering,
From the frost or the fleecy snow.
 - 3 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the wintry winds are gone,
When the flowers are in bloom, and the echoes ring :
From the woods, o'er the verdant lawn.
 - 4 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
When the ripening fruits appear,
When the reapers the song of harvest sing,
And plenty has crowned the year.
 - 5 Give me a draught from the crystal spring,
And the same from day to day ;
But if aught from the worm of the still you bring,
I will pour every drop away.
-

110. O Jerusalem ! fair Dwelling. P. M.

- 1 O JERUSALEM ! fair dwelling,
Where God's praise is sounding high,
And unnumbered voices swelling,
Holy ! holy ! holy ! cry,
When shall I to that bright throng
Of thy citizens belong ?
- 2 Here, amid the tents of strangers,
I my cross must carry still,
Where these saints once went through dangers
My appointed course fulfill ;
Here, where oft my strength appears
Melting into feeble tears.

- 3 So the wish grows deeper, fonder,
Friend of souls! thy face to see,
In thy pleasant Salem, yonder,
Where no tear nor sigh may be,
And God's presence on the sight,
Shines in pure, unshadowed light.
- 4 Come, then, through these deserts dreary,
Lead me, Jesus, by the hand ;
Lead thy pilgrim, worn and weary,
Home to his loved native land,
Where the living fountain springs,
That perennial comfort brings.
- 5 Oh! the rest thy saints inherit,
Full of beauty, full of bliss!
Would that I had wings! my spirit
Soon would leave a clime like this—
To the bright-walled city soar,
Which, as Sun, God shineth o'er.
- 6 But if I must longer tarry
On Time's dark and angry sea,
Where my bark the surges carry
On through tempest driving free,
Oh! let Hope my anchor prove
Moving not where all things move!
- 7 This unswerving trust I cherish,
Christ, my help, is ever nigh ;
Ship of his can never perish,
Though the waves be wild and high ;
Sail may rend, and mast may break,
God will not his own forsake!

111.

The Old Oaken Bucket.

Wilder's Musical Elementary, 118.

1 HOW dear to this heart are the scenes of my
childhood,

When fond recollection presents them to view !
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wild
wood,

And every loved spot which my infancy knew,
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which
stood by it,

The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell ;
The cot of my father's, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the
well.

The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket,
Which hung in the well.

2 That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,

The purest and sweetest that nature can yield :
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were
glowing,

And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell ;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coldness, it rose from the
well.

The old oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket,
Arose from the well.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive
it,

As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips !
Not a full, blushing goblet, could tempt me to
leave it,

Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips,
And now, far removed from the home of my
childhood,

The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to the mead and the wild-wood.
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.

The old-oaken bucket,
The iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket,
That hung in the well.

112.

Sparkling and Bright.

School Singer, 192.

1 SPARKLING and bright, in its liquid light,
Is the water in our glasses ;
'Twill give you health, 'twill give you wealth,
Ye lads and rosy lasses ;
Oh ! then, resign your ruby wine,
Each smiling son and daughter ;
There's nothing so good for the youthful blood,
Or sweet as the sparkling water.
Oh ! then resign, &c.

2 Better than gold is the water cold,
From the crystal fountain flowing ;
A calm delight both day and night,
To happy homes bestowing.
Oh ! then resign, &c.

- 3 Sorrow has fled from the heart that bled ;
Of the weeping wife and mother ;
They've given up the poisoned cup—
Son, husband, daughter, brother.
Oh ! then resign, &c.
-

113. Oh ! that's the Drink for Me.

Sabbath-School Concert Hymns, 92

- 1 THE drink that's in the drunkard's bowl
Is not the drink for me ;
It kills his body and his soul ;
How sad a sight is he !
But there's a drink that God has given,
Distilling in the showers of heaven,
In measures large and free ;
Oh ! that's the drink for me.
- 2 The stream that many prize so high
Is not the stream for me ;
For he who drinks it still is dry—
Forever dry he'll be ;
But there's a stream so cool and clear,
The thirsty traveller lingers near ;
Refreshed and glad is he ;
Oh ! that's the stream for me.
- 3 The wine cup that so many prize
Is not the cup for me ;
The aching head, the bloated face,
In its sad train I see ;
But there's a cup of water pure,
And he who drinks it may be sure
Of health and length of days ;
Oh ! that's the cup for me.

114.

The Shining Shore.

Sabbath Bell.

- 1 **M**Y days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.
For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning ;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.
For oh! we stand, &c.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing ;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.
For oh! we stand, &c.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever ;
Our King says, Come! and there's our home,
Forever—oh! forever.
For oh! we stand, &c.

R O U N D S .

1.

Juvenile Songs, 41

SCHOOL is open, take your places,
At the ringing of the bell:
Joyful hearts and smiling faces,
Take your books and study well.
Hush! every scholar, hush! hush!
Every scholar, hush!

2.

Juvenile Songs, 11

CHEERILY, cheerily sound the strain,
Happily, happily meet again,
All, all, great and small.

3.

Juvenile Songs, 121.

HE that from th' o'erflowing bowl,
Seeks for recreation,
Finds debasement of the soul,
Sinks in reputation;
Ruins health,
Loses wealth,
Scatters desolation, lation.

4.

Singing Bird, 13.

IF a weary task you find it,
Persevere, and never mind it.
Never, never mind it, never, never mind it.

5.

Juvenile Songs, 41.

SEEK from the skies,
Virtue's fair prize :
In life's youthful morning,
Every grace adorning,
Search for hidden treasures,
Shun forbidden pleasures.

6.

Juvenile Songs, 41.

TIME, a smooth, deceitful stream,
Ever onward flows ;
Life, a fond delusive dream,
Hastens to a close.
Pure religion's heavenly beam
Guides to sweet repose.

7.

Juvenile Songs, 12.

LET us chant the evening song,
And the joyous notes prolong,
Sing the round, swell the song.

8.

Day is Gone.

School Singer, 40.

DAY is gone,
Night has come.
When the day of life is flown,
Heaven be our home.

9.

School Singer, 30.

EARLY to bed, and early to rise,
Is the way to be healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

10.

Come, Girls, Come.

School Singer, 122.

COME, girls, come,
Sing us a song;
One that's sweet, and
Not too long.

11.

Parting.

School Singer, 112.

DEAR brothers, farewell,
Heaven guide you safely home
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A P P E N D I X.

BRIEF HISTORY

OF THE

Lee Avenue Reformed Dutch Church

AND

SABBATH-SCHOOL, BROOKLYN.

EARLY in the spring of 1853, it was proposed to establish a Reformed Dutch Church near where the present Chapel now stands. The proposition met with favor, and the services of the Rev. Wm. W. Holloway having been secured, and a small cottage*, situated on the corner of Hewes street and Bedford avenue obtained, in which to worship, a meeting was held on the third Sabbath in May, 1853, for the purpose of organizing the Church and Sabbath-school. The attendance was very small; 8 scholars and 3 teachers composed the Sunday-school, and the congregation did not exceed 15 persons. The neighborhood was very sparsely settled, scarce a dwelling was to be seen, on every side open fields cultivated by market-gardeners met the eye. The prospects were discouraging, yet the little band, who weekly assembled

* Still standing.

on the Sabbath day, with a devoted pastor at their head, resolved to persevere, to trust in God, and go on with the work. A location for a church edifice was soon secured, and sufficient funds subscribed to warrant the commencement of the Chapel, represented by view No. 2. The building was commenced on the first day of June, 1853, the corner-stone was laid with appropriate ceremonies by Benj. D. Silliman, Esq., on the 3d day of the succeeding August, and it was completed and dedicated for divine worship on the second Sabbath of April, 1854. The average attendance, both at the church and Sabbath-school at this time was by no means large; 50 persons composed the former, and about the same number of scholars, with 8 teachers, the latter. The increase previous to the winter of 1854, was very limited, after which time both the congregation and Sabbath-school grew with astonishing rapidity; so much so, that on the first day of January, 1856, 700 scholars and 80 teachers were enrolled on the Sabbath-school register, and it was with difficulty that the congregation could be comfortably seated during the church services. An enlargement had now become absolutely necessary, and the trustees were requested by the Consistory to procure plans, &c., to meet the growing wants of the people. After much thought and study, the one represented by view No. 3 was adopted. The work was immediately commenced, and the beautiful building, as it now stands, was completed, and reopened with appropriate services by the pastor on the 8th day of September, 1856. At the present time, Jan. 1st, 1857, upwards of 1000 scholars and 115 teachers are enrolled on the Sabbath-school register, with an average attendance of about 600 of the former and 90 of the latter.

MOTTOES OF THE SCHOOL.

To do nothing but what is worth doing, and to do every thing that is attempted, well.

Punctuality to the minute.

System in every arrangement.

A place for every thing, and every thing in its place.

Sociability, love, and friendship among teachers and scholars.

Aiming, with the help of God, to accomplish much, but thankful for the least success.

Progress, charity, affection, sympathy, humility.

Onward and upward.

SCHOLARS' PLATFORM.

PRIMARY PRINCIPLES.

EVERY waking moment of our lives is filled up with mental or moral acts.

"Irrevocable" is written upon all our acts when once they are performed; neither in time nor in eternity can they be made more or less.

Every part or faculty is strengthened by exercise.

Attention is the price paid for all knowledge.

Early rising and punctuality save valuable time, and thus increase our means of happiness and knowledge.

Temperance and exercise preserve health and prolong life.

Industry is a moral obligation resting upon every human being.

Virtue is true happiness; excellence, true beauty.

SCHOLARS' MOTTOES.

I must try to come to school every Sabbath.

I must respect and obey my teacher.

I must always speak the truth.

I must learn to govern myself.

I must be careful of my books.

I must learn to think.

I must grow wiser and better every day.

I must always try, and never say I can't.

I must respect myself.

I must respect my parents.

I must treat aged people with marked respect.

I must learn to be amiable, affectionate, attentive, benevolent, conscientious, consistent, disinterested, frank, forgiving, grateful, generous, humane, humble, honorable, modest, mannerly, obedient, punctual, patient, sincere, studious, virtuous, remembering that

“Virtue alone outlives the pyramids;
Her monuments shall stand when Egypt’s fall.”

THE CHARACTER OF GOOD SABBATH SCHOLARS.

1. THEY remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy, at home and by the way, in the house of God and in the school.

2. They always endeavor to be at school in good time, that they may join in the opening exercises.

3. When they reach the school-room, they do not loiter by the door; they go directly in and walk softly to their seats.

4. During prayer they reverently bow their heads, close their eyes, fold their arms, and maintain a perfect silence.

5. They learn their lessons perfectly, repeat them softly yet distinctly, and improve all their time to the best possible advantage.

6. They are orderly in their posture, they are strictly observant of the rules of the school. They stop when the bell rings, though it be in the midst of a sentence.

7. They are quiet, serious, and attentive during all the exercises.

8. They promote as far as possible the comfort, happiness, and improvement of others.

9. They are obedient and submissive to their parents and teachers.

10. They are truthful, honest, and obliging to all around them.

11. They attend the regular services of the house of God. They behave well while there, and in going to and from that sacred place.

12. They never quit their seats, either in the school or in the church, without the consent of their teacher or superintendent, until regularly dismissed.

13. After the exercises of the school, or the services of the church are over, they leave immediately for their homes in a quiet and orderly manner.

14. They attend all the regular Sabbath-school meetings, especially the Sunday-school concert for prayer.

15. They use every effort in their power to persuade the children in the neighborhood, that do not enjoy the advantages of Sabbath-school instruction, to attend and unite themselves with their school.

16. If they know of any of their school-mates or class-mates that are sick or in destitute circumstances, they at once inform their teacher or superintendent.

17. They endeavor by all possible means to persuade their parents, guardians, and friends to attend the services of the house of God, and to accompany them to all the regular Sunday-school meetings.

18. They love God and keep his commandments, praying to him daily, giving their hearts wholly to him, and studying his Holy Word day by day.

SHOULD every scholar faithfully comply with and perform these rules, how seldom would an act of censure be necessary. How delightful a place would the Sabbath-school become. How pleasant would be the employment of the teacher, and with what alacrity would all the scholars resort to school and engage in their duties, if all were aiming to discharge these duties to the best of their ability.

LEGH RICHMOND'S COUNSELS TO HIS CHILDREN.

1. ADHERE most scrupulously to truth; and labor to preserve the strictest integrity, simplicity, and sincerity.

2. Engage in no pursuit in which you can not look up to God and say, "Bless me in this, O my Father!"

3. Strive to be as kind, forbearing, and forgiving as you can, both to your friends and foes.

4. Never speak evil of any one, on any pretense whatever.

5. Recommend religion by the courtesy, civility, and condescending character of your conduct.

6. Never allow others to speak well of you; nor, especially yourself, to say or think any thing of yourself but as poorly done. Keep down pride: let it not be indulged in for a moment, and watch against it.

7. Always think before you speak.

8. Let it be your sole business here to prepare for eternity. Consider every moment of time in that view.

9. Be constant in private prayer.

10. Pray that you may ever rejoice in the advancement of Christ's kingdom and the salvation of sinners, and labor in every way to promote these objects.

11. Prayer is the only weapon which can subdue your corruptions, and keep your evidence bright. Cultivate prayer.

A careful review before retiring to rest at night of all that has been said and done during the day, can not be too earnestly recommended. How profitable would be the thoughtful nightly recitation of the following beautiful lines of the Grecian poet:

"Let no soft slumber close mine eyes,
Ere I have recollected thrice
The train of actions through the day:
Where have my feet marked out their way,
What have I learnt, where'er I've been,
From all I've heard, from all I've seen,
What know I more that's worth the knowing,
What have I done that's worth the doing,
What have I sought that I should shun,
What duties have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God."

HOW TO HAVE "A MINUTE TO SPARE."

NEVER enter upon the duties of the day without "casting all your care" upon God, and seeking his guidance and blessing upon all things. In answer to this prayer many minutes, nay hours, may be given you.

In all that lies before you, expect and allow for vexatious trials and hindrances; such will arise; it is wise, therefore, to take them into your calculation. By so doing, you will find "a minute to spare" for various little calls upon your time and attention, and for the kindly offices of life. This rule will have a tendency to lead you to seek a higher strength than your own, and will save you from much irritation of feeling and temper.

Lay your plans carefully, and with prayer and forethought, and when made, unless the duty be very plain to do otherwise, keep to them. The alteration of arrangements involves much loss of time, much useless talking and anxiety.

Cultivate a habit of method and order in all you do.

Whatever you do, let it be well done. Work well done, seldom has to be done a second time.

If quickness be added to skill, it will prove a vast time-saver. Skill first, then rapidity.

Have a proper place for every thing, and endeavor to keep things in their right place, or time will be lost in searching for them.

Whenever practicable, put away the things you are using, before you commence a fresh pursuit. Order and neatness will tend to forward your work.

If any article be mislaid, spend a few moments in calmly endeavoring to recall to mind when and where it was last seen or used, then quietly go through your places, putting each in order as you do so. In this way, you will generally find it; and, if not, you will have the satisfaction of feeling that your carelessness has not led to a double loss—loss of time, as well as loss of property. You will feel that your house is in better order for your search; whereas, the contrary is too often the case.

When a hindrance arises, instead of being vexed and annoyed, regard it as from the Lord. This will save you much anxiety and trouble, and tend to lead you to improve each passing event. The Rev. John Newton used to say: "When I hear a knock at my study door, I hear a message from God; it may be a lesson of instruction, perhaps a lesson of patience, but since it is God's message, it must be interesting."

Never give way to temper. Loss of temper is a sad time-waster; paralyzing both our own efforts and the exertions of those around us.

When you have many duties before you, take in hand but one at a time, and do not suffer your mind to rest upon any but that one. Whilst fretting about the other things, or even thinking of them, the work in hand is sadly retarded, and time is lost. In such cases, it will, in general, be found best to commence with those which require the least time and attention. Released from these, the mind will be left more free for the greater: unless, as sometimes occurs, one duty may claim more immediate attention than another. In these things we must be guided, partly by circumstances, and partly by the tone of our own minds.

Accustom yourself, without loss of time or temper, to go quickly from one duty to another, and to allow yourself to be called off, if need be, however intent you may have been on your original plan. Our own happiness as well as usefulness is very much connected with this. It is especially so in woman's life; which is made up of a constant succession of little things, liable to countless annoyances and interruptions; nevertheless,

Seek to acquire the habit of concentrated thought and mental self-control, so that when engaged in any duty of importance, you may keep to the point in question. From the want of this power much time is often lost. If the mind be allowed to fly off into other channels, you will too frequently find yourself left where you were at the commencement.

Have always some book, work, or other employment, that you can take up at odd times. It is surprising how much may be accomplished by turning to account fragments of time.

Retire early to rest. This is the first step towards early rising, and not only so, but to good health—and, as a not unfrequent consequence, to cheerfulness and equanimity of temper. Thus, in various ways, the time apparently sacrificed is more than saved. Health and cheerfulness tend both to expedite and to save work.

At night make a brief memorandum of such duties as are most important to be attended to on the following day. A short trial will prove the excellency of this plan.

Now is a little word it is well to keep in full practice. Never leave until the next hour, much less until to-morrow, what you can well do *now*.

"Time *was* is passed, thou canst it not recall;
Time *is* thou hast, improve the portion small;
Time *future* is not, and may never be;
Time *present* is the only time for thee!"

At the close of the day, do not spend time in vain regrets at the discouragements and failures you may have met with. Our short-comings should lead us to deeper distrust of ourselves, and to greater humiliation before God, but not to despair.

Every fall should increase our earnestness in prayer, and make us cling closer and lean more firmly on a strength higher than our own.

Discouragement and despair proceed from the author of all evil, the father of lies; succeeding in this, he secures his prey.

Warning, invitation, and promise, come from the Giver of every good and perfect gift.

In the *detail*, as well as in the greater concerns of life, LOOK UP, dear Christian! the never-failing promise is *yours*: "*My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.*"*

"Not a Minute to Spare!"

- 1 "Not a minute to spare,"
While, with maddening career,
Men hasten their incense to pour
At the fair shrine of fashion,
Or pleasure, or passion,
And mammon, their God, to adore!

- 2 "Not a minute to spare"
 For the children of care,
 Their patient endurance to aid,
 "Not a minute to spare"
 To breathe forth a prayer
 By the bed where the dying is laid!
- 3 "Not a minute" to hear
 The tale of despair
 From the wretching, the suffering, the vile,
 To teach them to lave,
 In Siloam's wave,
 Souls that sorrow and guilt do defile!
- 4 "Not a minute" to pause,
 Ere the curtain withdraws
 Which eternity veils from our sight;
 In that moment sublime,
 Fly the trifles of time,
 As clouds at the coming of light.
- 5 "Not a minute" to ponder,
 In love and in wonder,
 How Jesus our safety secured—
 And, despising the shame,
 Lost man to reclaim,
 How meekly the cross he endured.
- 6 "Not a minute" to read
 In the sure title-deed
 That describes our possessions in heaven
 "Not a minute" to drink,
 Though you lie at its brink,
 Of the stream from the Rock that was riven
- 7 "Not a minute" to gaze
 On the transient displays
 Of the bliss which each ransomed one shares,
 To catch some stray beams
 Of the glory that streams
 From the mansion which Jesus prepares!

- 8 Hath the sailor no hour,
 Ere the tempests yet lower,
To gaze on his bright guiding star
 Will the warrior not stay,
 Ere he enters the fray,
His armor to gird for the war ?
- 9 See! the miser, by stealth,
 Though in haste to get wealth,
Can many a moment afford,
 Greater gains to devise,
 And, with covetous eyes,
To count o'er his glittering hoard!
- 10 O my brother! beware!
 "Not a minute to spare"
From the world, with its pleasure or toil,
 Must betoken a heart
 Unto self set apart
Which Satan himself claims for spoil.
- 11 If with filial love
 To our Father above
Our hearts to o'erflowing be filled,
 In softening the woe
 Of our brother below
Will that love, like the dew, be distilled.
- 12 Then, what seems to us loss
 For the sake of the Cross,
Shall be paid by a costlier price;
 For when Jesus shall come,
 And shall gather us home,
It will seem but a light sacrifice.

GOLDEN MAXIMS.

1.

Stand upon the edge of this world, ready to take wing—
having your feet on earth, your eyes and heart in heaven.—
Wesley.

2.

Every hour comes to us charged with duty, and the moment
it is past, returns to heaven to register itself how spent.—
Adam.

3.

Transact business with the men of the world, like a person
in a shower of rain, staying no longer than is indispensably
necessary.—*Cecil.*

4.

When the winds of applause blow fresh and strong, then
steer with a steady hand.—*M. Henry.*

5.

As the shadow of the sun is largest when his beams are low-
est, so we are always least when we make ourselves the
greatest.—*Secker.*

6.

St. Paul had three wishes, and they were all about Christ:
that he might be *found in* Christ, that he might be *with*
Christ, and that he might *magnify* Christ.—*Luther.*

7.

Lowliness of heart is real dignity, and humility is the
brightest jewel in the Christian's crown.—*Bond.*

8.

The seeming shipwrecks we meet with in the voyage of life often prove the very things which best speed our course to the haven where we would be.

9.

Make good use of time, if thou lovest eternity; yesterday can not be recalled—to-morrow can not be secured—to-day only is thine, which, if once lost, is lost forever.

10.

We sail to glory, not in the salt sea of our tears, but in the red sea of Christ's blood.—*Dyer*.

11.

Let prayer be the key of the morning, and the bolt of the evening.

12.

Prayer is the golden chain of union between heaven and earth, and it keeps open the blessed communication.

13.

Families are divine plantations, designed by God himself to be nurseries of religion and godliness.—*Howe*.

14

As the sails of a ship carry it into the harbor, so prayer carries us to the throne and bosom of God.—*Toplady*.

15.

Never proceed to any business or engagement, till you have first implored the divine blessing.—*Newstead*.

16.

Christ crucified, is the library which triumphant souls will be studying to all eternity.—*Bp. Stillingfleet*.

17.

Salvation gained, or salvation lost, employs the thoughts, and fills the years of heaven and hell.—*Cumming*.

18.

Never venture on any action, unless you bring God to it; nor rest satisfied, unless you carry God from it.—*Quarles*.

19.

Begin all thine actions with prayer, that thou mayest be able to accomplish them.—*Pythagoras*.

20.

Sickness should teach us what a vain thing the world is—what a vile thing sin is—what a poor thing man is—and what a precious thing an interest in Christ is.—*Mrs. Savage*.

21.

I will not speak much, lest I should speak too much; and I will not speak at all, unless I can speak to purpose.—*Bp. Beveridge*.

22.

Walk by no rule but such as will stand the test of a death-bed, and the day of judgment.

23.

Reports which tend to mischief, are like snow balls—the further they roll the more they gather.

24.

One of the finest sights in the world is a Christian at the end of a long course with an unsullied reputation: his hair may be white, but his leaf is green.—*Jay*.

25.

Prayer is a key, which, being turned by the hand of faith, unlocks all God's treasures.—*Mrs. H. More*.

26.

The heart, like a watch, will be apt to go down, and therefore must be ever and anon wound up by prayer and meditation.—*T. Watson.*

27.

Clothe yourself with the silk of piety, the satin of sanctity, and the purple of modesty; so shall you have God himself to be your suitor.—*Tertullian.*

28.

Love is the golden thread that runs through the whole Gospel: God's love to us, ours to him, and one to another.—*M. Henry.*

29.

It is abominable that a worm should swell with pride when our Lord made himself so low.—*Bernard.*

30.

In *time*, we transact business for *eternity*: whatever, therefore, we do now, should be done *well*.—*Rev. R. Ray.*

31.

Religion is a personal business; and if all the rest of the world were to forsake Christ, it would be our duty to follow him.—*Bond.*

32.

The believer casts all his care upon the Lord; he reclines his head on the soft bosom of Providence, and falls asleep.—*Jay.*

33.

Those are the best Christians who are more careful to reform themselves than to censure others.—*Dr. Fuller.*

34.

Live every day as if it were the last you had to live, lay hold of every season to prepare for heaven.—*Ambrose.*

ORIGINAL LINES.

ORIGINAL lines written by a gentleman of the Lee Avenue Sabbath-School, (and sung by the children,) on the death of one of the scholars of the Primary Department.

Our Lizzie's Gone.

- 1 Our Lizzie's gone, but we'll not mourn;
For there she sits above;
Behold her bright and happy form,
Where all is peace and love.
- 2 She loved her cheerful "Sabbath Home"—
She loved to meet us here,
And loved to mingle in our song,
Her voice both loud and clear.
- 3 Her happy voice we miss to-day,
Her form we see no more;
For angels bore her far away,
To Canaan's happy shore.
- 4 And now among the throng above,
With children gathered there,
She sings a Saviour's dying love,
And plays her golden lyre.
- 5 She lingered but a little time—
Her days were short and few;
But oh! how many affections twined
Round her so good and true!
- 6 Her sickness she with patience bore,
In suffering she was calm;
For soon, she knew, her Saviour dear
Would round her throw his arm.
- 7 She looked with longing to the day
When she should be set free—
When Jesus unto her would say,
"My Lizzie, come to me."

- 8 Her Saviour spake, and bid her come—
He sent his angel down;
And now above, in "Heaven her home,"
She sings and wears a crown.
- 9 Come, children, come, the Saviour heed,
He bids you love him now,
That you his golden streets may tread,
And in his presence bow.
- 10 Upon your head he'll put a crown,
A harp within your hand;
And with the great and blessed throng
You'll sing "The Happy Land."
- 11 Our Lizzie there you will behold,
And with her you shall sing,
And with your harps and voices tuned,
Forever praise your King.



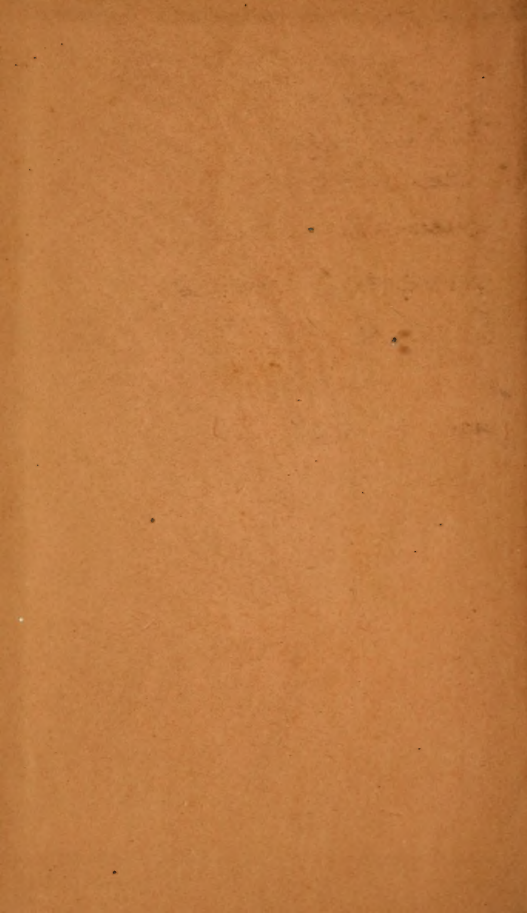




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April 23

Designed for 2 others



Linden Harp

S. S. Concert Hymns

Anniversary Hymns

• Sacred Melodies

Immune Songs

Musical Gems

Sabbath School Minutes

Waters S. S. Music Book

Immune Psalmody

